Liberty

MAY 22, 1943 10c

BOOK:
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S
The Case of the Smoking Chimney

LIBERTY

HOW RUSSIA TURNED THE TABLES ON HITLER

LIBERTY

FARM JOBS FOR CITY GIRLS

LIBERTY

WE STILL TAKE TO THE WOODS
by
Louise Dickinson Rich

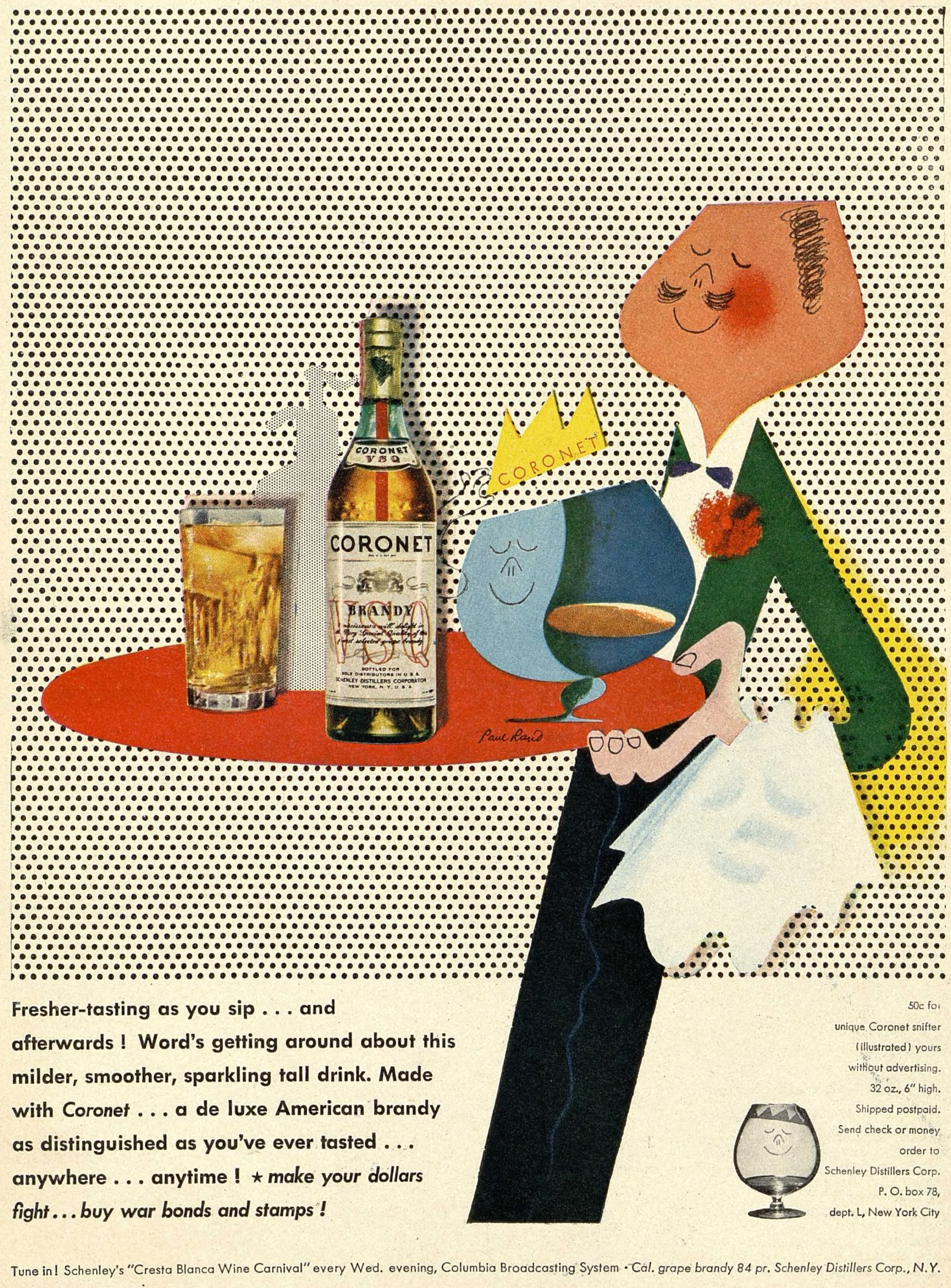
LIBERTY

SHORT STORIES
by Samuel W. Taylor
William Tunberg
Fraser Wilson

LIBERTY

n this issue: Full-Color Portrait of Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman

the trend's to CORONET BRANDY... and SODA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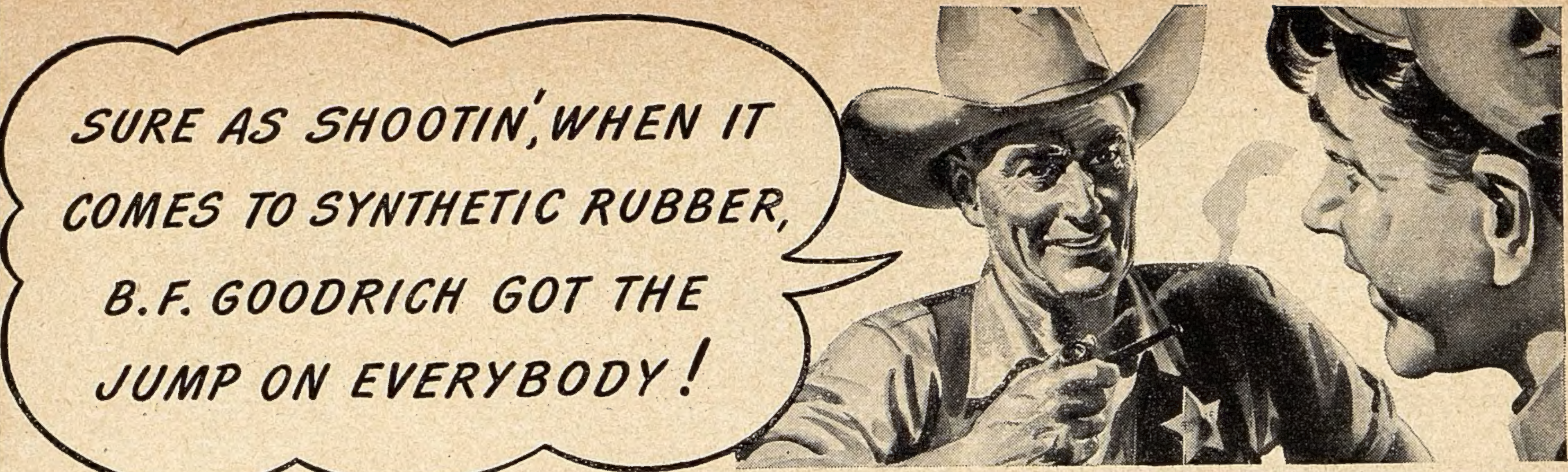
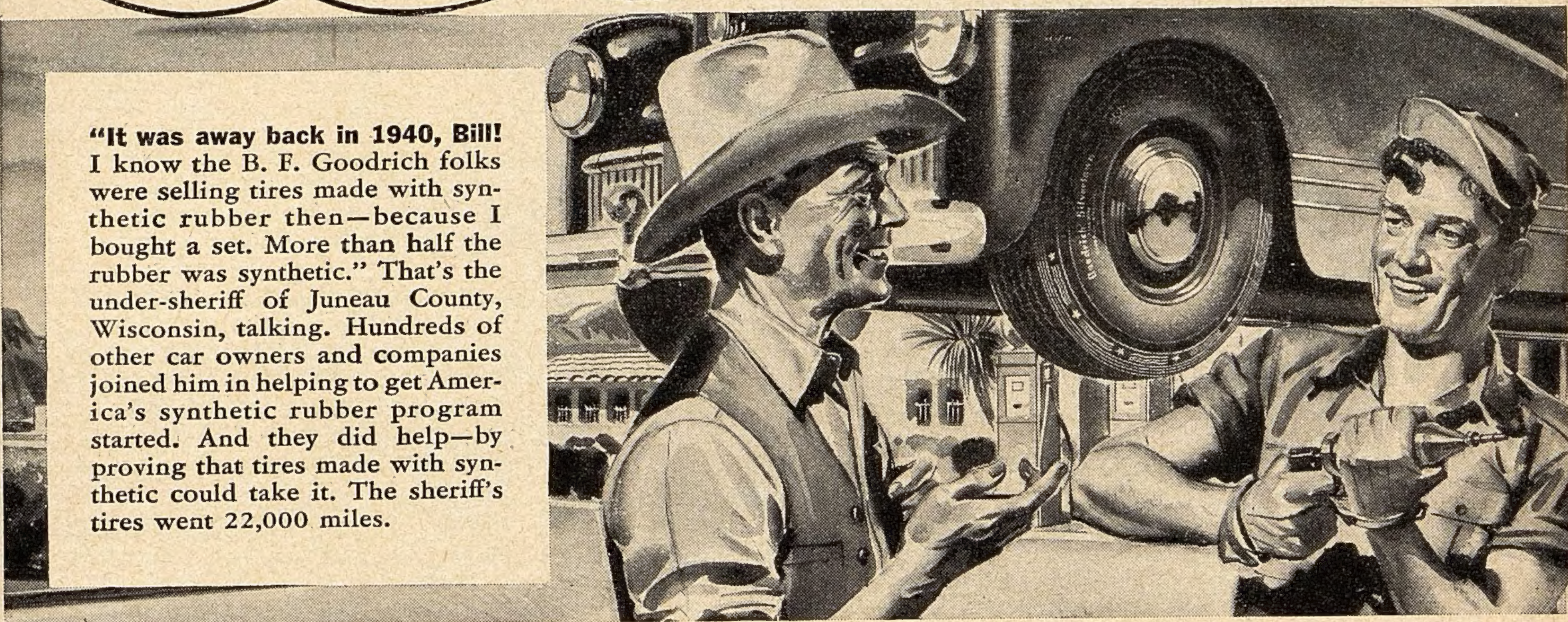
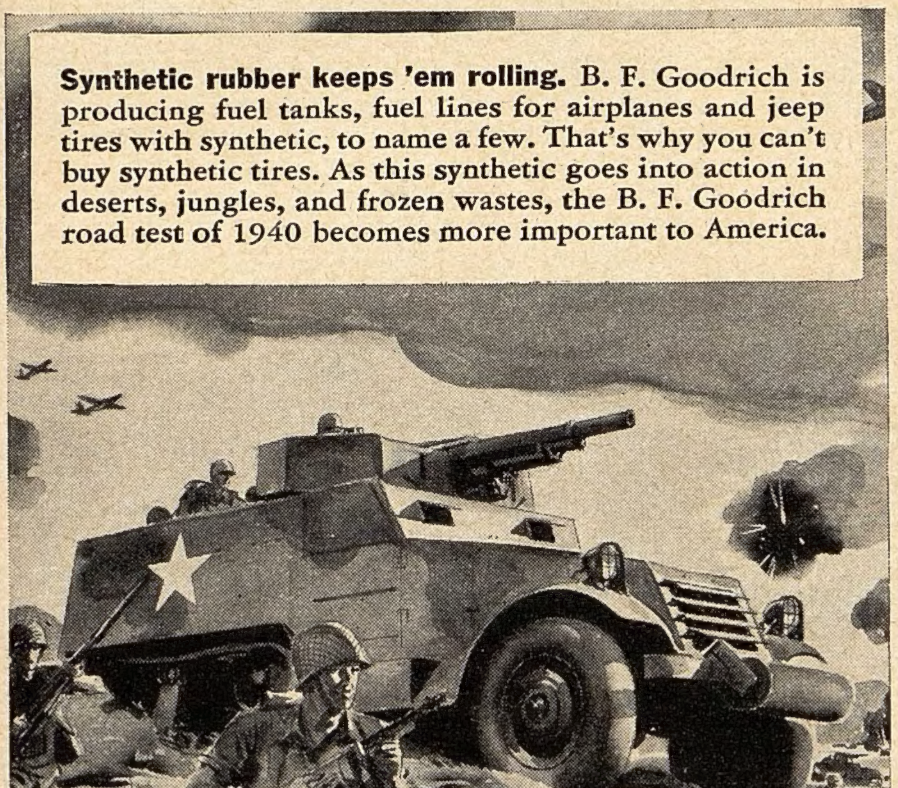

SURE AS SHOOTIN', WHEN IT COMES TO SYNTHETIC RUBBER, B.F. GOODRICH GOT THE JUMP ON EVERYBODY!



"It was away back in 1940, Bill! I know the B. F. Goodrich folks were selling tires made with synthetic rubber then—because I bought a set. More than half the rubber was synthetic." That's the under-sheriff of Juneau County, Wisconsin, talking. Hundreds of other car owners and companies joined him in helping to get America's synthetic rubber program started. And they did help—by proving that tires made with synthetic could take it. The sheriff's tires went 22,000 miles.

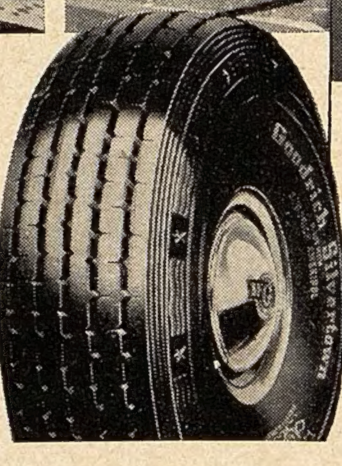
Synthetic rubber keeps 'em rolling. B. F. Goodrich is producing fuel tanks, fuel lines for airplanes and jeep tires with synthetic, to name a few. That's why you can't buy synthetic tires. As this synthetic goes into action in deserts, jungles, and frozen wastes, the B. F. Goodrich road test of 1940 becomes more important to America.



Your next new car will probably ride on tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. That means you'll be going to a tire dealer again. So remember who made those tires tested under actual driving conditions almost two years before the war. If you do, you'll want to buy yours from B. F. Goodrich—first in rubber.

A few of the many companies that bought Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD . . . THE BORDEN CO. . . . J. I. CASE CO. . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION . . . GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. . . . INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY . . . NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM . . . NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY . . . SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. . . . STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. . . . and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast.



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half a lemon, add ice cubes,
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add twist of lemon peel

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COVER: ARTHUR SMITH

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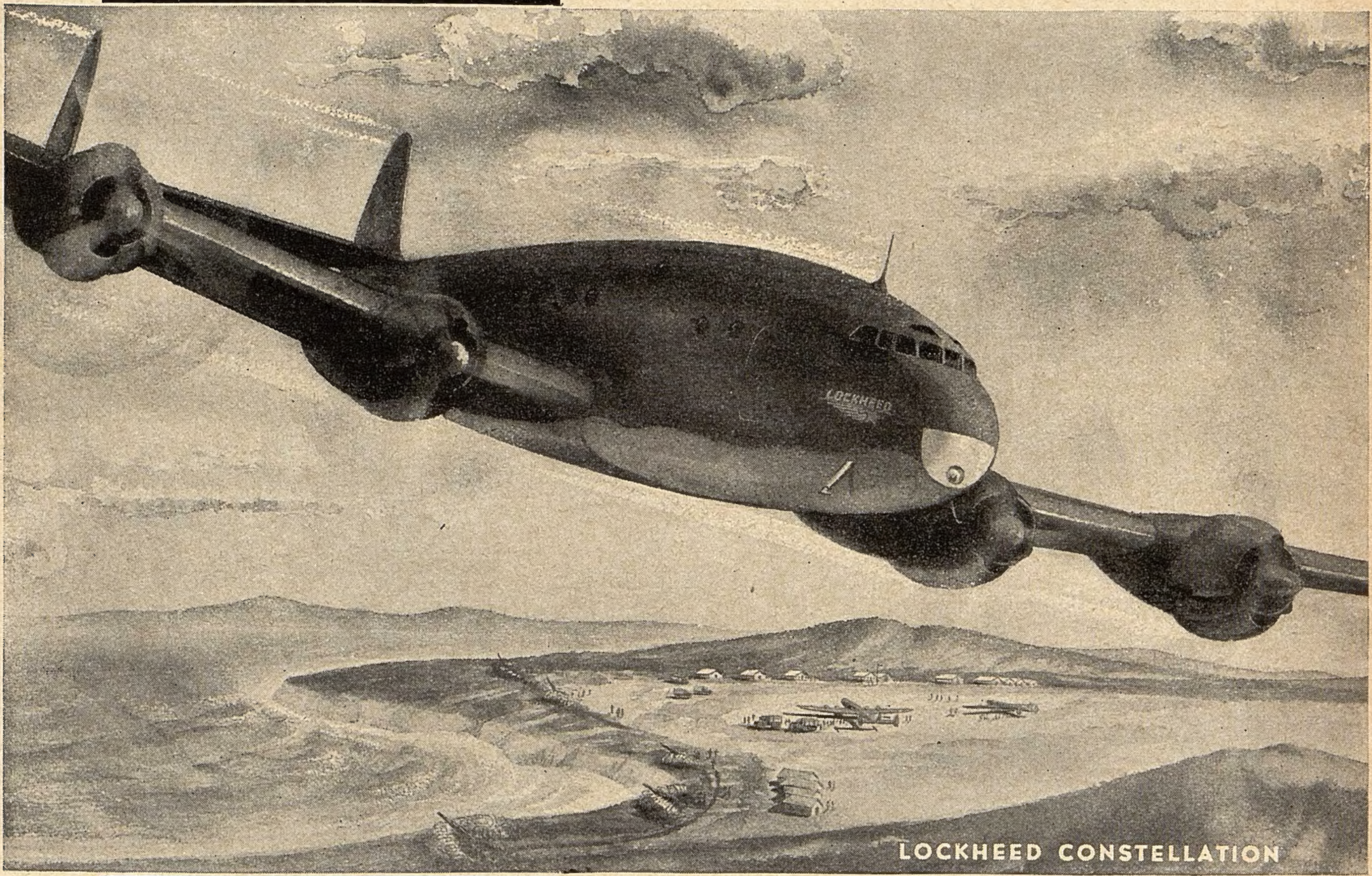
ROHR

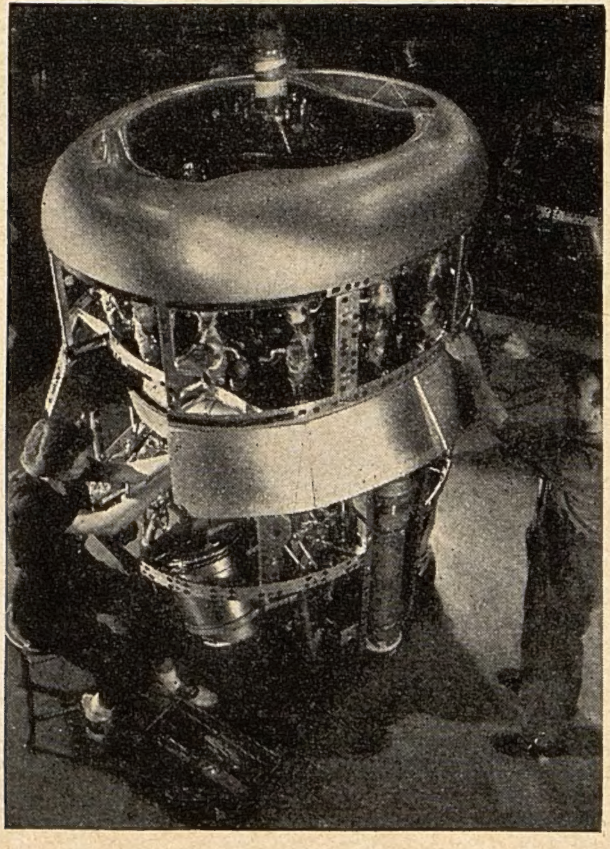
PARTS ✩ ASSEMBLIES

"Get thar Fustest with the Mostest!"

Expressive phrase of a famous Confederate fighter



LOCKHEED CONSTELLATION



BUILD 'em *bigger,* fly 'em *faster,* do it *first* and do it in *quantity*--America's axiom for supremacy of the air! No goal in American history was ever more urgent! ROHR production fighters force their tasks of precision parts manufacture and vital assemblies toward this end. ROHR-equipped air giants fly to battle in ever increasing numbers, rushed there by the men and women on production lines who know that *speed saves lives*!

HELPING TO WRITE
THE STORY OF TOMORROW

ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION *CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA*

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

THEY WIILL CONTINUE

Camp Shelby, Miss.—As one of the many enlisted men in the armed forces of the U. S. I want you to know the enjoyment I've gained from the hours I've spent reading the book-length mystery novels that you publish in your magazine.

Here's wishing for the indefinite continuation of these mysteries.—*Cpl. James E. Dansby.*

IT'S BLACK MAGIC

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Liberty does it again! In Strategy on Ice (April 17 issue) "Hilton brought out an automatic pistol"—and then the artist shows Hilton and Emil making their way across rough ice, and the pistol miraculously becomes a revolver—and cocked, to boot.

In these days of so much knowledge of war implements I should think authors and artists would know the difference between automatics and revolvers.—*Dr. J. L. Allen.*

ART EDITOR
F C

Maybe we'd better just give the artist an automatic and the art editor a revolver, lock 'em in a vacant office—and hope for the best.

NO OFFENSE MEANT

New York, N. Y.—The words SKIP TRACERS, which boldly headed your April 17 Gyp of the Week article, has brought many telephone inquiries asking whether the story referred to our organization, Skip Tracers Company.

Our work as finders of missing people is highly regarded, and is employed nationally by city, state, and governmental departments, law firms and commercial houses.

While the methods we employ to find people must remain a trade secret, we have never resorted to the tricks mentioned in your article, nor have we in any way harassed or embarrassed any one in our endeavors to locate a missing person. Feature stories and magazine articles by the score have been written about the many successful cases our company has handled, how we have reunited families, found absconding husbands, located missing heirs, sons, daughters, etc.—*Daniel M. Eisenberg, President.*

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Ashland, Ky.—It is quite a job for one who up until this wartime has been a wife and mother to suddenly become a navy wife.

In the roominghouse where I stayed while waiting for my husband to go overseas there were four navy wives. They weren't complaining about coffee, sugar, canned food, or gasoline. The one big heartache they bore, that of parting with their husbands, overshadowed these minor "tragedies" to such an extent that it would make the grumblers ashamed if only they could be in the shoes of these navy wives for one day.—*Mrs. M. E.*

RIGHT BACK AT YOU

New Castle, Pa.—A couple of months since, Vox Pop published a request that readers contribute letters, critical or otherwise.

I sent you a letter criticizing your editorial on the war and took exception to your endorsement of Wilson's League of Nations. My letter was never published, so I believe you are one of those thin-skinned, spineless cactus hombres who haven't got the guts to take it.

Yes, I am willing to gamble you are another Caspar Milquetoast, who eats dog biscuits and never drank anything stronger than cambric tea.

I am a Texan from El Paso. If you stop over in El Paso sometime, I will give you a good he-man's cocktail made from tequila, mescal, and soyol, with a little rattlesnake oil for a chaser, and after drinking a couple of those you might be able to write a real editorial on How to Win the War, and also How to Make Over the World when the War Ends. *Quien sabe?—William George Hunter.*

The gentleman has us wrong. Tequila and mescal we dropped at the age of six. Our favorite tipple is compounded of vitriol, alcohol, and prussic acid.

WHAT'S YOUR CHOICE?

Des Moines, Ia.—A fitting name for the girls of the U. S. Marines suggested by the boys of my barracks is Marinettes.

If a name were compiled from the initial letters of Women's Reserve of the Marines, as is usually done, the result would be Wrms, which sounds like "worms."

Naturally, we do not suggest that.

So here's a salute to the snappy Marinettes!—*Pvt. B. Richard Anderson.*

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

Baltimore, Md.—Referring to the article U. S. vs. Syphilis, written by Morris Markey (March 20 Liberty):

The Baltimore Sunday Sun on October 25, 1942, published a half-column interview given by Dr. John H. Stokes, University of Pennsylvania scientist and recognized authority on venereal diseases, warning of the new fast syphilis cures. Dr. Stokes further stated that the large arsenical dosage and artificially induced fever in a short period of treatment kills about sixty times as many people as the older method. Dr. Stokes added that the one-day treatment is the least developed of them all and has a long way to go before it can be generally accepted or generally used. To do otherwise would be dangerous.

Is Dr. Stokes' article to be treated lightly?—*Paula Proffitt.*

I do not believe that any authority would hold the new fast cures of syphilis to be superior to the established therapy, or even as good. But their problem largely concerns recalcitrants who would escape long-term treatment before they were cured. And a large body of clinical data shows that the fast cures are effective and harmless in the very great majority of cases.—*Morris Markey.*

SPREADING CHEER

El Cajon, Calif.—Margaret O'Brien (February 20 Vox Pop) suggests you print your condensed books on regular magazine paper. I like their present light weight, and here is why. I take them out of the magazine and stitch down the center fold on the machine, place a half dozen or so in a heavy paper binder, and send them to a hospital. Each book can be read separately, is very light to hold, and one full folder will keep a whole ward happy for quite a spell.—*(Miss) Jennie C. Davie.*

•

An excellent idea. We hope more of our readers will do it. And what a splendid thing it would be for Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors!

NEXT WEEK

THE HUMANE WAY OF BOMBING

Low-flying bombers carrying 2,000 pounds of bombs dash over their targets at well over 400 miles per hour, often flying less than twenty-five feet above the ground, to score point-blank hits. An R. A. F. pilot says it's humane bombing because you don't harm the civilian population so much—"that is, if they have got themselves out of the way of military objectives, as we have encouraged them to do." The new technique, described by Keith Ayling in next week's Liberty, will open your eyes to the potent efforts of the De Havilland Mosquito. You'll want to read this primer of bombing technique.

SPEAKING OF HITLER RUMORS, HOW IS ADOLF?

Burnet Hershey, just back from Lisbon, has scouted the Portugal rumor mill for Liberty and will report on Der Führer's health and sanity next week. Having been a little closer to Berlin than most of us, we'll await his words anxiously.

HOW ABOUT THAT "YANK" ARTICLE?

We promised you an exciting piece on that lusty, two-fisted newspaper published only for fighting men. Well, you'll have it next week, and if you don't enjoy the inside story of the newspaper the soldiers read, we miss our guess. This is a scoop you'll want to be in on, because only soldiers read Yank.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MARGARET SULLAVAN?

How many women would give up a glamorous movie career to look after home and children? Margaret Sullavan did. But then, not many women are like Miss Sullavan. You'll agree to that after you've read Howard Sharpe's article, Hollywood's Happy Recluse—a candid word-portrait of the temperamental little girl for whom millions of America's moviegoers carry the torch.

NEXT WEEK'S BARGAIN BOOK:
Ben Ames Williams' Time of Peace.
NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL PORTRAIT:
Major General Vandegrift, U. S. Marines.

ITS GOOD TASTE

wins long friendships

Have you ever tried a really full-flavored Pilsener? If not, order Blatz from your dealer.

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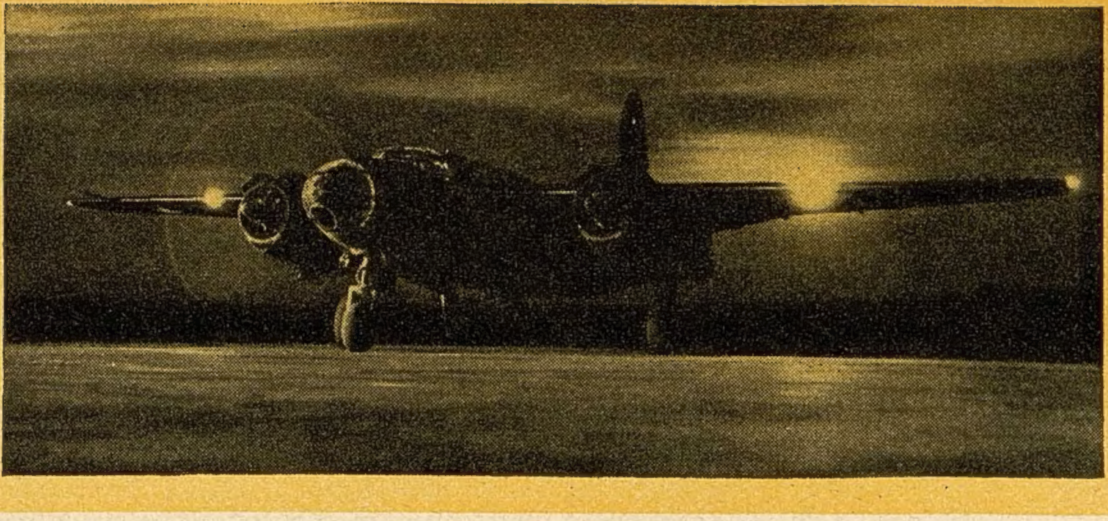


A Martin Marauder comes to rest after passing its army acceptance flight. This powerful bomber has been able to take care of itself, due to speed, fire power, and armament. Effective against Rommel, it was also used at Midway in a novel role—as a torpedo plane.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Overcoming Fog Terror

Laymen and aviation authorities alike have recognized for years that the airplane will not reach its greatest potential as a reliable means of transportation until fog is licked. Every winter commercial air liners are grounded for a day or two when fog rolls into Eastern areas. Private flying is hit even harder by fog, for most private planes are not equipped with the many radio aids which enable commercial planes to operate except when fog reduces the ceiling to zero or near zero.

The war has brought great developments in blind-flying equipment, however, and Ernest R. Breech, president of the Bendix Aviation Corporation, has announced that the hazards of blind flying through fog, even at night, will be eliminated on commercial air lines after the war. Through a development which he considers "startling," these hazards will be conquered, he reports, and "I can tell you that it is no longer experimental." So secret is this war development, because it is being used in combat areas, that no hint of its nature can be given at this time.

Solid Models (Not Jive Talk)

Local public and private schools throughout the nation are making an important contribution to the war effort in the building of solid airplane models for the Model Aircraft Project sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education and the navy. Last year over a half million models of fifty plane types were built. This year a goal of 300,000 has been set. After shipment to naval receiving depots, the models are distributed to naval schools, to ships at sea, to the army, and to other centers where accurate models are needed in order to teach recognition of aircraft. About 35 per cent are used by the navy in training aviators and gunners.

Solid models are built to scale and are accurate to within 1/32 of an inch. The scale is one inch to six feet. Thus a model at thirty-five feet appears the size of a real plane at a distance of half a mile. This year thirty different types of Allied and Axis warplanes are being made. Models are judged rigidly, and the makers whose work is accepted are awarded naval certificates of rank. One model of any type rates the maker as Cadet Aircraftsman, then on up through the naval designations to Admiral Aircraftsman.

Slant-Eyed Ryans

One of the war's ironies is the plight of fifty Ryan Aeronautical landplane trainers sold several years ago to the Netherlands East Indies Army. Information obtained from a Dutch colonial officer recently escaped from Java reveals that Japanese army pilots are being trained in aerobatics and formation flying in these Ryan trainers at Batavia, Java. A fleet of Ryan seaplane trainers sold to the Dutch about the same time has come into better hands, however. Dutch pilots escaped to Australia in these planes when the Japs moved into the East Indies, and now the planes are being used for training by the Royal Australian Air Force.

Wing Scouts

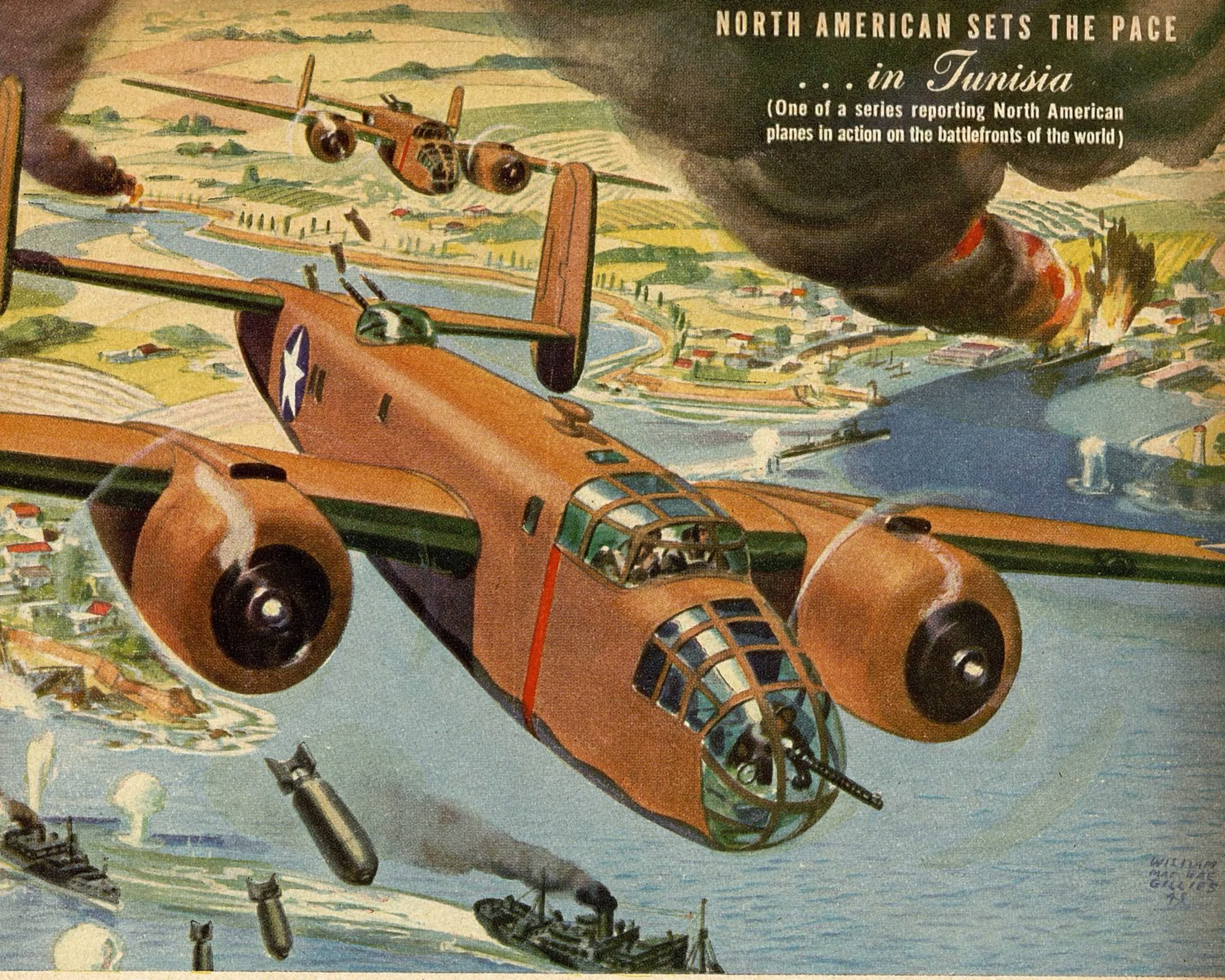
The Girl Scouts have launched a Wing Scout program for air-minded girls of fifteen to eighteen years of age, and out in the heart of southern California's huge aircraft center the new project has become very popular. It started with a tour of the hangars and offices of Western Air Lines by the first Wing Scouts, where the girls saw the various types of jobs being performed for which they will now train and later fill. Other tours will be made through aircraft factories.

In addition to the fifteen-to-eighteen age requirement, a Wing Scout must be nationally registered as a Senior Girl Scout, secure written consent of her parents or guardian to engage in the program, have a satisfactory health examination, take a Red Cross first-aid course during her first year as a Wing Scout, and take at least one aviation subject in school. The program not only aids the war effort but provides valuable training for peacetime jobs.

Fuel Problem

After peace returns to the world, the problem of supplying fuel for cargo airplanes won't be such a big task, for supplies can be hauled to the far corners of the earth without difficulty. During the war, however, fuel is a major problem and the shipping of gas to England for bombing raids is a miracle of modern times.

Technicians of Standard Oil Company of New Jersey have recently completed a study showing that transoceanic cargo planes now in operation require more tankers to keep them in operation than they replace in freight ships. A ton of fuel must be shipped over the ocean in tankers for every ton of war materials carried through the air. The technicians estimated that to construct and maintain in service a fleet of 1,000 cargo planes of the heavy Mars type would require 270,000 tons of steel, of which only 50,000 tons would go for manufacturing facilities to build the planes. Additional plants for manufacturing 100-octane gas would take 120,000 tons, new facilities for making aviation lubricants would take 20,000 tons, and tanker construction for fueling the planes would require 80,000 tons. This apparently gloomy outlook for heavy cargo shipping is balanced, however, by the ability of cargo planes to carry emergency shipments to combat areas in double-quick time regardless of the cost or use of fuel.



NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE

. . . in Tunisia

(One of a series reporting North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)

ESCAPING AXIS SUPPLY SHIPS UNDER ATTACK BY B-25 BOMBERS OFF THE TUNISIAN COAST

B-25 MITCHELL BOMBERS BREAK HITLER'S GRIP IN AFRICA

"IN relay attacks, hour after hour, B-25 Mitchells hit docks and shipping at Sousse, on the east coast of Tunisia . . . The important railroad junction at Hammamet was pounded hard by B-25's . . . Mitchell bombers raked the Tunisian railroad along which Axis troops and supplies have been arriving . . . An aerial cover of Mitchells and fighter planes protected the Americans advancing on Gafsa and tortured the fleeing enemy . . ."

Dozens of stories like these have come out of Tunisia. They place the North American B-25 Mitchell bomber high on the list of causes for breaking of the Axis grip in North Africa.

Now the enemy's power in Africa is broken. Soon the Mitchell and other great American planes will be over Southern Europe and another front will be added to those on which "North American Sets the Pace."

This pace-setting begins in our plants, where thousands of men and women work night and day to make North American bombers, fighters and trainers better, and to turn them out faster. Wherever our planes are fighting, trained North American employees go along to find out how they perform. Reports from these field experts have resulted in many improvements that are aiding the United Nations around the world.

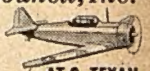
Here at North American we're learning a lot of things about airplanes that no one ever knew before. Things that will help end the war sooner. Things that will help make the peace more lasting.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

Inglewood, California
Kansas City Dallas
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

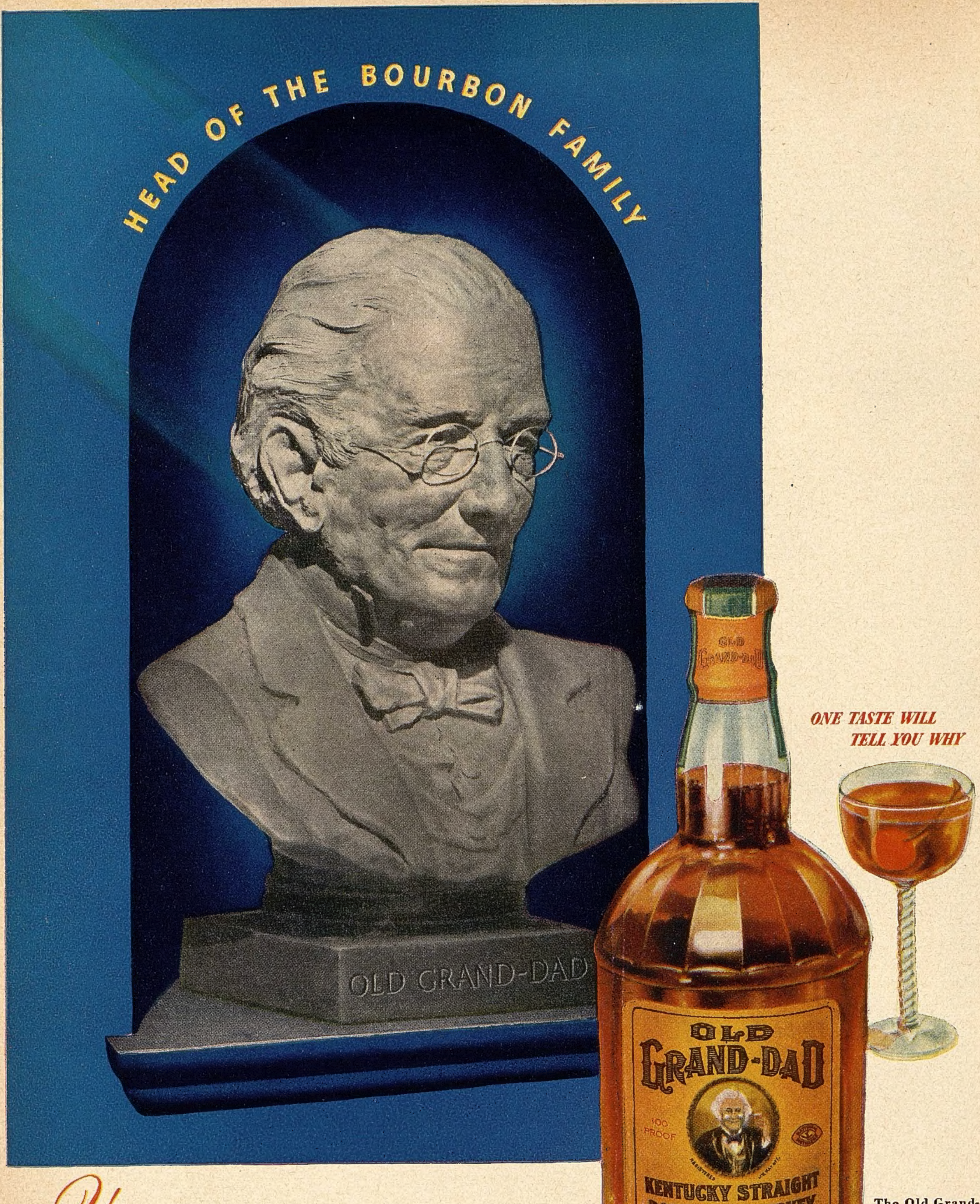
B-25 MITCHELL

P-51 MUSTANG


AT-6 TEXAN

NORTH AMERICAN

Sets the Pace!


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

YOUR first taste of Old Grand-Dad makes you remember the fragrance of Kentucky's honeysuckle, its warm and sunny meadows, the hospitality of its people. And you'll realize, too, how well and truly the title, "Head of the Bourbon Family," fits this great whiskey.

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

This whiskey is 4 years old. It was made before America entered the war.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE
OF A
FREE PEOPLE

The Red Army has brought street fighting down to a science. Here's a glimpse of it in Stalingrad.

DEPTH AND THE BLITZ

A military expert explains Russia's defense-in-depth which stopped the blitz and rang the death knell of Nazism

BY SERGEI KOURNAKOFF

THE blitzkrieg, or lightning war, was not invented by the Germans. It came into being when the first Neanderthal cave man stalked his unsuspecting victim, then pounced on him so quickly that the victim could not defend himself—ending all resistance with the first blow.

Since those prehistoric days, only the weapons of this kind of warfare have changed. The principle of surprise, overwhelming impact, and instantaneous paralysis remains. Today our armies use motors instead of legs, tanks and dive bombers instead of stone axes. Moreover, psychological weapons have been introduced to give the blitz even greater effect.

But, old as the blitz strategy is, no effective answer to it was forthcoming in this war until Russia thwarted Nazi plans for a quick knockout of that country.

The German blitzkrieg against Russia never recovered from its first setback at Smolensk in July, 1941. Outnumbered and outgunned, attacked without warning, the Red Army did not permit the German army to annihilate it with the first mighty blow, but conducted a fighting retreat, checked the blitz, went into a counteroffensive, took punishment again in 1942, and went into a second counteroffensive more powerful than the first.

The world wondered how the Russian army, seemingly down, could get up off the floor and drive the Germans back. The Germans whined: "These Russians are animals. They don't fight according to the accepted rules of war! They don't know when they are licked!"

The Russians did not know they were licked simply because they were not licked.

Why weren't they licked? The answer is contained in one five-letter word: *depth*—tactical, strategic, geographical, economic, social, spiritual, and historical depth.

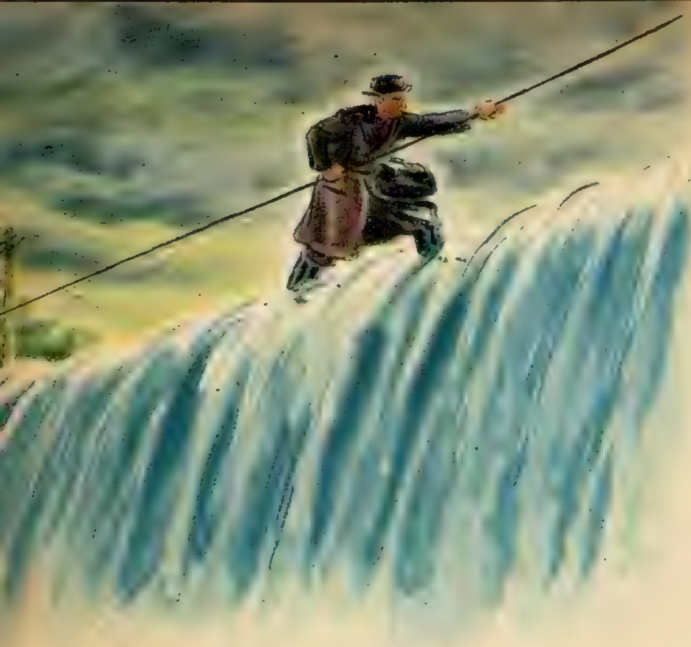
Depth is the only way to fight the blitzkrieg.

All modern military manuals speak of "defense in depth," to be used against a lightning thrust in depth. But this concept is limited to the deep disposition of defense works and army units. The Soviet defense in depth goes much further. It involves the entire country, the entire people.

While the Red Army conducts defense in depth at the fighting front according to orthodox military canons, civilians defend a rear zone extending all the way from the front line to the country's farthest border. No enemy fifth column, no parachutists or diversionists, can operate in a rear zone where children climb trees and steeples to watch for suspicious movement; where shepherds carry rifles; where every citizen, man or woman, has had some military training and has and knows how to use military weapons.

And Soviet defense in depth covers the enemy rear as well. Armies of guerrillas or partisans—trained, armed, and organized in peacetime—stay behind the enemy's lines to disrupt his communications, to harass his garrisons, headquarters, and bases. Soviet guerrillas were to

(*Continued on page 60*)



SECOND CHANCE

A child's life was at stake, and old Dr. Kennedy proved that retirement had not dulled his skill or courage

BY WILLIAM TUNBERG

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THE importance of the day awoke old Dr. Kennedy a half hour earlier than his usual 6 A. M. Until yesterday, when his son, young Dr. Kennedy, had left for Fort Riley as a captain in the Medical Corps, he had been just another old man. Now he was young again, with a job to do, with a community depending upon him.

He sat up in bed, his eyes bright blue beneath their shaggy gray hedge of brows, a smile erasing the furrows of age around his mouth. For a moment he remained quiet, listening to the slap of wind-driven four-day-old rain against the windows of the room; the clatter of pots and pans from the kitchen. Then his door squeaked open.

"Dr. Kennedy, I've brought your coffee—"

He beamed at the housekeeper's sober plump face. "Thanks, Mrs. Higbee." Three tremendous swallows emptied the cup and he handed it back to her.

She took the cup abstractedly. "Dr. Kennedy—"

"Yes?"

"It's a nasty day—"

"Could be worse."

She stood rooted to the spot, and he knew immediately that she was in the throes of indecision. She had something to say and was afraid to say it.

With a twinkle in his eyes he flung back the blankets and swung his legs to the floor. "There should be something to do in the kitchen, unless you insist on supervising my dressing."

She retreated a step and then said, "Maybe if you were to write the big hospital in Kansas City, they could help you find an assistant to take over part of the burden."

Her words struck aside his good humor. She thought he was tackling too big a job. She was questioning his usefulness, the one reason for being, the very core of him. He glared at her, literally glared her right out of the room.

Before a mirror he stripped off his pajama jacket. Defiantly he flexed his arms and slapped his lean stomach. An excellent body for a man of seventy, better than most men twenty years younger.

Reassured, he shaved and dressed rapidly. Come to think of it, he was actually a better man today than he had been six years ago, when he had retired in favor of his boy, young Walt. In a sense, it hadn't been retirement. A good part of the time he had spent in pathology research.

He went into the kitchen briskly and sat down at the oilcloth-covered table. Silently and apologetically Mrs. Higbee served a breakfast that had no shortcomings from fruit to cereal, from eggs to pancakes and coffee.

"Eat it all," she commanded, unable to curb her solicitousness. "You'll need all the energy you can get today. I've set out your heavy coat and rubbers."

"You'll never be old enough to be a mother to me," Dr. Kennedy growled, "so stop trying. Where's that list Walt left?"

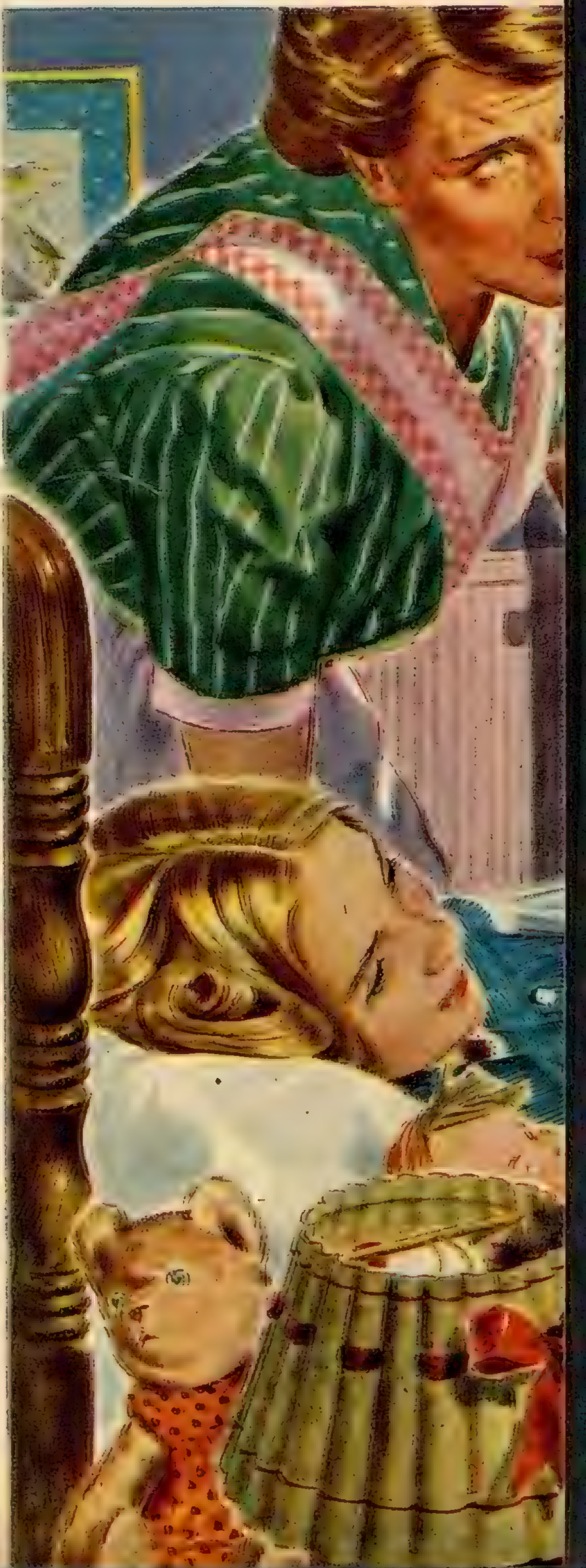
As he ate he checked over the list of calls, jotting down names on a small prescription pad.

In his mind were the salient points of each patient's history. Mrs. Cavendish—there was an unnecessary call. Ever since her daughter had married Jeff Withers instead of Mayor Hippinstall's son the old woman had feigned illness. For reference he handed young Walt's list to Mrs. Higbee and stuffed his notes into his pocket. "I crossed out one—Mrs. Cavendish."

"Why?" the housekeeper objected. "Walt never missed a visit there. He used to wink at me and say her hypochondria paid my salary."

"Don't worry about your salary. If the old bag phones—and she will—tell her hypochondria's a peacetime luxury and I'm rationing it until after the war."

He went into the small office which had been his father's, then his, then Walt's, and now, by a quirk of fate, his once more. He found the black satchel, the sturdy leather instrument case which had served him for so many years. He packed it carefully, snapped it closed and stepped over to the window. A world of wetness met his reconnoitering



gaze. In front of the garage, occupying most of the drive, was a pool of water; it rippled under the impact of the rain like a miniature sea.

Smiling, he kicked aside the rubbers Mrs. Higbee had set out and pulled on knee boots. Then he buttoned himself into a heavy overcoat and covered his thick white hair with a battered fedora. As he passed through the kitchen on his way to the door he called Mrs. Higbee's attention to the boots. "For once you underestimated," he said gleefully. "It's boot weather."

HE headed his sedan down the winding asphalt road that led to the village of Oakdale. Along the familiar road were most of the morning calls. There was a sore, inflamed throat which needed swabbing at the Winship farm, and big Henry Winship put up the usual howl when he was told to spend a couple of days in bed. At the Allens' there was a convalescent case of pneumonia that required a check-up.

It was, Dr. Kennedy reflected, about the same as it had been years ago, except the art of the doctor had improved, and most of the people had modern plumbing and cars instead of outhouses and buggies.

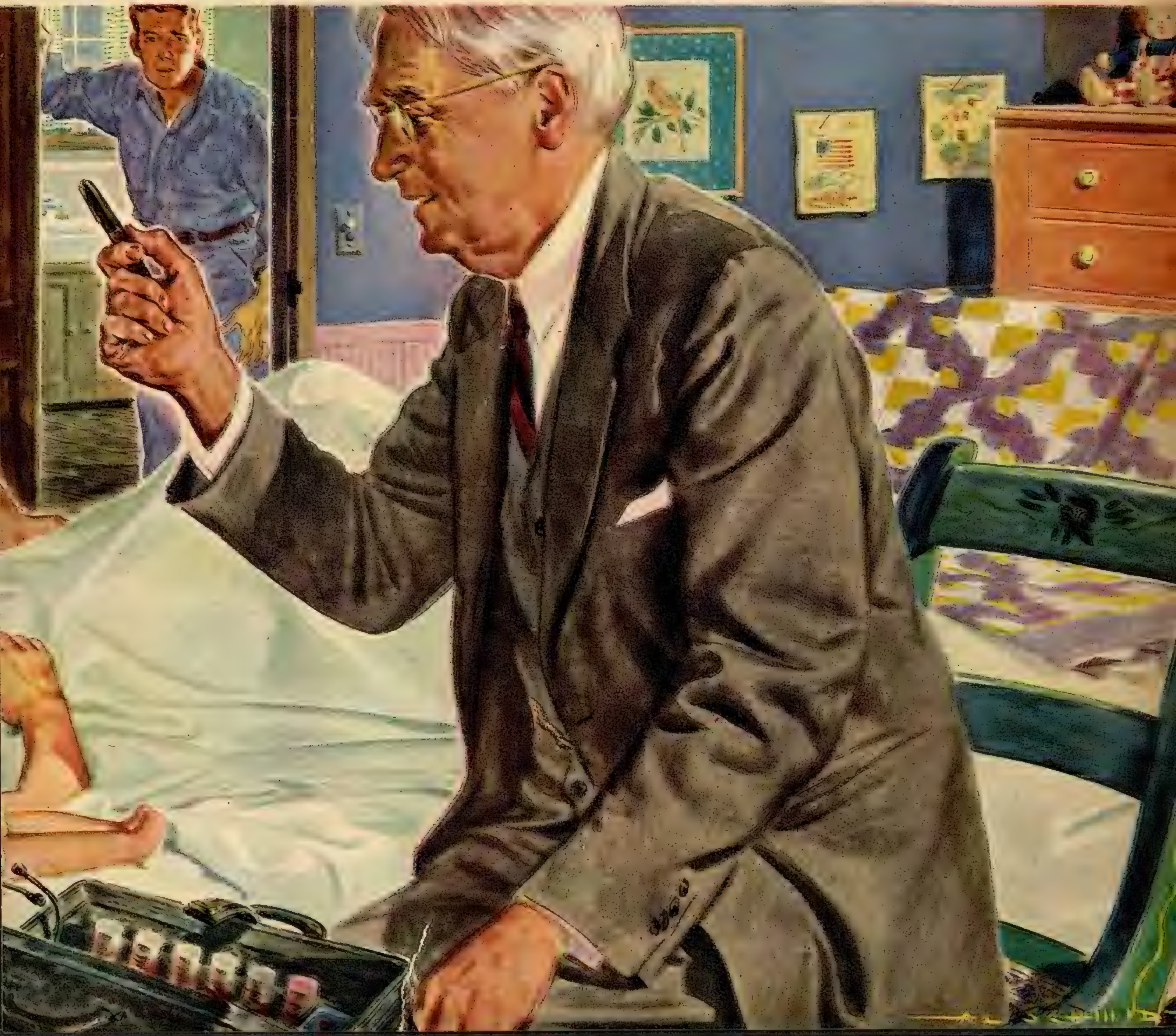
There was something warm and friendly about it, too. For three generations these people had depended upon the Kennedys for medical attention. Now they were as proud as he was to hear that young Walt had gone off to do his bit for the country. They weren't surprised to see him, either. It was as if they expected him, wanted him.

The road slanted up a hill and dropped in easy turns toward the river. Swollen somewhat by the incessant rain, the river swept under the new bridge and widened as its progress was slowed by the spillways of the Oakdale Dam.

Despite Mayor Hippinstall's frequent and bombastic references to the bridge as the crowning civic achievement of his administration, Dr. Kennedy preferred the older structure which it had replaced. That bridge had been a part of his life. Under it, in the long-ago springtime when he had been young Dr. Kennedy, he had taken his best girl canoeing. Over it he had driven her, in a shiny new buggy, to their home. Finally, much later, he had sadly accompanied her across it after she had died giving life to young Walt.

This time he didn't cross the bridge. Shrugging away his memories, he turned over onto a rutty side road. For miles he drove in obedience to a doctor's hunch: Mrs. Bertelli wasn't scheduled to have

(*Continued on page 33*)



"If you do everything I tell you I'll bring you a surprise."
Phyllis brightened. "A surprise?" she said. "I like surprises."

A washing machine eases Monday work for Mrs. Rich (right) since the family ship came in.

A book-of-the-month-club author tells what happened when she hit the literary jack pot

WE STILL TAKE TO THE WOODS

BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

ONE thing I will say for writing for a living: There is always a chance that some fine day you may wake up and find yourself in the money, ankle-deep at least. You may sell a story to the movies, or a book you have written may become a best seller. Of course, mostly you go along the even tenor of your way, one short jump ahead of the sheriff; but you read about these things happening to other people often enough so that you can always hope, even when, with the other half of your mind, you are debating whether to try to shove the wolf's head and forequarters back out onto the porch where they belong, or to entice him into the kitchen and butcher him for the pot.

Where we live, in the backwoods of Maine, not being in the money has always been comparatively easy to take. There's nothing to spend money for. The nearest movie, Woolworth's, beer parlor, or A & P is forty miles away on the Outside, and there's no easy way to get there, through dense forest and over long stretches of lake. We can get Out, if we have to, by boat or by walking over rough trails, but it's not worth the bother, just for amusement. So we—Ralph and I and our little boy Rufus, and Ralph's daughter Sally and our hired man Gerrish—have always stayed home in our little woods-and-water-bound clearing and entertained ourselves in our own tried-and-true—and inexpensive—ways. But we always told each other what we were going to do when our ship came in.

This ship-coming-in business is the index by which I know that while we have often not known where our next pairs of shoes were coming from, we have never been actually poverty-stricken. As long as you can say and believe that your ship *is* coming in, you are only poor, which is no disgrace. It's when you lose faith that you'll ever be any better off that you cross the line into poverty.

Nothing was too slight an occasion to set us off inventorying the cargo of that ship, not even so everday an affair as going out onto the porch, looking up the river, and seeing a fisherman on the dam. When this happened, we rushed into the house, grabbed the field glasses, and rushed out again, adjusting them feverishly. If the light was right, we could identify not only the sportsman but the fish he was netting as well.

If it was something really impressive, like a five-pound squaretail, Gerrish would say wistfully, "Wisht I knew what fly he was using!" and we would shake our heads sadly, because we never would know. That's one question no fly fisherman would dream of asking another fly fisherman; a question to which, should we so far forget ourselves as to ask it, a lie would be the proper answer.

"Oh, well," I would say, "wait till our ship comes in. We'll buy a pair of thirty-X glasses, and then we can count the stripes of body tinsel."

Or we had some freight arrive in Rumford from what is locally called simply The Mail Order. Freight in Rumford is a far cry from freight on the premises, and Ralph started negotiating. He had to arrange with Captain Coburn, who runs the fishing camp at Middle Dam, to have his driver pick up the shipment, and then he had to arrange with Larry Parsons, who runs the boat, to bring it up the lake from South Arm. It always developed that the captain had some freight of his own today, and tomorrow seven guests were coming by train, and with them and their luggage there would be no room; the next day was always Sunday, when the truck didn't run, and Monday was grocery day, when the truck would be full; but maybe Tuesday— So far, so good. But on Tuesday, it seemed, the cows were coming in for the summer, and Larry wouldn't have room or time for anything else. After he brought the cows in, he might have to go back to the Arm for some people who were driving in, and if he did, he'd bring the freight.

Beyond that point, two years ago, everything went gaily to perdition in a hack. At noon the wind started blowing blue blazes out of the northwest, piling the water in thundering green combers into the Arm. Larry knew he'd never make it, so he herded the cows aboard and sat down to wait until sunset, when the wind would abate. Even tied up in partial shelter, the boat pitched and rolled and water foamed over the bow. The cows staggered about for a while and then gave in to *mal de mer*. When a cow is seasick, it's seasick, what I mean. It was not a pleasant afternoon for either the cows or Larry. Finally the wind went down a little and Larry set out. The health of his passengers had improved somewhat, and he comforted himself with the fond belief that in half an hour he would be in Middle, and shut of them.

In half an hour he was in Middle all right, but the clerk met him with the intelligence that just after he'd left, the guests who were driving in had arrived at the Arm; so he'd have to go right back as soon as they'd unloaded the cattle, who by this time had completely recovered. In fact, they'd recovered so completely that they'd decided that they loved boat riding. Get off? Not on your life! Not while they had legs and teeth and horns and an ounce of strength left. If the boat was going out again, they were going with it! They did. You can't keep paying guests sitting around cold and hungry in the dark of South Arm while you play games with cows.

OUR freight? Oh, there wasn't room for that. It stayed at the Arm for days, and it was then Ralph issued the ukase: "When our ship comes in, we'll have our own boat and a station wagon on the Outside."

Or Gerrish and I, according to our custom, decided to go to the Head of the Pond after supper and fish. This involves rowing about a mile. We shoved the boat off the skid and I repeated my nightly formula: "We'll each row one way. Would you rather row up or back?"

Gerrish took off his sweater. "If we're going to have any time to fish before dark, I'd better row up. Don't make no difference what time we get home, so you can row back." Technically I was Gerrish's boss, but actually I came pretty close to doing as he said, so I climbed into the stern seat with the rods and net, and he shoved us offshore, adding, "Nice to have a kicker 'bout three-and-a-half horsepower. Get us there in no time."

"When our ship comes in," I promised. I laid the rods down very carefully, because mine cost only three dollars nine years before, and his was a haywire rig he'd improvised from broken and discarded rods he'd found around the countryside. "We'll have new rods, too. And reels. The click on mine is all worn out."

"I'D like to try one of them sympathetic gut leaders. They'd ought to be good for dry flies." That needed no comment. Certainly we'd have boxes of leaders.

Or Sally said on a hot August day, "Boy, I wish I had some ice cream!"

And I assured her, "When our ship comes in, we'll have a kerosene refrigerator and we'll make ice cream every day."

Or Rufus caught frogs and put them in the pails of water on the drainboard of the kitchen sink—the water we were supposed to use to wash in and drink. Emptying the pails disgustedly onto the flower beds and starting out to refill them, Ralph announced, "The first thing we have when our ship comes in is a bathroom. This lugging water!"

Or the whole tribe of us, riding up the lake through the Narrows, started playing a game of ours. It's a simple game, and consists of forgetting the reason why we are going up the lake to the low windy rock-bound point called Prospect is to pick the great horizon blueberries that grow with such crazy prodigality out of its thin fire-scorched soil. We pretended that this was virgin country and that we were the first whites ever to set eyes on it. You'd be surprised what a freshness this gives to cool shadowed coves and little white halfmoons of beach. We really managed to feel that around the next point we'd come upon something wonderful and rich and new, although we knew perfectly well that all we'd see was the west landing of the Upper Dam Carry. But if only, instead of going straight ahead to Prospect, we were going across the Carry, we really would see something new, at least to Gerrish and me. Neither of us had been above Upper Dam, and the names of the lakes stringing away to the north fascinated us. Mooselucmeguntic, Cupsuptic, Aziscoos. How beautiful and wild must be lakes with names like those!

"Look, Louise. If your book takes a-holt"—for by now the ship had a definite form, that of a book I had written which pretty soon now would be published—"let's take a whirl around the lakes." Gerrish's eyes snapped. "We could do it by canoe in three days, easy. Go up this way and come back down the Magalloway to Umbagog."

"I could see Joe Mooney," I realized. "The Magalloway runs right past the Brown Farm. I'd love to see Joe!" I'd known Joe for years. We talked almost daily over the single wire that runs from our house through fourteen miles of wilderness to the Brown Farm, where Joe is king; but if I'd met him on the street, I wouldn't have known him from a hole in the ground.

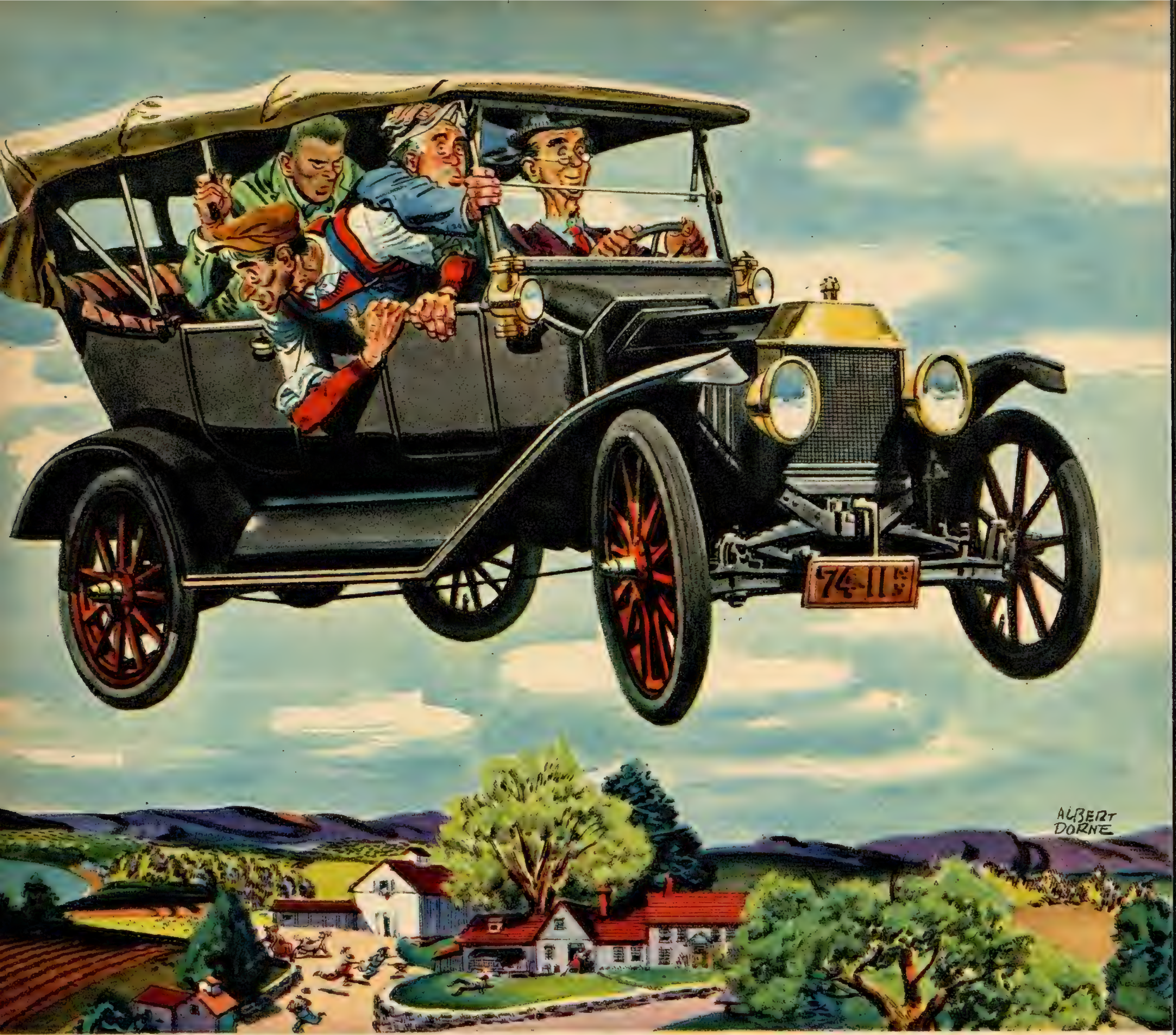
The next day Joe called me up.

"Got a telegram for you, Louise." He cleared his throat and I cleared mine. Nobody gets telegrams in this country, because nobody knows how to go about sending them. It's a procedure so complicated that by the time it has been doped out the emergency has gone into limbo.

"It's from them people that are publishing your book. Says, 'We Took to the Woods chosen by Book of Month Club on dual selection, putting you in upper income bracket.' Wish some one would send me a telegram like that." It took me a minute to divine that last was Joe's

(*Continued on page 67*)

There's a new pump now at the spring, but water is still carried to the house in pails.



We passed over Mapleton, with E
leaning over the side trying to catc
a glimpse of his girl, who lives ther

A SITUATION of GRAVITY

Professor Rhoades inspires another hilarious letter to the President—when his old Model T suddenly starts to fly

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Personal

DEAR Mr. President:

I am writing to you on the chance you might be interested in knowing the nation's transportation problem has been solved. Gasoline rationing no longer will be necessary, because both gasoline and rubber are now, so far as the automobile is concerned, obsolete. Railroad congestion soon will be a thing of the past, while trucks and buses will be hustling for business. I might mention in passing that scrap metal henceforth will be a glut on the market.

All this will come about as a result of Professor Rhoades' latest invention. Two small items stand in the way. I am taking the liberty of writing you personally, Mr. President, because I know you will feel as I do that the nation's transportation system should no longer remain tied in a knot merely because of (1) an ancient law which the professor's invention happens to violate, and (2) his inability to get priorities on $9.81 worth of various materials. And when I tell you the facts I feel sure you will agree.

During the scrap drive I was touched by the sacrifices people made. It is patriotic to give an old broken lawn mower, but it takes real nobility to put a bronzed baby shoe on the scrap pile. Out of attics came the souvenirs folks had kept as tokens of a happier day—beer cans, Willkie for President buttons, WPA wheelbarrows, miniature golf putters, Lucky Lindy records, tin bathtubs for making gin.

But when Ed Barnes came into my office with tears in his eyes, I knew the supreme example of sacrifice. Ed is the town garbage collector of Prairie Center.

"Look, Will," he said quietly.

My eyes went misty as I regarded the object cradled tenderly in his arms.

"Who?" I asked. "Who gave it?"

"The professor." Ed swallowed, his face soft as he looked down at the engine of the Model T automobile he carried.

HOW many of us recall, Mr. President, the simple perfection of that mechanical miracle? Nothing ever got wrong with it that couldn't be fixed by wiping out the timer or fiddling with the spark coils. Given a bit of gas on occasion, it would go on forever, or it could get along on kerosene or stove oil, or, some enthusiasts claimed, in a pinch on sorghum or corn mash.

"He's had the car all these years," Ed said in a small soft voice. "He's kept the dashboard varnished and the brass headlights polished up. There ain't a speck of dust or oil on this engine, Will. You know, the professor never did have no children, Will, and at times I've wondered . . ."

His voice died, and I looked out the window, blinking.

Then I blinked again. For pulling up out front, gleaming as the day it was born, was the professor's old Model T. As the little professor hopped out over the door and came into my office, Ed's jaw dropped. Ed looked from the engine in his arms to the Model T at the curb.

"But I"—Ed stammered—"I seen it myself. This engine was out in front in the scrap pile, and the hood of the car was up and there wasn't—"

"Ed," I said severely, "take your junk out of here!"

The professor nodded at us absently and regarded his left forefinger. On it were tied two strings. He surveyed the strings studiously while his mighty brain grappled with the problem. The professor no longer professes, Mr. President, having made a potful of money with some discovery about vitamins. He now spends all his time puttering in his laboratory.

"Was it to renew my subscription, or complain about some article in the paper, or invite you to dinner?" the professor mused. Then he brightened, and untied one of the strings on his finger. "Oh, yes! I have something important to show you at the laboratory, Will."

Something important! The professor hadn't even thought his discovery of artificial rubber was a matter worth mentioning, as you will remember from my first letter, Mr. President.* And now he had something *important*.

"I'll spare a few minutes," I admitted.

"Guess I'm not doing anything myself," Ed said, and dumped the engine on the floor by my desk.

The professor sighed. Ed seems to have a type of mind which irritates the true scientist. We went out to the Model T and drove away. Ed was in the back seat.

"All right, Will," Ed said, as the professor turned into Main Street. "If this here car's got an engine, then where *is* it? It ain't running!"

"Oh, I forgot," the professor said. He leaned over and turned the switch in the coil box. Immediately there was a great bang and throb and clatter, and the car vibrated with that typical Model T shiver.

"Huh!" Ed said, chagrined, and settled into the back seat, scowling. Then, "Hey!" he yelled, jerking erect. "Now, look here! Crazy, am I? How come we was already going along *before* the engine started?"

The professor paid no attention. He was concentrating on the remaining string on his finger. "Groceries? Dentist? Taxes? Horsewhip somebody?" he mused. He pulled to the curb and hopped over the door. "Well, I'll buy a can of something, anyhow." He popped into the Sanitary Grocery, leaving the car rocking gently with the idling engine.

Ed got out and crept to the hood, crouching so he couldn't be seen from the grocery. Defiantly he raised the hood. Then, hands on hips, he turned to me with a vindictive smile. I craned my neck around the windshield and looked down. The car continued to shake and shiver and rock as from the vibration of the engine. But there *was* no engine. I looked straight through where the engine should be to the roadway beneath.

"I *told* you," Ed said. "He give the engine to the scrap drive."

"All right, Ed. You told me."

He was just climbing into the back seat when the professor came out. He gave Ed a nasty look but he didn't say anything. We clattered along the street. Then the professor shut off a switch and the clatter stopped, but we continued along smoothly. "I just put the noise maker on so people such as a certain garbage collector wouldn't pry and snoop around. But I can see it didn't do a bit of good!" And he turned to glare at Ed.

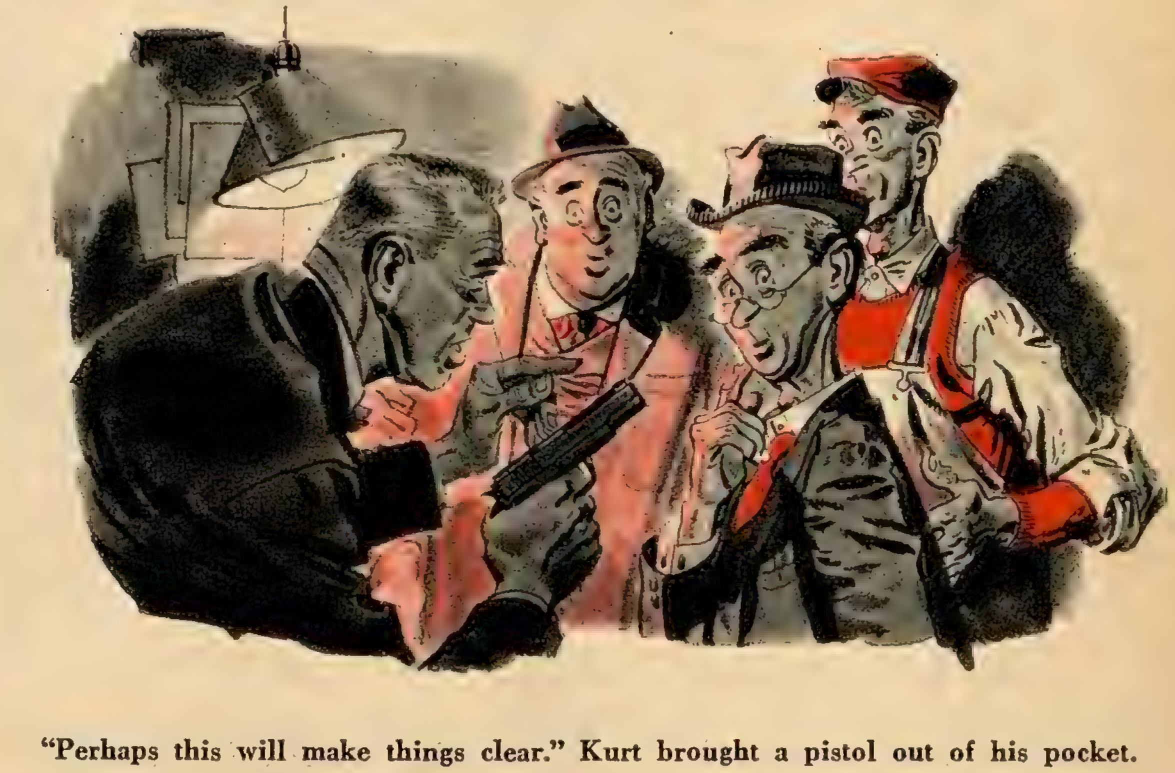
And just as the professor turned his head, we were at the bank corner, which is where the state highway intersects with Main Street, Mr. President. The Model T shot out into the intersection, while the professor was looking back at Ed—and we were right in the path of two big freight trucks coming from opposite directions. We'd popped right in front of them, and we didn't have a chance.

I yelled as the truck brakes squealed.

"Jump!" Ed screamed.

THINGS were a bit confused for a moment, then we were running along smoothly, midway down the block. Looking back, I saw that the trucks had come to a grinding stop. The drivers were peering about wonderingly.

Incredible as it seems, Mr. President, I must tell you that the Model T had done the only thing possible to avoid a crash. It had leaped into the air, while the two trucks whizzed


"Perhaps this will make things clear." Kurt brought a pistol out of his pocket.

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* A Letter to the President, Liberty, December 12, 1942.

by beneath. Then it had come down light as a feather and continued down the street.

“That sure was using your head, professor,” Ed said. He looked over the edge. “Hey, professor! You haven't come clean down to the road yet!”

The professor adjusted the spark lever a notch, and we went down about six inches. There was a small scuffing sound as the tires contacted the road and began turning.

Ed settled back. “There never was nothing like the Model T,” he said. “Look what this one can do, and it ain't even got an engine.”

“Well, after all, Ed!” the professor said, nettled. “It isn't much, but you might give me *some* credit!”

“I think it's marvelous,” I put in diplomatically. “How do you do it, professor?”

“WELL, it's really nothing much,” he said modestly. “Just a gadget I rigged up on account of the gas rationing. An adaptation of an old principle. I've got it in a box under the floor boards. It's something like a radio receiving set, except this is tuned to the high-tension power line. Naturally, you can't create force. You merely change its form. I take power from the high-tension line and transform it—”

“Does the power company know you're pinching juice?” Ed asked from the rear.

“I offered to pay, but they—” The professor shrugged, with a wry smile. “Well, frankly, I'm not in the habit of being treated like a nitwit. That Kurt Miller at the office of the power company as much as told me I was — Well, I do have a certain standing in the world of science.”

“You sure do,” I said. “And what is the—er—principle?”

“Nothing but a rocket—electrical rocket,” the professor said. He was bored, I could see, by it all. “The trouble with rocket experiments is that they've persisted in clinging to the mechanical application of the principle—explosives of various kinds. I use a simple discharge of electrical energy. But never mind that gadget, Will. Wait until you see what I've got in my laboratory!”

Well, Mr. President, if a Model T that ran without an engine and leaped like a rabbit was not worth mentioning, you may be sure I was eager to see what was in the laboratory.

The professor drove into his place and stopped before the old brick barn he uses to putter in. We went inside and said hello to Kurt Miller, the power company office manager, who was there. The professor poked

(*Continued on page 32*)

ONE MAN'S HONEYMOON

Planning other people's lives was his specialty—but girls seldom act according to plan

IT'S a funny thing about people—they never really change from the kind of persons they start out to be when they are kids. As they grow older and bigger, they just become more of what they were. Only sometimes that little bit of *moreness* is all that's needed to change the direction of their lives.

Take Virginia Hammond and Duncan Ward, for instance. Ever since any of us could remember, as far back as kindergarten days, I guess—Virginia and Dunc were going steady. Virginia was a cute little blonde even in those days, with sky-blue eyes and a turned-up nose. Dunc was always busy organizing everybody's life. Invariably he was the boy who was picked to be the class monitor, or the captain of the ball team, or the acting mayor on Boys' Day. After a while it became second nature for Dunc to decide what everybody around him was going to do. When our whole crowd went out together, he would say, “First we'll have a bite at Simmy's Steak House, and then we'll go to the Rivoli, and after that we'll drop in at the Silver Spoon and dance.” And we'd find ourselves following along like a pack of sheep.

At first we used to say that Ginny would never let Dunc boss her around like that, because Ginny had a mind of her own. And Ginny would put her foot down once in a while, and then there would be a terrible quarrel. But Dunc always seemed to know how to handle her, and we soon stopped paying attention to their quarrels and resigned ourselves to the day when Ginny Hammond would become Mrs. Duncan Ward.

So it didn't surprise any of us when Ginny rounded up the crowd at her house to announce the engagement. What did surprise us, though, was the sudden way the party blew up in our faces. We were all standing around drinking and laughing—doing our best to laugh, that is—when suddenly we heard a terrific row going on in the corner. It was Ginny and Dunc! It seemed that Dunc had typed out a detailed itinerary of their honeymoon—“lv. Glendale, ar. Santa Barbara Sept. 3; lv. Santa Barbara, ar. San Fra
cisco Sept. 4,” and so on all the w
up the coast to Fall City, a to
near Seattle where Dunc was bo

“This is a honeymoon,” Ginny w
saying, “not an express-train r
We don't need a timetable!”

“But I tell you I've got it all f
ured out,” Dunc insisted. “This
the only way we drive from here
Fall City and get back in two week

“But why do we *have* to get to F
City?” Ginny demanded. “My id
of a honeymoon is just to ro
around—stay wherever you like
long as you like.”

“We must go to Fall City.” Dun
voice was petulant. “I've alrea
written the folks to let them kn
we're coming. It's all planned.”

“Yes,” Ginny said acidly, “it's ce
tainly planned, all right. Just wh
time we'll get up every morni
how many hours we'll drive, wh
we'll have for dinner, and what ti
we'll go to bed again. That's ab
as romantic as one of those insu
ance questionnaires you fill out
a customer. Why, I'll bet you ha
a plan all typed up for all the rest
our lives! Well, Duncan Ward, y
can go ahead and blueprint yo
own life if you want to, but you
not going to blueprint mine!”

Then she wheeled around a
walked out. The rest of us start
to leave; but Duncan just smil
still pretty sure of himself, and t
us to go on with the party.

I don't think any of us thoug
the honeymoon squabble was a
more serious than their other spa
But a few weeks later Ginny up
our predictions by running off a
getting married—but not to Dunc

Ginny's marriage must ha
knocked the wind out of Dunc, b
he bounced back, as confident
ever, when he received that fi
postcard from Ginny. He must ha
shown it to every one in town, a
in case they didn't get the poi
he'd point to the postmark: “Sa
Barbara, Sept. 3.” Why, Ginny w
starting on the very honeymo
trip Dunc had planned for her!

By the time the second card a
rived, from San Francisco, and

BY FRASER WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

third, from Crater Lake, Dunc was sure of it. He was cockier than ever now, predicting when each card would arrive and where it would be from. And they kept coming right on schedule. He made sure that Glendale was aware that Ginny had married on the rebound, that she still loved him, and that these cards, from the towns on Dunc's itinerary, were her way of telling him she was sorry about the whole thing.

Old Dunc Ward wasn't one to hold grudges, he assured his audience. In fact, he had decided on a magnanimous gesture. He had wired Fall City, the last town on the list, informing Ginny of his forgiveness and permitting her to return to him.

BUT Dunc's magnanimity was wasted on Ginny. Because she never received that wire. She never got to Fall City. Instead, we took the boat from Seattle and spent the rest of our honeymoon up in Victoria, where I had wanted to go all along.

You see, I knew Ginny had married just to spite Dunc—or at least that's what she thought it was at the time. But, after carrying the torch for Ginny ever since I was old enough to walk, I was in no mood to quibble. It was pretty discouraging, of course, to be dragged to all the towns Dunc had picked out for his honeymoon, but something told me I had to let her get him out of her system if we were ever going to settle down to a real marriage.

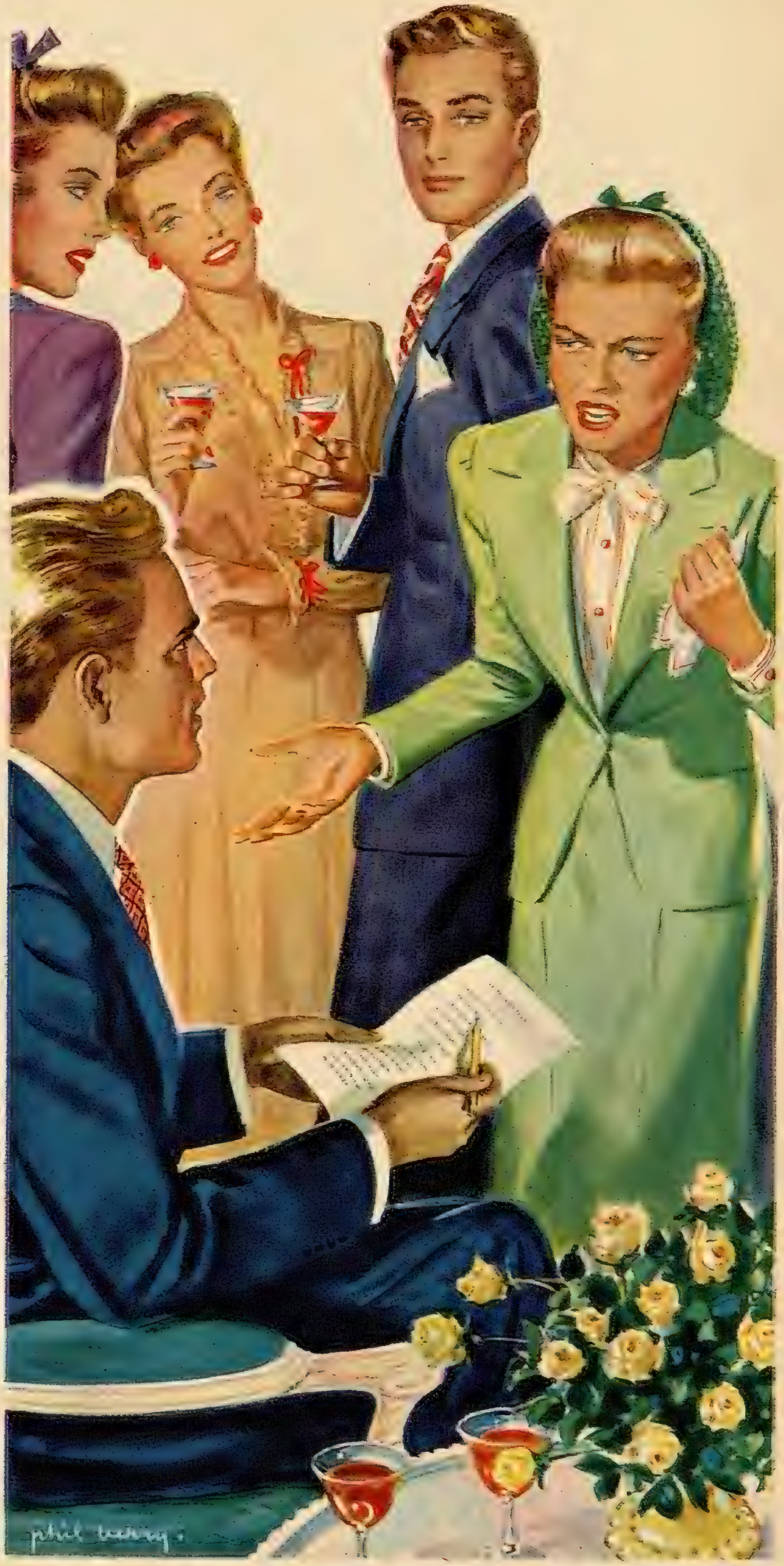
I'll admit I was just about to throw in the towel when we only had one more town to go. And I'll never forget the moment when we came to that sign at the fork which pointed "Fall City" to the right, "Seattle and Victoria" to the left.

"We could be in Victoria in time for dinner," is all I said.

Ginny looked at me a moment, and then she said, "If we step on it, darling, we might get there in time for a cocktail to celebrate our first week's anniversary."

And that's how it happened that Duncan Ward is still waiting for his post card from Fall City.

THE END



"Go ahead and blueprint your own life, but you're not going to blueprint mine!"

Three farm recruits take a lesson at the State Agricultural Institute at Farmingdale.

FARM JOBS FOR CITY GIRLS

Want to work on a farm? The government will train you free. What's more, city girls make good farmers

BY ELIZABETH BRYAN and KATHERINE BONNELL

"IT took this war to show me that city girls could help on a farm. They do a darn good job once they've learned what it's all about." These are the words of an old farmer from Schoharie County, New York. Like most American farmers, he is surprised to find that city womenfolk are worth their salt in the fight for food and freedom. It is fortunate they are. The 1943 food goals, as announced by Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard, make it imperative that farmers employ every available hand.

Five billion dozen eggs, fifty-seven billion quarts of milk, four billion pounds of chicken, thirty billion pounds of beef—these are some of the staggering quantities of food expected this year from farmers who have lost their sons and regular farm workers to the armed forces and war plants. Helping the farmer to meet these quotas will be 60,000 city and town women, according to plans announced by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

How do city-bred girls learn enough about the rigors of farming to be of any use? Many get their introduction to agriculture in short free courses set up for them by federal agencies.

Some months ago the Farm Security Administration—in co-operation with the War Manpower Commission, the U. S. Employment Service, and state departments of education—began looking for a quick way to train women for farm work. They did not have to look long. State agricultural colleges the country over, with expert staffs, farm machinery, livestock, and tillable fields, stood with their doors open to girls who sought to join a woman's land army.

Now, no matter where you live, if you're a healthy woman between eighteen and forty, your nearest U. S. Employment Service office or your county branch of the U. S. Department of Agriculture will direct you—and pay your transportation—to a school that will prepare you for a farm job. And if you're willing to sign up for farm work for a given period, or for the duration, all maintenance and tuition fees will be waived.

Perhaps you'll want to help with vegetable growing in your native Maryland; sheep herding near your home in Iowa; pig raising in New Hampshire; poultry care in Connecticut; or milk testing in Wisconsin. You can learn any or all these aspects of farming in your own state agricultural training program. Here, too, you will become acquainted with the simple homely activities which are a part of farm life.

We, as New York City women, thought we should have to go far afield to see an intensive farm training project. Two surprises awaited us. The first was when we learned that New York is the seventh largest agricultural state; and the other was when we discovered, within an hour's run from New York City, an agricultural school that pioneered in short farm courses for women. This school, the New York State Institute of Applied Agriculture at Farmingdale, Long Island, is under the direction of Mr. H. B. Knapp, a farmer-educator. Since the start of the Institute's war-emergency schedule for women last January, only two girl trainees have failed to make the grade as farm apprentices. New groups register every two weeks. And, so far, every girl, on completion of the four weeks' course, has been placed in a paid job.

Girls as "citified" as you can find anywhere have been hardened for farm labor at Farmingdale. They work outdoors from sun-up to dusk. In the group we joined there was a girl named Frances who had been a receptionist at a Fifth Avenue dentist's office. She soon became accustomed to feeding cows, calves, and poultry at dawn. Another girl, Virginia, had been a dancer at a Broadway night club. Before long she was spending hours learning the routine of hitching, harnessing, and driving farm horses. Lola, an ex-saleswoman, was learning grading and packing mounds of eggs. Nettie, a Barnard College senior, was acquiring the art of manipulating pitchforks, hoes, and spades. And Sally, fresh from the Stork Club, was greasing intricate tractor parts before learning to drive one.

The daily routine that toughens the Farmingdale girls for farm jobs shapes up as follows: Out of bed at 5 A. M. and into work clothes for a quick trip across the fields to the barns; next, the early-morning care of 125 cows, 2,500 chickens, and a large herd of swine. They learn by doing. Teachers and the boy agricultural students (here for a two-year course) stand by to drill the girl trainees in these farm chores.

BEFORE breakfast the livestock must be fed, the barns cleaned, and the cows milked. Pails of feed are taken from the bins and carried to the animals and chickens. While the cows are munching their feed, the girls help put fresh bedding in the stalls. Before milking, cows are thoroughly brushed down and carefully cleaned. Freshly sterilized milk pails are taken from pegs. Cleanliness is the order of the day. Every trainee, under the direction of a teacher, learns the "outdoor housekeeping jobs" such as attaching and removing milking machines and sterilizing them. She learns, too, the manual dexterity that milking-by-hand takes. When milking's done—at first, with varying degrees of success—pails are taken to the cooling and pasteurizing department for further attention from those who are specializing in dairy farming. Around seven thirty, two hours of strenuous barn chores over, the girls dash to the dormitories to wash up and change to fresh clothes for breakfast.

"Orange juice, coffee, and toast, please," isn't the morning mess cry of women on the farm front. These city-bred milkmaids begin to crave muscle-building country breakfasts. Virginia, whose night-club "days" had begun at eight in the evening and ended around four the following morning, couldn't believe that cereal with cream, bacon and eggs with lots of bread would be so welcome at eight in the morning.

Fortified by hearty breakfasts, students report for their morning group assignments. (There are two big assignments each day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.) The girls who worked with horses and machines yesterday, today are off to the dairies and poultry houses to learn how to weigh and bottle milk and to check chicks as they come from the incubators. Five to six trainees join the field teacher for experience in harnessing, hitching, and driving farm horses. Others are off for a lesson in servicing and operating farm machinery.

To city girls, the job of harnessing Satin Lady—an enormous Percheron—looks about as easy as harnessing Niagara. But little by little they pick up from the instructor the language that Lady seems to understand. She's much more docile than she looks and really quite easy to manage. Getting the harness on the big beast is a heroic job for Frances, who's barely five feet two. After a struggle, Lady's hitched to a lumbering farm wagon and, with the teacher sitting beside her, Frances takes the reins. Her heart in her mouth, she follows directions and the wagon rolls out of the barn.

Sitting high in the driver's seat with overalled legs straddling the steering gears, there's a thrill in operating giant tractors. But before the driver's seat is hers, each girl must know how to service the machine. There is no garageman near by to grease axles, change tires, oil engine parts, and solder metal "patches" on worn pieces. Before they may operate any farm machine the girls have spent several hours inspecting its inner workings.

Feeding the brood sow is one of the regular chores of the farmers-to-be. Below: Every student at the school must learn how to operate a tractor.

Three times a week farm councils break into the routine of "learning by doing." These classroom conferences are at eleven o'clock and usually last an hour. Questions about farm work that puzzle the rookies are invited. Instructors answer in the farmers' language.

This morning the interest centers around the litter of baby pigs born earlier in the day. Methods of care and feeding are discussed. Here's a farm instance where the well known maternal instinct comes in handy. According to the staff, caring for young animals is one of the farm chores that girls do best.

WHEN the gong strikes at twelve, the girls clean up for lunch, or dinner, as it really is. They join the boys and teachers in the bright simply decorated dining hall. We sit with the field teacher, who has left his own farm to teach the practical side of farming at the Institute, and with a staff instructor who applies farm theory to actual practice. Sally, from the Stork Club, and Nettie, the Barnard College senior, are at our table.

Table talk is about the girls' initiation to farm life. Sally, on registering at school, had asked how many nights a week she could be off the reservation. "I thought the supervisors very bighearted when they said as often as I liked. . . . But now the permission means nothing, because I'm so glad to fall into bed at eight thirty. And do I sleep, as I've never slept before!"

Her ambition is to take her place on the farm front for the duration and later to have a farm of her own. Nettie's first session with the horses almost finished her. "But tractors are pretty easy for me to operate after years of driving cars through Brooklyn traffic," she says. The old farmer finds that one of the best things accomplished at the Institute is a mutual understanding between "us farmers and you city folks."

When many tall pitchers of milk and heaping plates of spaghetti and meat balls have been consumed, the girls are detailed to their afternoon jobs. Back in the dormitory building, they put on heavy boots for chopping wood and for muddy garden work. For a short time we watch experiments in the school laboratory. A neighboring farmer is here having samples of his soil tested in order to learn what kind of victory crops will thrive best on his land. While the girl trainees don't participate in the active laboratory testing—because of lack of time for specialization—they do learn that any farmer for whom they work in New York State has these services at his disposal. In the lab, basic facts on fertilizers and feed formulas are taught. And the pricelessness of water on the farm is always emphasized.

Down in the woods the girls are trying their hand at splitting stumps. Swinging away with more energy than direction, their early attempts go haywire. The field instructor doesn't offer his assistance at first. He lets the girls find out for themselves how much skill wood chopping takes. Until her ax manipulation is corrected, Virginia's vigorous efforts result in a pile of kindling wood. Her dancing muscles come in handy, though, and she's thankful for that summer in the World's Fair Aquacade when her shoulder muscles became so limber. All the trainees soon discover what a lot of strength and effort go into the winter woodpile. The careless girl who leaves her ax lying across the path makes the field teacher see red. He warns that safety must be stressed or there'll be farm accidents aplenty. Wood chopping continues until four, when they go on evening chore duty. There are still eggs to be gathered, livestock to be fed, and milking again—before five thirty.

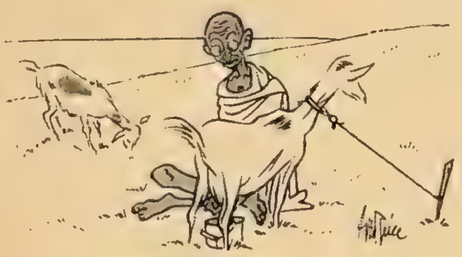
The long farm day over and many hard lessons learned, supper and relaxing time arrive. Skirts, pretty blouses, and sweaters replace work uniforms. At supper the director, or one of the teachers, talks over with the farm candidates farming as a business and a way of life. They have to know what a farmer-employer will expect of them and what they may expect of him. Mealtime is the only time to learn how rural households are run and to compare notes on how you'd market a day's produce.

AFTER supper the girls meet in the dormitory recreation room for a brief respite before bed. (Only on Saturday nights is there time for more fun. Then square dances are the popular entertainment.) Congas and rumbas were forgotten when the girls discovered a boy—nicknamed the "Hudson Valley Kid"—who could call off square dances! Usually, the girls listen to the radio, play the piano, read the papers, or chat with the housemother. The girls' adviser was a volunteer land worker last summer. It is she who encourages the newcomers through that first period of sore muscles, aching backs, and blistered hands. Whatever the evening program, lights are out by nine o'clock.

At Farmingdale, in a month of days as arduous as this, minds and muscles are conditioned to join the farmers' ranks on the New York State front. Here, as all over the United States, farm training stations send out women and girls with the courage, competence, and confidence to fight our battle of food production.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



HINDUITION: Gandhi's instinctive insight.

ACHEQUAINTANCE: A friend who gives you a pain in the neck.

PURSEPICACIOUS: Miserly.

SEWCIABLE: A quilting party.

PADDLESCENTS: Kids in a canoe.

HEWMORIST: A guy who has fun chopping down trees.

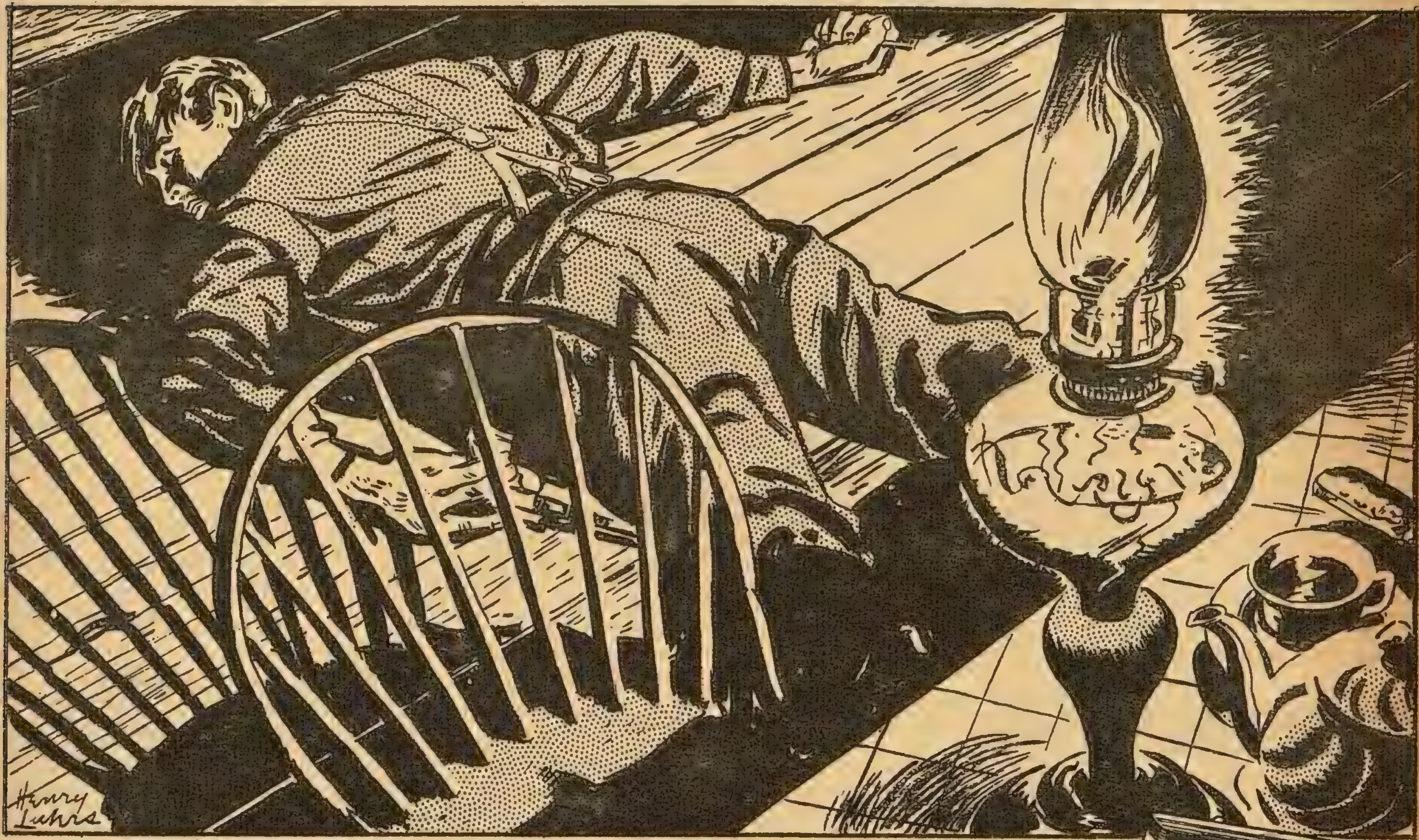
BEQUESTRIAN: A horseman who inherited the horse.

PEWRIFICATION: De-scenting a perfume pussy.

MOCKARONI: Spaghetti with a hole in it.

WARGANIZATION: The OWI.

The Case of
THE SMOKING CHIMNEY



A Mystery Novel By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Gramp Wiggins was a good hand at hot cakes and mixed a mean toddy. And when murder stepped in, he stepped out and solved it.

JANE GRAVEN, secretary to Ralph G. Pressman, sat at the dressing table, surveying her reflection with a critical eye. It had been a hard day at the office. Ralph Pressman had disappeared abruptly in the middle of the afternoon, without telling any one where he was going. He had been doing that quite frequently of late, and Jane Graven had been left with a hundred and one loose threads dangling.

But the boss, bad as he was, wasn't as much of a problem as his wife. Sophie Pressman could make life very, very irritating for her husband's employees.

The telephone rang. Jane frowned, looked at the clock. It was almost eleven. She hesitated a moment before picking up the receiver, saying, "Hello."

A woman's voice said, "I have a long-distance call for Miss Jane Graven. Is this she?"

"Yes," Jane said. "Who is calling, please?"

"It's long distance from Petrie, California. Hold the phone, please."

Jane heard the sound of two quarters and a dime tinkling the bells at the other end of the line, heard the girl say, "Go ahead, please. Here's your party. Deposit sixty cents, please."

Jane said, "Hello."

There was no answer. She waited. Abruptly the line went dead.

The operator said, "Just a minute, please." A few moments later the operator's voice, sounding puzzled, said, "I'm sorry, but your party seems to have hung up. He doesn't answer the phone. It's a pay station at the Petrie Hotel."

"Did he," Jane asked, "give his name?"

"Yes. Ralph G. Pressman."

Jane sat up for another hour waiting for Mr. Pressman to call. Then she switched out the light, and finally got to sleep.

Up in Petrie, the man who was calling Jane left the telephone booth hurriedly as he saw a familiar face in the lobby. He dared not wait to talk on his call. Leaving the hotel, he drove several miles out of town to a dis-

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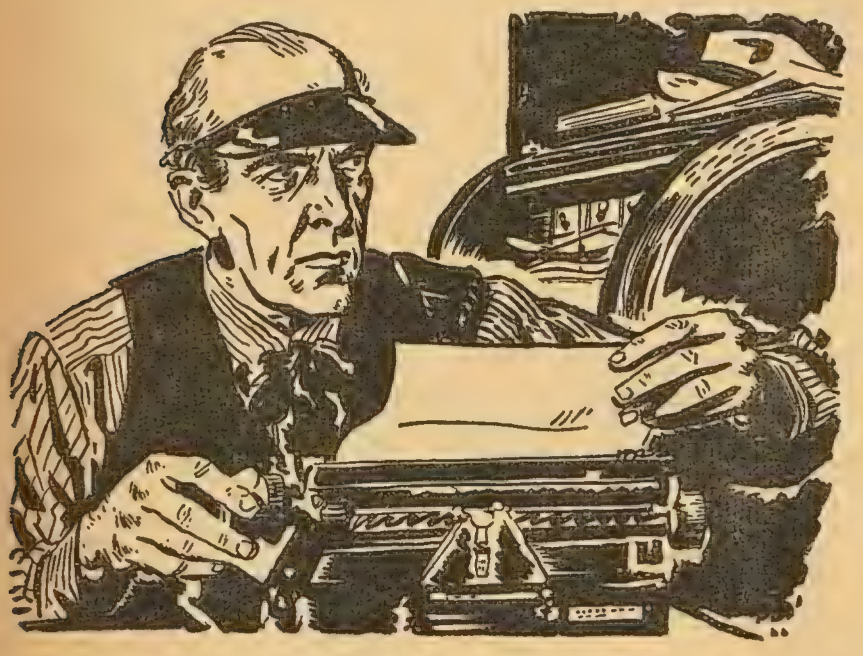
reputable unpainted cabin, where he had one of the few really good nights' rest he had enjoyed in months.

GEORGE KARPER believed that every man had his price, but Karper never paid the asking price; he always waited until the man he wanted could be had at a bargain.

Now, at 11.15 P.M., George Karper sat at his desk. Before him was a file of confidential reports on Harvey L. Stanwood, Ralph Pressman's cashier, auditor, and general right-hand man. They covered a period of three months, and had been compiled at some expense and with infinite attention to detail. Karper's particular interest was not in Stanwood but in a complicated oil-lease situation which the Pressman interests were pushing through to completion in the Petrie area in Santa Delbarra County, a hundred miles up the coast.

Karper glanced casually at the clock as he lit a cigar. Eleven fifteen. It was nothing for Karper to sit up until three and four in the morning—scheming, planning, laying traps for his enemies. Now, however, Pressman had Karper in a very tight spot—a very tight spot indeed. He wished that he knew just what Pressman had—



Karper picked up the confidential reports again, reached a decision. In the morning he would call young Harvey L. Stanwood and ask him to lunch.

IN a ranch house some eight miles outside of Petrie, Hugh Sonders lay wide awake.

Sonders' ranch stretched in fertile, well kept acres—irrigated, cultivated, pruned, neat, orderly. And on a hill not over a hundred yards from the bedroom window, where Sonders could see its stark outline against the night sky, was an oil derrick. . . . The court had said Pressman had the right to put it there.

Sonders' hands twitched under the covers. If he only had Pressman by the throat . . . Steady, now! Those thoughts wouldn't do any one any good.

Sonders was tired with that comfortable weariness which comes from work in the open air. Only in the last two months had he had trouble getting to sleep. Now he'd been in bed for an hour—for more than an hour. He looked at the luminous dial of the clock on the stand by the side of his bed—eleven fifteen.

EVERETT TRUE, editor of the Petrie Herald, knew that the big news for the citizens of Petrie that day was the decision of Santa Delbarra's Superior Court that the owner of those old rights had the right to enter on the property, to prospect for oil, to build the necessary roads, derricks, sumps, refineries, pipe lines—destroying, if necessary, surface improvements.

For years no one had even bothered to find out who the owner of that old oil reservation was, and now they had been bought up by some one who quite evidently meant business—a Ralph G. Pressman of Los Angeles. Strange how hard it was to get photographs of him.

Until three or four months ago the ranchers could have got together and bought out those oil rights for a song. They had their association now. They'd organized it after the decision of the Superior Court, after Pressman had put the derrick in on Sonders' ranch.

Well, that wasn't getting out a paper. There was an editorial to write—not for tomorrow's paper. He'd have to let a lawyer look it over. Have to write it out tonight.

Everett True turned to his typewriter. He wrote in capital letters, IS IT LEGALIZED BLACKMAIL?, then glanced at the clock to see how much time he had before starting the presses.

It was exactly eleven fifteen.

Sophie Pressman ran up the front steps of the ornately expensive Pressman residence. She was in high spirits. Some women, she thought, feel more secure with a second string to their bow. I like it when I have a second beau on my string.

She laughed, glanced mechanically at her wrist watch so that she could, if necessary, tell a convincing story.

It was early. The time was only eleven fifteen. As she was fitting the key to the lock she heard the grind of the starting mechanism on a car parked almost directly across the street, saw the lights flash on, watched the car drive away.

Her high spirits fell. Several things registered now, which at the time hadn't meant a thing: the lone man who had sat at the next table; the car that had locked bumpers with hers; the man in the gray overcoat—

She felt suddenly cold. Her fingers fumbled with the latchkey.

HARVEY L. STANWOOD, deep-chested, slim-waisted, looked very attractive in his full-dress suit. Eva Raymond watched him with proud, possessive eyes.

Stanwood's vision was just bad enough to get him out of the draft, but it didn't miss a thing. As Ralph G. Pressman's auditor and bookkeeper, he had access to figures which might not have meant much to the ordinary plodder, but to his chain-lightning brain meant a lot. And he capitalized on that knowledge. Occasionally he cut himself a piece of cake.

He had been winning consistently earlier in the evening, but now the wheel was going against him. Eva noticed that when luck was coming his way, his bets were moderately and conservatively placed, but when his luck turned, he began plunging recklessly.

Eva had been around gambling tables a lot. She knew you should plunge heavily when things were coming your way, and draw in your horns when the tide turned. She debated whether she should advise Harvey Stanwood. Harvey was very conceited, loved to tell her how to do things. And then, there was the embarrassment of explaining how she knew this. While she was debating the board took Stanwood's last chip.

"Another stack?" the croupier asked.

Stanwood nodded.

A floorman moved up and said something to the croupier. The croupier, leaning forward, his long delicate fingers already closing over the stack of chips, said, "Would you mind stepping into the office for a moment, Mr. Stanwood?"

Harvey grinned amiably. "Not at all. It might change my luck. Be seeing you in a jiffy, Eva."

Eva was worried. She had seen other men "step into the office" when they had lost their last chip. But Harvey—good heavens, Harvey was on the inside of many of Mr. Pressman's investments, riding along on the gravy train. Surely Harvey wouldn't be asked to "step into the office" over a check that had bounced or a credit which had been cut off.

It was half an hour before midnight when young Stanwood emerged, his usual gay debonair self. "O. K., babe," he said, "we'll have a drink and go home."

She let him guide her toward a secluded table. When they were seated, she met his eyes. "What's the matter?"

For a moment Stanwood retained his debonair superiority. Then suddenly his lips tightened. He said quietly, "I wasn't going to tell you, but it's our last night together. Tomorrow I'll be in jail."

"What— What's— What's the matter?" she asked.

Stanwood gave her cold facts. "O. K., baby. I was the wise guy. I couldn't make money fast enough the way things were going. I had a sure-thing tip. I needed some money for a flier. I dipped into the boss's funds. Nothing big—nothing that I couldn't have paid off before I'd been discovered if I'd lost. The point was that I didn't lose. I won. That started me going. I spread out rather thin. The first thing I knew, I ran into a whole flock of bad luck. By that time I was hooked. I could never have paid off the slow, steady way—not before I was discovered, anyway.

"I was left with only one alternative. I'd lost it gambling, and I'd have to get it back gambling. I could have done it tonight if they hadn't shut off my credit."

"You mean they know you're short?"

"I'm not certain whether they know it here or not. The point is that I had to stake everything on one gamble. When Ralph G. Pressman shows up at the office tomorrow morning, certain things will be glaringly apparent. He'll start asking questions within thirty minutes of the time he reaches the office. Thirty minutes after that I'll be in custody."

"How—how much?"

"Something over seventeen thousand."

"Couldn't you go to Pressman and explain—"

His bitter laugh interrupted her. "You don't know Pressman."

For a moment she was silent; then her eyes half squinted thoughtfully. "That's right," she said almost musingly. "I don't know Pressman."

He was too preoccupied to notice the significance of her words.

"Will he be in the office tomorrow?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Perhaps not until the next day. He's putting over a slick deal. I guess I'm probably the only one who knows *where* he is."

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Petrie, up in Santa Delbarra County. Just a little hick place, but there's been some oil activity there. A complicated business transaction—confidential."

"Tell me; I might help."

"WELL," Stanwood said, "it goes back into the early history of California, when thousands on thousands of acres were given by the Mexican government in the Spanish grants. At that time the whole northeast end of Santa Delbarra County was owned by Don Jose de Salvaro. He died, and the property eventually came into the hands of a shrewd Yankee named Silas Wendover. When Wendover sold the property in small parcels, he put a clause in each deed stating that he was keeping all the oil on the property for himself, his heirs, and assigns.

"For years and years that reservation was considered simply a cloud on the title—a joke. Even when oil began to be discovered in California, no one bothered to look up exactly what that reservation in the deeds meant. They considered vaguely that owning the oil was one thing and getting at it quite another.

"Then Pressman looked it up. He found that, under the wording of that reservation as it existed in that old deed and some of the court decisions, the Wendover heirs had the right to enter upon the land, to prospect for oil, to erect all reasonable derricks and sumps, to build roads, and, when oil was discovered, to lay pipe lines, put in refineries, storage tanks, additional roads, pumping stations—in fact, anything that might be reasonably necessary to get the oil out of the land.

"Pressman quietly bought up those outstanding oil rights. When he moved in and started putting down a test well, it was as though he'd dropped a bombshell right in the middle of Petrie."

"And Mr. Pressman is up there now," she asked, "in the hotel?"

"Not in the hotel."

"Where?"

"If I tell you, promise you won't tell a soul?"

"Yes; tell me."

"He's slipping over a fast one on the ranchers up there. A man named Sonders owns the property on which Pressman located his first oil well. Sonders went into court to get an injunction. He got licked. He appealed. Only today the Appellate Court affirmed the decision. Pressman knew it would."

"That still isn't telling me where he is."

"Be patient, baby. I want you to get the picture. When it comes to a showdown, the ranchers up there will try to buy Pressman out. Most of the land is citrus land, highly developed. Some of it is swell subdivision property—small irrigated ranches. . . . Well, the boss is up there finding out just exactly how much they're going to be able to pay him—what their top price will be."

"But how can he expect to do that?"

Stanwood grinned. "No one up there knows Pressman personally. He's just a name. Well, down at the lower end of the property affected there's some land that isn't quite so valuable, a few small ranches. A month ago one of those ranchers got an offer through a real-estate man to sell out at a fancy price. He accepted. The buyer was Jack P. Reedley. Reedley is a dirty, unkempt bachelor who's planning on putting in some chickens and rabbits when he can raise the money."

"But you were going to tell me where Pressman was," she said impatiently.

"That's it," Stanwood said. "Pressman is Reedley."

"But what's the idea?"

"Don't you get it? The ranchers, led by a man named Howser, are levying secret assessments on all the property, getting a huge fund of cash. In the course of a few days they'll call on Reedley. They'll tell him how much they want him to put in the kitty, and why. Because Reedley is a newcomer, he'll ask questions."

"But those ranchers won't tell *him* anything."

Stanwood laughed. "When Pressman gets done talking he'll have the whole inside story. That leaves him holding all the ace cards. If he should happen to strike oil in a test well, he's sitting on top of the world. If he gets a dry hole, he'll pretend that he's got oil anyway. The ranchers won't know the difference. They'll start offering a hundred thousand or so, and then come up as they have to. By that time Pressman will know exactly how high they'll go—exactly how much money they have. It's a slick scheme."

"You don't think if any one went to Mr. Pressman and tried to—well, intercede for you— After all, you've done a lot for him."

"And I've been paid for what I've done, he'd say."

"And if Pressman *doesn't* get back to his office in the morning?"

Stanwood said, "I'm safe until Pressman gets back. He *may* be up there four or five days. It'll depend on things up there. If he doesn't show up for a while—well, I could squeeze a little more cash out of the business and make one more fling—and that fling might pay off."

"Is Pressman married?"

"Uh-huh."

"What's she like?"

"She's a beauty. But she's playing him for a sucker. She's somewhere in the thirties. He's in the fifties. . . . Boy, she's sure good-looking! But I wouldn't want her."

"Why not?"

"Too cold-blooded, too scheming, too selfish—but boy, oh boy, she certainly has a figure."

"Pressman likes—figures?"

"He did when he married her."

"His first wife?"

"Don't be silly. Pressman's a millionaire. . . . No, she saw him, decided she wanted to be Mrs. Ralph G. Pressman, and dispossessed the party in charge."

"How long have they been married?"

"Five years."

"Perhaps Mr. Pressman is a little disillusioned and—well, deep down in his heart, a little lonely. Perhaps that's why he's so cold-blooded in business."

"It may be," Stanwood said. "But let's quit talking about Pressman. Tonight is ours, darling—and perhaps tomorrow night. If Pressman only stays up there for a few days more and I can get my fingers on some cash—"

PRESSMAN had repeatedly instructed Jane Graven to open all his mail, whether marked personal or not.

Toying with the envelope from the Dropwell Detective Service, Jane wondered whether those instructions included a letter so plainly marked PERSONAL, PRIVATE, CONFIDENTIAL. It had been sent to the office by special messenger.

For thirty minutes the bulky envelope lay on her secretarial desk unopened. Then the impression wormed its way into her mind that this might be something very, *very* important, something upon which Mr. Pressman should take immediate action.

She tried to reach her employer on the telephone. Daygard, the butler, answered.

"Hello, Arthur," Jane said. "Can you tell me where Mr. Pressman is this morning?"

"No, Miss Graven. He hasn't been down to breakfast as yet. I'm not certain— Yes, ma'am. It's the office. . . . Very well, ma'am."

Jane heard the sound of steps and Mrs. Pressman's cool voice: "Yes? Hello? What is it, Jane?"

"I wanted to reach Mr. Pressman. I was trying to find out where he is," she said.

"What was it? Something in the mail, Jane?"

MRS. PRESSMAN'S voice was friendly, with that cooing, patronizing air of a wife who looks down upon her husband's secretary from a great height.

"It was—wasn't anything important. I just wanted to know about a—"

"A letter?" Mrs. Pressman prompted.

"Yes."

"Who is it from?"

Jane caught her breath, said, "There isn't any return address on the envelope. I— Well, I thought Mr. Pressman might be interested in knowing about it."

"Open it," Mrs. Pressman commanded. "See who it's from, dear."

Driven to desperation, Jane held up the envelope in front of the telephone transmitter, ripped the paper knife across the sealed fold, pulled out the enclosures—and sat staring at them dumbly.

Dropwell Detective Service, acting upon instructions of Ralph Pressman, had been shadowing Sophie Pressman. Pellman Baxter, a young broker who was considered an intimate, if not a friend, of the family, was mentioned in the report. Photographic negatives, taken in the dark with the aid of an infra-red flash bulb which functioned unnoticed, were in the enclosed sealed envelope. "In accordance with our custom," a sentence read, "we deliver the negatives themselves to our clients—obviating, in this manner, any possibility of future annoyance."

"Well?" Mrs. Pressman's voice showed impatience.

Jane Graven's laugh caught in her throat.

"What is it?" Mrs. Pressman asked, her voice as sharp as a razor edge.

"I— It's nothing," Jane lied. "It turned out to be just some political literature sent out with the words 'private' and 'confidential' on the envelope, so that Mr. Pressman would be certain to see it. It's nothing."

"'Private' and 'confidential' were printed?" Mrs. Pressman asked with acid disbelief.

"Written," Jane said hastily, "in ink. That's what fooled me."

"Yes," Mrs. Pressman said coolly; "I should think it would," and hung up.

Jane turned the sealed enclosure over and over in her fingers—flashlight photographs taken with an infra-red bulb, surreptitious shots stolen of a man and a married woman in—

She heard the click of the door latch.

Harvey Stanwood stood in the doorway, smiling. His face looked tense and drawn.

"Hello," he said, ostentatiously consulting his watch. "Didn't mean to be so late, but I had to go by the courthouse and look up some records in connection with an estate matter Mr. Pressman wanted investigated. Haven't heard anything from him, have you?"

At the moment, the unusual elaboration given the explanation and the fact that it seemed to have been rehearsed didn't dawn on Jane Graven. She jerked open the upper drawer of her secretarial desk, pushed the envelope and letter in it, said, "Mr. Pressman hasn't come in yet. I don't know just when to expect him."

Harvey Stanwood crossed over to the big vault, spun the knobs of the combination, pulled the huge doors open, and went inside.

The air smelled like that of a tomb. That was the way a cell would feel. He would undoubtedly get ten years, perhaps twenty. Last night, with a few drinks under his belt, with the tingle of gambling in his blood, a pretty girl at his side, he had felt that he could take it—that he could take anything.

Now, with a thick feeling in his head, with nerves jumpy from too much to drink and not enough sleep, he felt that he couldn't take anything. He would have tried flight if it hadn't been for one desperate last chance—that Pressman might not show up at all today.

He heard the telephone ring. Corliss Ramsay at the switchboard said, "He's busy at the moment—in the vault. Could I have him call you back?" Then he heard her coming toward the vault.

She said, "You're wanted on the telephone. Do you want to take the call? He says it's important." Stanwood hurried to his desk and picked up the receiver. A man's voice inquired, "Harvey Stanwood?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Can any one in the office hear what you're saying?"

"No."

The voice said conversationally, "Happened to run into an old friend of mine yesterday. This friend has an interest in the Three-Twenty-Two Club. He says he's seen you up there quite a bit lately."

Stanwood waited a second before he could trust his voice to say, "Who is this talking?"

"I'm going to lunch with you today," the voice asserted, "at the Purple Cow. I've reserved the next to the last booth on the right-hand side. Be there at twelve fifteen. The curtain will be drawn. Walk right in."

"Who—who is this talking?" Stanwood asked.

The voice said, "George Karper."

Stanwood heard the click of the receiver being hung up, but it was a full three seconds before he could summon the strength to hang up his own receiver.

KARPER was waiting in the booth when Stanwood came in. His eyes flicked in a quick appraisal of Stanwood's face.

"Sit down, Stanwood. I wanted to talk with you."

Stanwood took a seat. For the first time in his life he flinched from meeting another man's eyes. He knew that Karper knew, or at least suspected, his defalcation.

Karper began as soon as the soup had made its appearance and the waitress had withdrawn: "Stanwood, I want some information."

Stanwood kept quiet.

Karper said, "There'd be some money in it for you—quite a bit of money. Perhaps you could use a little ready cash, eh?"

Stanwood felt his heart give a sudden quick leap. He tried to keep from showing any eagerness. "What do you want?" he asked.

"The lowdown on the Petrie oil business—all of it," Karper said.

Stanwood said, "That would be impossible."

"Nothing is *impossible*," Karper said. "Everything has its price. Sometimes the thing that is desired is so valuable that no price seems high enough. Then we say casually that it is impossible. Whereas it's all a matter of price."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Stanwood said, knowing all the time that he did understand.

Karper said, "A friend of mine whom I mentioned over the telephone is quite a student of the psychology of gambling. He says it's quite possible to tell when a man is gambling merely for amusement, when he's gambling because he hopes to win, and when he's gambling because he's desperate. . . . Interesting, eh? Because we're all gamblers, more or less. I'm frank to admit that I want this information so that I can gamble, but I want to take some of the risk out of the gamble. That is, as far as possible."

Stanwood suddenly met Karper's eyes. "How much?" he asked.

"Five thousand."

"It isn't enough."

Karper stared steadily, hypnotically. "You could run it up on the tables so that it would be enough."

Stanwood shook his head. "If I'm going to sell out, I get what I need."

"How much do you need?"

"Eighteen thousand dollars."

Karper said, "I can't afford to pay eighteen thousand. I might go to seven. Seven thousand would give you enough operating capital to force the law of averages to work for you, to win back what you've lost."

Stanwood looked at his wrist watch. "We'll have time," he said, "before I go back, to drop around to your bank and arrange for a transfer of eighteen thousand dollars."

"Eight thousand," Karper said. "That's the limit."

Stanwood cleared his throat. "That wouldn't do me any good, even if I won, unless Mr. Pressman didn't return to the office for a day or two."

Karper said, "We have time to go to the bank before my two-o'clock appointment—if we start now." He let Stanwood see cold finality in his eyes.

Stanwood cleared his throat.

"All right," he said in a dry voice. "Let's go."

At two thirty Karper returned to his office and put through a long-distance call to Hugh Sonders at Petrie. Two minutes later he said, "Sonders, this is Karper in Los Angeles. . . . Independent Acres Subdivision Company."

"All right," Sonders said. "What is it?"

"How are subscriptions coming along?"

"O. K. Howser's committee has interviewed about 90 per cent of the property owners."

"Man by the name of Jack P. Reedley," Karper said. "Got a little chicken ranch—"

"I know the one you mean," Sonders interrupted. "I'm delegated to call on him tomorrow or day after. He's a newcomer. Won't get much out of him, but I want to get him signed up for something, even if it's only fifty dollars, so he'll be one of us. His place isn't worth over a couple of thousand."

Karper said dryly, "You haven't seen him yet, then?"

"No."

"Reedley," Karper said, "is Ralph G. Pressman."

"You're certain? What's the idea?"

"He thought you'd call on him and he'd have a chance to find out the low-down."

Sonders said, "I'll call on him, all right. I'll take Everett True of the Petrie Herald. We'll go down there and—"

"Wait a minute," Karper interrupted. "Do something for me, will you? Don't go down there for a couple of hours. Give me that much leeway."

"Why?"

"I have some things I want to do."

"He might get away."

"No; he's going to stay right there. Here's something else. The oil well is a dry hole—dry as a bone."

"How did you get this information?"

"It came to me straight."

Sonders said, "This is a break. If we catch him putting over something like that, it might even have some bearing on the lawsuit. Might get us a rehearing in the Supreme Court."

"That wouldn't affect his legal position," Karper said.

Sonders laughed. "He has to come to court with clean hands, legally speaking. And don't the Supreme Court justices read the newspapers?"

"All right," Karper said. "Just be certain of one thing."

"What?"

"Wait two hours. Don't ever let on that I knew anything about it. Never tell *any one* where you got the tip, not a soul, not even Howser or True."

Sonders hesitated a moment, then said, "O. K. It'll probably take a couple of hours for me to get hold of True and get the story lined up."

FRANK DURYEA, the district attorney of Santa Delbarra County, kicked his shoes off and lay back on the bed, his hands clasped behind his head, watching his wife with affectionate pride in his eyes.

Milred Duryea, some five years younger than her husband, tall, slender, tolerant, sat in front of the mirror at the dressing table, rubbing creams into her face with the tips of long, pliable fingers.

"Don't do that," she said over her shoulder.

"What?" her husband asked.

"Settle down there on the bed. You'll go to sleep and I'll have to undress you."

The district attorney yawned. "A very interesting thought—the delightful possibility that I might drift off to sleep and wake up to find myself neatly tucked into bed."

"I'd skin your clothes off wrong side out," she threatened. "And your love letters would fall out of your coat pocket."

"How little you know of the legal mind," he said. "I burn my love letters as fast as I get them."

Milred removed the surplus cream on a soft towel, then wiped off her hands. "Come on; get started," she ordered.

"Don't be so bossy," Duryea said. "With the ratio of divorces constantly on the increase—" He broke off to listen, his head held slightly on one side.

"I thought," he said, "I heard a car come up the driveway and stop. A disreputable car with a decrepit motor."

"*Gramps!*" she exclaimed.

A cracked, quavering horn, having some of the qualities of a phonograph record which is about half run down, made a raucous noise.

"It *is* Gramps!" Milred Duryea exclaimed.

The district attorney buttoned his vest, reached down for his shoes.

Milred dashed to the closet for a robe.

"The time?" she asked.

"Ten forty-eight," her husband announced. "The advent of the calamity is now duly noted for posterity."

A moment later a high-pitched voice called through the Venetian blinds: "Hello, folks. Guess who this is!"

Frank Duryea said sternly, "There is no necessity to guess. No friend would drive such a disreputable motor. You are, therefore, a relative. No Duryea ever sported such an out-of-tune, thoroughly raucous, run-down horn. That means it's a Wiggins, one of my wife's relatives."

"Yep," Gramp Wiggins chuckled, "tha's me. Don't aim to disturb you folks none. Got my house trailer outside. Going to roll in, but thought I'd have a hot toddy first. Didn't intend to let you know I was here until morning, but I saw the light in the bedroom and thought you might like a snort."

"You're darned right," Frank said. "I need it. I had even craved it before I heard your coffee mill. But you should ask Milred first."

Gramp Wiggins' voice sounded hurt, and it was impossible for the district attorney to tell whether the old man was stringing him along or whether he really was insulted. "What are you talkin' about? Ask Milred if she wants a toddy! She's a Wiggins, ain't she? Nobody ever needs to ask a Wiggins when there's a hot toddy bein' brewed."

They heard his steps on the cement walk, the quick steps of a spry old man filled with enthusiasm and a zest for life.

"There it is," Duryea said. "The complete calamity in one chapter. If there's as much as a misdemeanor committed between now and when he leaves, the old bloodhound will be on the trail."

Milred gave herself a quick survey in the mirror. "Go ahead and sit there if you want to, you old crab. Gramp Wiggins can make the most marvelous hot toddy in the world."

Duryea straightened up.

"You have now," he observed, "mentioned one of your grandfather's outstanding virtues. He certainly *can* concoct drinks and food. Come on, sister, let's go."

GRAMP WIGGINS' trailer was very definitely a bachelor affair, bereft of those feminine touches which grace a home. On the other hand, it was scrupulously clean and everything was in its place.

Gramp Wiggins had hot water and spices bubbling away on the gasoline stove when Frank and Milred Duryea entered the trailer, and was twisting bits of lemon peel and dropping them into the steaming liquid.

Gramps was a little man of indeterminate age. His eyes, twinkling at them over the tops of half spectacles, were full of life. His hands deftly unhooked three cups, plunged them into a kettle full of boiling water.

"Secret of a hot toddy," Gramps said, "is to have your cups piping hot. You don't want to put your hooch in until just when you're ready to serve."

He broke off as steps sounded outside, and then a tentative knock on the door of the trailer. Gramps flung open the door.

The man stood in the driveway, looking into the trailer with dark, apprehensive eyes.

"I'm not certain I have the right place," he said. "I'm looking for the district attorney."

"Yep," Gramps announced. "You've got the right place for the district attorney, and for a hot toddy. Come on in. Come on in!"

The man seemed somewhat taken aback by this breezy cordiality. "I don't want to intrude," he said apologetically. "Would you mind telling him that Carl Gentry, the constable at Petrie, would like to see him for a minute?"

Duryea got to his feet and went to the door. "Hello, Gentry," he said, shaking hands. "Come on in."

Gentry stepped in and said to the district attorney, "Could I see you for a moment, Mr. Duryea?"

"Can't you talk right here?" Duryea asked. "What is it?"

"You know something of the trouble we've been having up our way."

"Over those oil rights?"

"Yes. Feeling's running pretty high," Gentry said. "It seems like this man Pressman may have tried to pull a fast one and got caught at it. That's going to make trouble."

"What did he do?" Duryea asked.

"Well, we ain't absolutely plumb certain yet, but certain enough so Everett True, the editor of the Petrie Herald, is going to run a story about it in the morning, and when that paper hits the streets there's going to be hell to pay!"

"Because?" Duryea asked.

"Well, it seems like there's kind of a poker game going on. Some of that country that Pressman has the oil rights on is mighty good citrus land, improved with buildings, orchards, and all. Now then, if he starts puttin' in roads an' derricks, it's going to make things pretty bad. My idea is, you'd just about have to call our militia when he did it. But the people out there are law-abiding and they'd buy him out if he'd make 'em any reasonable sort of an offer. Now it looks as though he's dickering around and maybe getting ready to sell out. A lot depends on what he finds in that test well he's putting down. The rumor is that that test well's gone deep enough already so he knows just about what he's got. But you can't find out one single thing about the well."

Duryea nodded.

"Tom Howser," Gentry went on, "is sort of organizing all the farmers out that way, getting 'em all together to figure just how much each man is willing to pay to get rid of the cloud on his property, then putting the thing in a pool and doing a little horse trading."

Duryea said, "And Pressman, on the other hand, is also doing horse trading. He's trying to make them believe he's got a good showing of oil in that test well. No one will know whether he has or not."

"That's exactly it," Gentry said. "Now then, nobody out our way knows Pressman. He's just a name to us. But a week or so ago a man bought out one of the small chicken ranches here. This man is named Jack Reedley. This afternoon Hugh Sonders got a straight tip that Reedley was really Pressman, who had bought the property just to see what the owners had in mind. What makes it look a little more reasonable that way is that when we looked it up we found the sale never went through escrow. The man who owned the place just took his dough, signed a deed, and moved out all at once."

"How did Sonders get the tip?" Duryea asked.

"Well, we're not certain, but we think George Karper picked it up somewhere. Karper's in Los Angeles. He's got big holdings near Petrie; seems like he was just ready to put on a subdivision. Had everything ready to go."

"And Karper gave Sonders that tip?" Duryea asked.

"We don't know. But, anyway, Sonders got that tip. He showed up at the Herald office, and he and Everett True went sailing out to Reedley's place."

"What happened?" Duryea asked.

"Wouldn't let 'em in. He barricaded the doors and the windows and pulled the shades down, refused to see 'em, wouldn't answer questions, just stayed in there and sulked. You can figure that out. Not only wouldn't he let them see his face but he wouldn't let them hear his voice. Well, Everett True came to the idea that Reedley really was Pressman. He's going to publish the thing in the morning. That's what I wanted to see you about. If Reedley is really Pressman—well, there's going to be trouble, lots of trouble."

Duryea thought that over. At length he said, "I'll tell you what you do. Get out there early in the morning, before the paper is distributed and before the property owners have a chance to organize. Go call on Reedley. If he turns out to be Pressman, tell him what he's up against. Tell him that you're willing to take him into protective custody on some minor traffic charge or something of that sort."

"But s'pose he doesn't want to."

"Then," Duryea said, "it's up to him. We'll do the best we can, but we won't do anything until *after* a mob starts forming. We'll try to stop any violence, but we won't be placed in the position of giving Pressman a bodyguard. That would be my idea."

"It's a good one," Gentry said. He picked up his hat off his lap, got to his feet, bowed awkwardly to Mrs. Duryea and Gramps, said to the district attorney, "Well, thanks. I've got to be getting back to my job."

Duryea escorted him to the door. "Remember, according to the letter of the law, Pressman is right. The court has decided that injunction case in Pressman's favor."

"I know," Gentry said. "But you just can't take land away from a rancher. You can't start pulling out fruit trees or trampling down crops. I'm telling you, Mr. Duryea, it can't be done. Well, good night, everybody, and thanks, Mr. Wiggins, for that hot toddy. It certainly helped. Maybe you'll be out my way one of these days."

Next morning Frank Duryea opened his eyes and, drugged with sleep, regarded the half light in the bedroom. He thought at first that Milred was sleeping, but her voice from the pillow beside him said, "Was it the door that wakened you?"

"No; there's a peculiar pounding noise."

"Not pounding, dear. Beating."

"What's the difference?"

"Gramps is beating up some of his famous hot-cake batter. We might as well get up now. You know how good they are when they're hot."

Gramps welcomed them and put them to work helping fry bacon. They were in the middle of the meal when they heard a car squeal to a stop, then the sound of steps on cement.

Milred, looking out of the window, said, "It's the sheriff. I'd better let him know we're in here."

"You mean Sheriff Lassen!" Gramp Wiggins said, his voice shrill with excitement. "Tell him to come in here! I ain't seen him in a coon's age! I want to shake hands with him."

The trailer swayed on its springs as the sheriff hoisted himself inside, saying, "Hello, everybody."

"You remember my grandfather, Gramp Wiggins?" Milred asked.

The sheriff shook hands. "Sure do. He gave us quite a bit of help on that case when he was here last." Then he turned to Duryea. "Guess you saw Gentry last night. He told you about what the Petrie Herald was going to claim?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, before the paper hit the streets Gentry took a couple of deputies and went out to Reedley's house. It'd already happened when Gentry got there."

"What do you mean?"

"Dead. Sometime during the night. Curtains were pulled up so you could look right into the house. An oil lamp was burning. Body lying on the floor. An attempt had been made to make it look like suicide. Perhaps it was. The door was locked from the inside and the key was clutched in his right hand. I understand he left a suicide note. Gentry thinks we should go out there and look things over—says it's going to set off a lot of fireworks. Thought I'd come by and get you."

Duryea gave a long low whistle.

IT WAS nearing nine o'clock as the county car slowed down and the sheriff said, "That's the place."

The old shack had evidently started with one room and grown to two. It was weather-beaten and dilapidated.

A group of men were talking under the trees. The sheriff swung his car over toward them, saying to the district attorney, "Guess you know all these people. Deputy coroner. Deputy sheriff. That slim chap talking with Gentry is Everett True."

True stepped importantly forward. He had evidently rehearsed his story in his mind, reducing it to the bare essentials.

"Hugh Sonders came into the office about four thirty yesterday afternoon," he told the sheriff. "He had a tip that Reedley was Pressman. I checked and it seemed plausible. I hadn't been able to get a photograph of Pressman, but I did have a pretty fair description. I wrote an editorial in the form of a question asking whether Pressman thought there was oil in the property and was making a good-faith attempt to develop it, or whether he was merely seeking legalized blackmail from the people who had built up this community by hard work and self-denial.

"We decided to go call on Reedley, and I thought it would be a good idea to pull a proof of this editorial, show it to Pressman—if that's who Reedley turned out to be—and use his comments as the basis of a story.

"I showed Sonders the editorial. He thought it wasn't nearly strong enough. I made some changes and gave it to Sonders to look over. We talked it over while we were driving out. I intended to take a photograph if I could, and had a small candid camera concealed in my hip pocket. It was arranged that Sonders would hand Reedley the editorial, and while he was reading it I'd get out my candid camera and try for a shot.

"Sonders and I arrived here about five o'clock. As we drove in, Sonders saw a shade being jerked down. We noticed then that all the shades had been lowered. That made us believe Reedley really was Pressman—that he had an idea of what we wanted and why we were coming, when he saw us turn in at the driveway.

"Naturally, I was somewhat excited. Sonders was, too. He pointed out that there were two doors to the house, so to keep our man from walking out on us he took the front and I the back. We knocked, then kicked, and called out. We couldn't get any answer."

"But you're certain he was home?" the sheriff asked.

"Yes. The man who was inside at one time approached the front door. Sonders could hear him quite plainly. He thought perhaps the man intended to shoot. He was rather frightened. I know exactly how he felt. I had a similar experience. I heard some one moving around on the inside of the house, and cautious steps coming toward the back door where I was. Then there was a minute or two of tense silence. I could feel the man standing there on the other side of the door. I tell you, it was a creepy feeling. Then the man walked away. I heard the boards creak and the sound of his steps. I called out to him, 'I am from the newspaper. I simply want to ask you a few questions.'"

"Get any answer?" the sheriff asked.

"Not a word."

"Hear him moving around any after that?"

"ONCE or twice, in the front part of the house. That was when he was debating whether to open the door for Sonders, I guess. I suppose the man merely wanted to get out without being questioned or photographed, but I had the feeling he was standing there with a gun, debating whether to shoot me through the door. And Sonders said he felt exactly the same way when the man walked toward the front door. Of course, if we hadn't covered both exits, he'd have simply gone out the back door when we started pounding on the front door."

"Then what?" Duryea asked.

"After several minutes I decided I'd better have a talk with Sonders. Perhaps I was a little frightened. I walked back around the house. Sonders was still pounding on the front door. We tried it then, and it was locked. He wanted to know if I'd tried the back door, and I told him no, I'd simply pounded on it. He suggested that I go back and try it. I didn't have nerve enough. I kept remembering the ominous way that man approached the back door and then paused."

"Could you tell how far he was from the back door?" the sheriff asked.

"I'd say not over six or seven feet. You could hear him walking toward the door—just as though he intended to open it, or as though he was debating whether to start shooting."

The sheriff looked around the little knot of silent interested spectators, spotted a bronzed taciturn individual with steady blue eyes, a grimly determined mouth.

"You're Sonders, aren't you?" he asked.

"That's right, sheriff."

"You don't know Pressman?"

"I've never met him. He's only a name to me. I've never been able to meet him. He won't see me."

"You've never met this man Reedley?"

"No."

"Where did you get the tip that Reedley was Pressman?"

Sonders' lips clamped shut even more definitely. He shook his head silently. "I'm sorry," he said. "It's information that I can't give you."

"Why?"

Sonders started to say something, then stopped and again shook his head.

"I can't even tell you that."

"You came out here with True."

"That's right."

"And you took the front door and True the back?"

"Yes."

"And you're certain some one was in the house?"

"Quite certain. I saw the shades being lowered as we drove into the yard. The last shade came down just as True was driving his automobile in. I took the front door, True the back. We pounded on the doors and raised all the commotion we could. You could hear a man moving around in there just like a caged animal. And I'd have bet all the tea in China that man had a gun and was debating whether or not to use it."

"Why," the sheriff asked, "should he have wanted to shoot? Suppose he *was* Pressman and you *were* calling on him. He knew the jig was up, that his real identity was going to be revealed and his little scheme wasn't going to do him any good. But still, that's no reason why he should shoot."

"I DON'T know," Sonders said. "All I know is that, from the way that man inside the house was walking around, the way he came and stood in front of the door, not close enough to the door to have reached the knob, yet close enough so that— Well, I just know darn well he was standing in there holding a gun pointing at the door and trying to get up his nerve to pull the trigger. That's just the way I felt."

"And it's just the way *I* felt," True said. "There was something sinister about the way that man acted. I had counted on some blustering, some hostility, but not anything quite like that."

"Where's this editorial?" the sheriff asked.

True grinned. "We got so scared we—"

"No, True," Sonders interrupted. "I found it this morning in my *inside* coat pocket. I'd have sworn I never put it there. Guess I was plenty excited—thought we'd lost it for a while. True had some stuff written in there— Well, you can see for yourself."

The sheriff took the paper. "You have this in your hand when you came up to the house here yesterday? I mean, could he have seen it from the window?"

"That's right; I held it in my right hand. My idea was to push it right out at him first thing, and then let True get his picture—as early in the game as we could. I didn't know how long the interview would last."

The sheriff glanced at the galley proof.

"If you don't mind," True said, "I'd like that back. It's got some changes we worked out— Oh, well, I won't use the editorial now anyway. It doesn't make any difference. Keep it."

"Anything to indicate the time the shooting took place?" the sheriff asked Gentry, the constable.

"Sometime after dark," Gentry replied. "The oil lamp is burning and the shades are pulled all the way up—just the way things are now. I didn't touch anything."

"What time did *you* get here?" Duryea asked.

"Right around seven o'clock when *we* got here."

"What did you find?"

"Things are exactly the way I found them. We haven't touched a thing, except that I did use a passkey to get the front door open—which was no trick at all. It's just a cheap mortise."

"You knew something was wrong before you opened the door?" the sheriff asked.

"Sure. You can look through that window—the one on the porch to the right of the door—and see the whole thing."

Gentry put his hand in his pocket. "Here's somethin' I found on the porch. Don't know as it means anything." He handed the sheriff a compact.

Duryea and the sheriff studied it. "Sterling silver," Duryea said. "Initials 'E. R.' engraved on it. . . . Where was it, Gentry?"

"Right there by the front door. Looked like it had been dropped hard. Powder had spilled out on the boards of the porch, and the mirror's broken. Lot of perfume in that powder."

The sheriff put the compact in his pocket. "The young woman who dropped that is going to have bad luck for seven years," he said. "And that's not just a gag."

Duryea turned to True. "What did you and Sonders do after no one came to the door in response to your knocking? Did you leave the place, or did you keep trying to find out more about the person who was in there?"

"We didn't stick around. We drove right to Los Angeles and ascertained that Pressman hadn't been in his office all day. I checked up on that description of Pressman I had, and we came back."

"What time did you get back here?"

"Oh, I guess it was around midnight when we pulled in, wasn't it, Hugh?"

"Right around there."

"And decided to run the story?" Duryea asked.

"That's right. I had picked up a little more corroborating evidence down in Los Angeles, and I was pretty well convinced there was foundation for this story."

"What time did you leave the newspaper office?" Duryea asked Sonders.

"I waited until the paper was put to bed, and then I went out with True and we had a drink or two. After that I went to bed."

"What time?"

"What time do you put the paper to bed, True?" Sonders asked.

"It was right around three o'clock this morning."

"And you," Duryea asked Gentry—"what do *you* know?"

"Only that I came out here this morning, pounded on the door, got no answer, took a look through the window—just casually, the way a person will sometimes—and saw this body lying on the floor, the lamp still burning, although it had been broad daylight for an hour or more."

"O. K.," the sheriff said. "We may as well do a little lookin' around."

THIS body lay sprawled on the floor, with the right arm far extended, the hand doubled into a fist. The other arm was bent at a peculiar angle, the fingers still clutching the butt of a heavy long-barreled revolver. On a table by the corpse, a mantle-type oil lamp burned dimly. One side of the chimney, as well as of the incandescent mantle, was badly smoked. The sheriff bent down to examine the man more closely.

"Pretty hard to make much of an identification now," he said. "The top of the head is just about blown off. What kind of a gun is that, Gentry?"

"A Colt. It's labeled 'New Service 44-40.' It has a seven-and-a-half-inch barrel, and shoots a steel-jacketed soft-nosed bullet with high-velocity smokeless powder. It sure does a lot of execution."

The sheriff indicated a piece of paper suspended by a pin from the back of a chair.

"Read it," Gentry said laconically.

Duryea and the sheriff moved over to study the paper—a plain sheet of writing paper eight and a half by eleven, on which had been pasted words cut from a newspaper to form the message:

SEEM HOPELESSLY DEADLOCKED. CAN'T GO FARTHER IN IMPOVERISHED CONDITION. NECESSITY OF TAKING DETERMINED STAND APPARENT.

Duryea, studying the paper, pointed out: "Notice that it's been cut from three portions of a newspaper. The words SEEM HOPELESSLY DEADLOCKED came apparently from one headline, and CAN'T GO FARTHER IN IMPOVERISHED CONDITION from another which had been cut in two. The words NECESSITY OF TAKING DETERMINED STAND APPARENT are evidently from an entirely different part of the paper, perhaps a heading which was over an editorial. They're not in headline type."

"Well," the sheriff grunted, "it's a hell of a suicide note."

Duryea said, "I suppose it's occurred to you, Gentry, these words might have been cut from one newspaper."

"We figured that out, Mr. Duryea, and we searched every inch of this cabin trying to find the newspaper. We can't do it. That's what makes it look like murder instead of suicide. What's more, that's a sheet of pretty good bond

(Continued on page 43)

A LITTLE EXTRA SERVICE

Day after day, uniformed men pour into the Union Station at Omaha, Nebraska. They come from New York, Chicago, San Francisco . . . from Albert Lea, Minnesota . . . Brady, Montana . . . and other points from coast to coast.

To them, Omaha is a city of strangers; just a "stop over" on their way to a destination. So, to help them feel at home, the Railroads serving the Omaha Union Station have provided air-conditioned quarters for a recreation room, shower baths, canteen, and first-aid station in charge of Registered Nurses. Local concerns and townspeople have contributed complete equipment and supply refreshments daily. Volunteer workers give generously of their time. Day and night, a neon sign displays this greeting—"Service Men's Center—Everything Free."

This is a small thing as compared, for example, to the vital job the railroads are doing in transporting war materials and troops. But it is one way in which we on the home front can give a *little extra service* to our men who are fighting for their Country.

UNION PACIFIC

The Progressive

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND THE CHALLENGERS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

A SITUATION OF GRAVITY

Continued from Page 18

around among the junk on his bench.

“Ah!” he cried, and held up a small gadget made of coiled silvery wire. “Look!” he said, beaming and excited. He opened his mouth and pointed inside. We all peered in.

“It's a gadget to hold his plates in,” Ed said. “See. He's got it fastened at the back; a little wire dingus like the one in his hand.”

“Greatest discovery of the decade!” the professor cried. “Holds your plates firm as a rock. You can eat apples or caramels, popcorn, strawberry jam full of seeds—”

“No doubt marvelous,” I admitted patiently. “But, now, that Model T. Do you realize that you've got something there that'll revolutionize the transportation industry?”

“BOTHERATION. People travel too much as it is. And I was just fooling around to see if I could do it. But, now, this apparatus to hold dental plates—”

“Professor, there is a war on. Transportation—”

“Well, you needn't act so superior, just because you've got your natural teeth!” the little man snapped. “Anyway, I hear you can't be a flyer for the armed forces if you've got false teeth. But my invention, which makes false teeth just as good and solid— Here, Kurt! Open your mouth and I'll show you! I can slip this on in a jiffy!”

Kurt Miller declined in a surly way. The power company office manager is a big blond fellow, Mr. President, and I hadn't known his beautiful white teeth were false.

“Oh, by the way, Kurt,” the professor said, puzzled, “why are you here? Did you— I know!” the little man cried, and burst out laughing. “I *told* you I was using juice from the company lines! You acted like I didn't have good sense, but I guess you've found there's a line loss that can't be explained otherwise, eh? And you've come to accept payment due! Now who's a nitwit!”

Kurt nodded slowly. “Yes, professor. I think your electrical rocket might be worth investigating. I'd like to borrow your blueprints to submit to the company.”

“Blueprints?” The professor sniffed. “I just figured the principle out one night when I couldn't sleep and cobbled it up next morning. But never mind that gadget, Kurt. Look. If you'd wear this apparatus on your plates—”

“Wait a minute,” I said. I could feel something wrong, Mr. President.

“I don't get this, Kurt. I don't see why it's necessary for the company to know how the thing works. You were here snooping around while the professor was away—looking for blueprints. I don't—”

“Perhaps this will make things clear,” Kurt said. And, Mr. President, he brought a pistol out of his pocket. “My country would very much like to possess this gadget of the professor's. . . . And since the plans are in your head, professor, I will take the head along to our secret laboratories. . . . And you other two gentlemen will accompany us and keep strictly quiet. Do you understand?”

Ed looked about, proud as Punch. “Well, for gosh sakes—a *spy!*” he cried happily. “A spy in Prairie Center! The town's perking up, by golly! It'll teach them smarty-pants over at the state capital, calling Prairie Center a one-horse hick burg! Yes, sir—we got a spy! Working for the power company to boot. Getting ready to sabotage something, huh? Just like in the movies! Did you hear that serial on the radio, where a spy—”

“Outside,” Kurt ordered crisply. He herded the three of us into the front seat of the Model T, and got into the rear.

“San Francisco,” he said. “Fly direct.”

“That's hundreds of miles,” I said. “What do you mean, fly direct?”

“I've cruised around in the air a bit at night,” the professor said. “It's easy enough with the rocket principle. But now, after all, Kurt, it won't look right—a Model T flying over the housetops in broad daylight. It'll scare people.”

“Fly direct,” Kurt advised. He prodded the professor between the shoulders with the revolver for emphasis. “It will be dark in a few hours, anyway. And I am too clever to give you a chance to play a ruse.”

“Clever,” the professor muttered with contempt. “You're too dumb even to use my false-teeth invention.” And with a resigned shrug he pulled down the spark lever. The Model T went straight up into the air. When we had gained altitude, the professor pulled down the gas lever and we went forward.

“A wonderful car,” Ed said, beaming. “Never was a job like the Model T. But,” he admitted, “a bit breezy.”

IN the back seat, Kurt was clinging on with both hands, scared. He looked over the side at the earth far below, and then gulped and brought his gaze straight ahead. He muttered a threat at us to give himself courage.

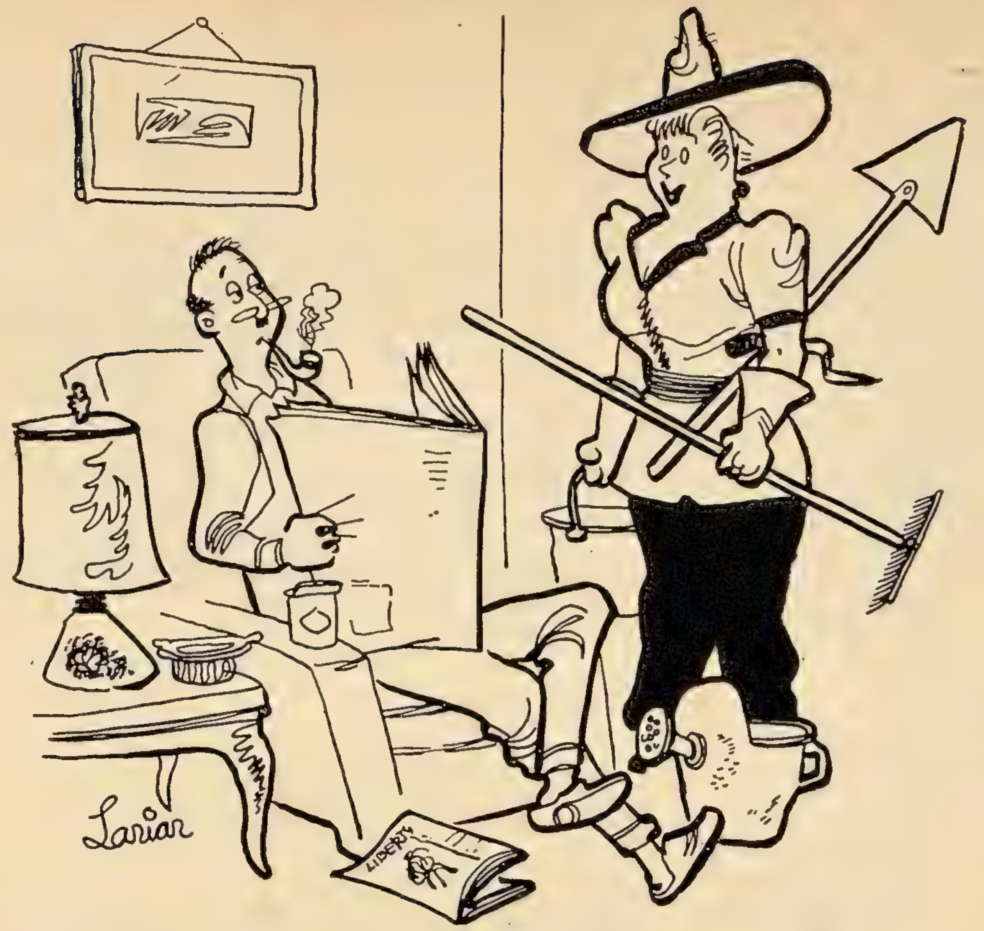
Dimly from below I heard shouts. People were pointing up at the automobile and running for cover.

“Diving for cyclone cellars,” Ed said. He shook his head pityingly. “Funny how folks get panicky over any little thing.”

We passed over Mapleton, with Ed leaning over the side trying to catch a glimpse of his girl, who lives there. And then we headed toward

(*Continued on page 52*)

THE HOME FRONT



“Come, Herbert, it's high time we launched our spring offensive!”

SECOND CHANCE

Continued from Page 13

her baby for another three weeks, but it was a second baby and second babies were often early.

INCREDIBLY, Bertelli was trying to start his ancient truck when Dr. Kennedy arrived. He leaped down and raced over to the doctor.

"Doc, how did you know? I've been trying to get you for hours."

"I'm a good guesser. When did the pains begin?"

"Early. Now they are very fast." Bertelli led the way into the house.

Within an hour Dr. Kennedy had delivered another future farm hand, and was accepting calmly Bertelli's profuse gratitude.

"Some wine? A cigar?" Bertelli urged.

"No, thanks—but how about the use of the phone?"

"Anything, anything, doc."

Dr. Kennedy seated himself before the wall phone. For a minute or two he was still, girding his energies against encroaching weariness. All morning he had moved at a steady pace, not stopping for momentary relaxation or a neighborly cup of coffee. A fool thing, he told himself. A man has to relax between jobs.

He lifted the receiver and called home. Mrs. Higbee's voice crackled at him. "Dr. Kennedy, I've been trying and trying to reach you. There's an urgent call at the Withers', that's on the highway about a mile east of the bridge. Jeff Withers' little girl. He thinks it's acute appendicitis."

His weariness was forgotten. "Anything else?"

"Mrs. Cavendish called twice."

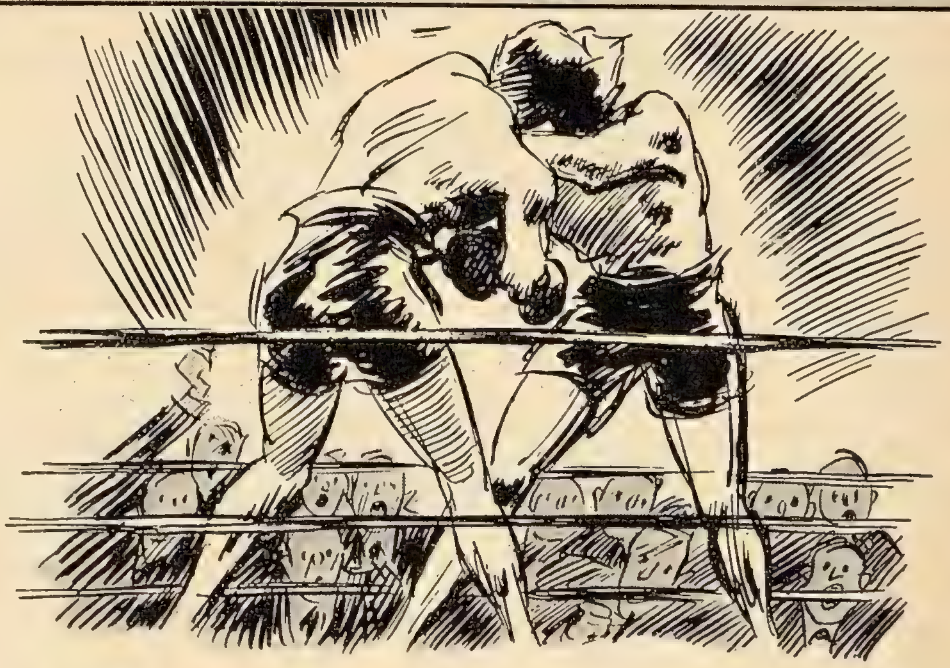
"The devil with her. Phone the Oakdale Hospital. Tell them it'll be late this afternoon before I can look in on Mayor Hippinstall."

THE wind had died down, the rain was slackening, and the weather was noticeably colder. Dr. Kennedy turned on the heater in his car and shifted his cramped legs nearer the warm air outlet. It was aggravating to be on such a slow road—practically an oxcart road—when an emergency case was ahead. Acute appendicitis in the hospital was comparatively simple to handle; but in the country, with the time factor unpredictable, there was always the threat of the green death, peritonitis.

With a great sense of relief he came within sight of the paved highway. The journey was almost over. A hundred yards of pavement, then over the bridge, another mile, and

(*Continued on page 65*)

Famous Highs by C. A. Voight



$2,650,000 high!

NO FIGHT IN HISTORY EVER GATHERED SUCH A CROWD OF CHEERERS AS THE DEMPSEY-TUNNEY BATTLE IN 1927. BUT—YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE CROWD THAT'S CHEERING FOR SMOOTH-AS-VELVET TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!

MY WORD! —I CAN'T BELIEVE IT MYSELF!!

Round-the-farm high!

A WHITE LEGHORN HEN HOLDS A WORLD'S **RECORD**—343 EGGS IN 357 DAYS! AND THAT'S SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT! SO IS THE **SMOOTHNESS** OF TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"

..and Ten High!

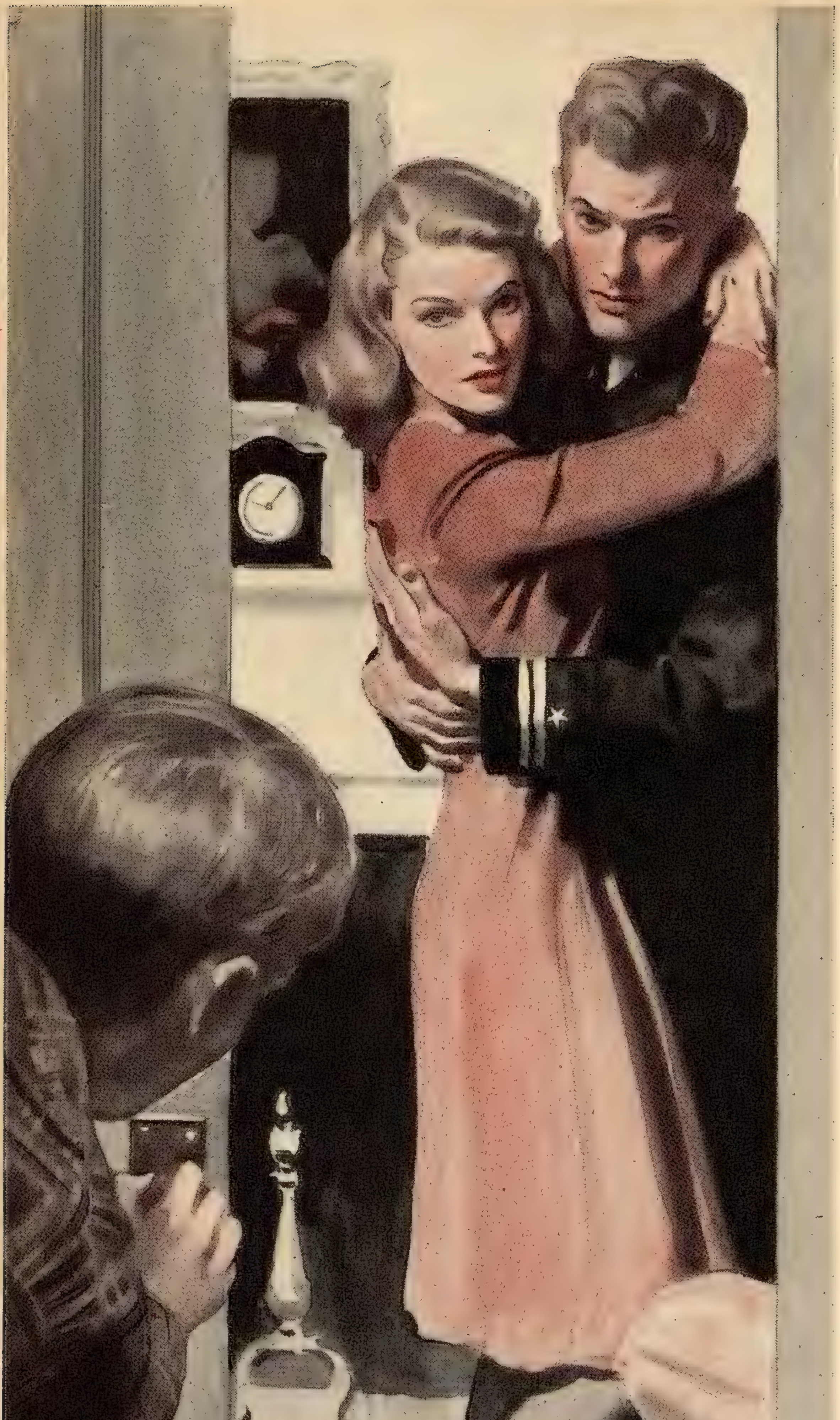
A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Hiram Walker's
TEN
HIGH

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

IT'S TIME T



The kiss broke off against the noise of Jackie's sobs. "Darling!" Tessa cried softly.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Johnny Barnes got a commission in the army as an aerial photographer, he admitted, for the first time, to his wife Tessa that for a long time he had been dissatisfied with his job and with the life they were living in Linton Heights. He loved her and their children, he told her, but things had gone stale for him and he was glad to get away.

After he left for Washington, Tessa, hurt and bewildered, wrote him letters complaining of her loneliness. When she went down to see him, she still complained, and he showed impatience, told her she must be a "good sport." Tessa didn't know it then, but he was contrasting her in his mind with her friend Catherine Lockhart. Catherine, wife of wealthy Carlson Lockhart, was a writer, a fascinating woman who took life as it came and usually managed to get what she wanted out of it. At the moment she wanted Johnny.

Before Tessa left Washington, Johnny was ordered to the African front. Heartsick, she returned to Linton Heights, rented her house, and went with her children to live with Johnny's mother and sister. The one bright spot in her life was George Worth, an old beau, now a naval aviator, who was home on leave. George, and working at the day nursery run by her friend Beth Sanders, kept her from being completely bored.

One day Catherine's husband told Tessa that Catherine was in Africa—had wangled a writing assignment there so she could be near Johnny. It was a blow, but Tessa took it well.

"I trust my husband," she told Carlson. "Whether Catherine's with him or not, I trust him."

But she couldn't keep on trusting him—not after she received his letter telling her that he wasn't coming back to her. "We've changed," he wrote, "and in changing, we seem to have lost each other." He didn't mention Catherine, but Tessa knew, and was heartsick. Yet she wouldn't write him and tell him the one thing that might bring him back to her. She wouldn't let him know she was going to have another child. If he returned, it must not be from pity or a sense of duty.

THE day's beginning was always bad. The moment of waking to the strange room with the deep crack running diagonally across the high yellowed ceiling, to sickness that washed over her and, receding,

SAY GOOD-BY

Like so many wives, Tessa is the last to learn of Johnny's infidelity. Can she save a marriage that now seems headed for the rocks?

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

left her limp and headachey, was always the worst moment in the whole day for Tessa. Then she would lie there, marshaling her strength and her cheerfulness, and telling herself determinedly that this was not just another day without Johnny but, rather, another in a whole series of days that were her new life, and that might in the end bring Johnny back to her. Because even now her heart did not believe that terrible letter of Johnny's.

"The life you've had," Johnny had written, "your possessions, have meant a lot to you. The life I see for myself after the war will be different. . . . We no longer have anything in common. . . ."

And every morning, waking, she thought of that. She thought of it now as she lay there for those last few minutes and listened to the sounds of the house as it wakened and stirred and put its morning apron on. Dishes and pans rattled. In the next room, Patty hummed Frère Jacques to herself softly. Mrs. Barnes, passing along the hall, paused to rap sharply at Nicky's door. The girl's habit of sleeping past the breakfast hour and then wandering through the house with a cup of coffee in her hand at eleven o'clock in the morning, set Mrs. Barnes' nerves on edge. Janice's window slammed shut. Janice had just learned that Sherwood was on his way home from England, a very sick man. Tessa wondered how Janice felt about that. Annoyed, probably, but not sad. Janice, deeply hurt by Sherwood's boasting of his prowess with women, humiliated, made to endure it all for the sake of financial security, was vengeful and bitter.

I suppose, Tessa's reflections went on beyond that, that the worst part of infidelity *is* the humiliation. The shame. The agony of embarrassment you suffer wondering how many people know and are laughing at you and thinking you a fool.

But had Johnny been unfaithful to her with Catherine Lockhart, her best friend? Were the things that Carlson had implied in his talk with her true?

It was unthinkable! Johnny would not, could not, do such a thing to her! He had made no mention of Catherine—of any "other woman"—in his letter. And surely if he loved Catherine so desperately, he would have said so. He had said everything else! she thought with unwonted bitterness. But his complaint had been purely against the idle, luxurious, dull life which she had lived and which she had made for him here in Linton Heights. He wanted something else. A mixture of Washington and Greenwich Village, she supposed, not at all sure.

Well, her possessions, her carefree life were certainly done with. Lying there waiting for the last of the hated morning sickness to leave her, the needle of Tessa's thoughts wove in and out of the tapestry which her new life, her new attitudes were trying to make. She was sure that when Johnny realized how much she had changed, how hard she was struggling to make the best of things, he would realize that he had been mistaken about her. Whatever kind of life he wanted, she would share it with him. She wouldn't nag or whine or complain, she told herself. She would be a good sport. She would do—and be—anything, anything at all, if only the doing or the being would bring Johnny back to her!

He would come back, she dreamed on, and she would tell him proudly all about the nursery. A federal agency had taken it over now. She and Beth and Sally Anders had established it, had proven its need and its efficiency, and Tessa was being paid for her work there. He would know how difficult that work had been, and she had stuck it out; and see how she had gotten along with his mother, and with Janice. These things she would bring to him, and she would say:

"You see? You see, darling, how I've changed, how I've learned to work, and to do without, and all the things you wanted me to learn. And I can do more. I can do anything, darling, if only you'll tell me you're still in love with me!"

She rolled over and buried her face against the warm pillow. What would become of her if Johnny wouldn't change his mind? If it was true that Johnny was in love with Catherine? There was still time—barely time—to do something about this baby. But every instinct in her was outraged and revolted at the thought. Yet she couldn't go on and have a baby if she had no husband to help her raise it, could she? And never, she promised herself, never would she hold a man like that!

The humming in the next room broke off. Patty announced through the door, "I'm awake!"

"All right, darling. Start to dress, and I'll be in in a few minutes."

MRS. BARNES used the breakfast table as the platform from which she delivered all her disapproval and dissatisfaction with the way the family behaved. Tessa always went to it reluctantly and left it as quickly as possible.

"Mommy," Jackie said as they trooped down the stairs together, "I wish daddy would hurry up and stop being a soldier and come home. I don't like it here!"

"Hush," Tessa said gently. "We mustn't hurt grandma's feelings—"

Mrs. Barnes always dressed for the day before appearing at the breakfast table, and considered any one who appeared in bathrobe and nightgown a fallen woman. Seated now before the tall silver coffeepot that glistened in the faint sunlight that had begun to sift through the high windows, she allowed her sharp eyes to travel once, swiftly, around the oval table and to take in the details of the family which displeased her.

"I shouldn't think, Nicole," she remarked icily, "that it would be too much trouble for you to shower and dress before appearing at the breakfast table. There's something disgraceful about a woman who can't manage to dress for breakfast."

Nicky's wide soft eyes, that told them nothing of her secret thoughts, went to Mrs. Barnes' brisk early-morning face. She looked at her for a long time, until Mrs. Barnes flushed slightly without quite knowing why. And then she looked around at the other women: Janice, thin, immaculate, making dainty motions with pale slender hands as she helped herself to scrambled eggs. Tessa, pale and somewhat colorless this morning in a brown dress that was beginning to have streaks of rust in it as its color faded out. The children, abnormally still and polite. Mrs. Barnes, full of directive energies, determined to manage all of their lives for their own good.

"I HATE it here," Nicky said, not passionately or hotly but quietly, almost dully. "I hate it, and I wish Bill had never brought me here. You think you're God, or something," she said to Mrs. Barnes, "telling everybody how they ought to live their lives, deciding all by yourself what's right and what's wrong."

Nicky's lovely golden hair glimmered in the sunlight, her wide mouth was set stubbornly against them, hating them for their prying and their criticism. Tessa's heart went out to the girl who was so alone among them, her family thousands of miles away, her husband gone nobody knew where. But she was too tired, too ill, to defend her. Later, when it no longer mattered, Tessa was to think, If I hadn't been so absorbed in my own problems, I might have helped her. But at the time she was still secretly relieved that Mrs. Barnes had found a target other than herself for her morning tirade.

"Nicky," Mrs. Barnes said down the table, "that is very unfair. If I have criticized you, it's for your own good. Bill brought you home to us to care for, and you have a right to expect certain things from us. But we have a right to expect certain things from you, too. Bill was born and raised in this town, and the Barneses have always been able to hold their heads high; there's never been the slightest hint of scandal. But the way you've been gadding about nights, Nicky— Oh, I know it's not easy for a young girl to sit home with the old folks of an evening, and I'm perfectly willing that you should have company among people of your own age. But not in cocktail bars. Not on street corners. Not with other men! It's high time—"

But Nicky had risen silently and laid down her napkin. She pulled the pale pink bunny robe more tightly about her thinness, as though she were cold, and turned and went on up the stairs without a word.

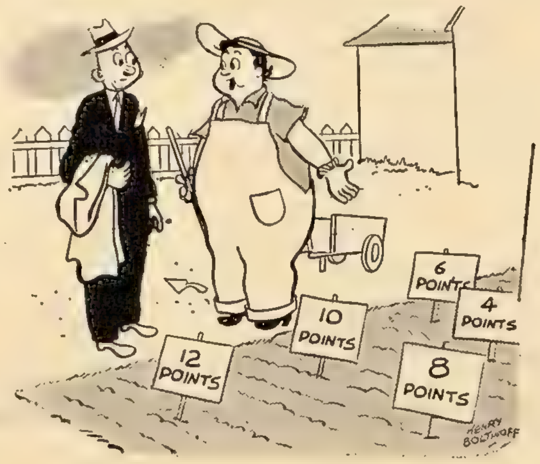
"Nicky!" Mrs. Barnes said sharply. But the girl neither turned nor hesitated. In a minute they heard the door of her room close quietly.

"Well!" Mrs. Barnes announced. "I'm sure if the girl's own mother were here, she'd tell her the same things I've been telling her. Why, Nicky will be as much of a town scandal as Jill Marshall if this sort of thing continues!"

No one spoke. Mrs. Barnes stirred sugar and cream into her coffee while her face looked hurt and puzzled. "I wish Bill would come home," she said, "or even write. But there's been no word at all since he left." And then she turned to Tessa. "What do you hear from Johnny?" she asked her.

"Nothing much," Tessa returned guardedly. "Just that he's well."

"I saw a very thick letter from him on the hall table the other day, before I went out. Let me see—it was on Pat's birthday, I believe." She said, "I wish you'd let me read Johnny's letters, Tessa. I'm sure he has no secrets from his mother." A trace of petulance edged her voice. Tessa tried to remember that Mrs. Barnes, too, was tired, that it was very trying for her, at her age, to have her quiet home invaded by a small army of daughters-in-law and grandchildren who disturbed the routine of her days.



"This way, I really know how much I'm saving!"

"This letter was written just for me," Tessa said gently. That statement, at least, was certainly correct, she thought with faint irony.

Mrs. Barnes looked up sharply. "You haven't told Johnny—"

"No."

"That's good. For the time being, he mustn't have anything on his mind but the job his country has asked him to do." She said, "By the way, Tessa, when are you going to give up this absurd job of yours at that nursery?"

"Not until I have to," Tessa said. It wasn't that she liked the work, but it was work, and it was useful and desperately necessary, and for eight or nine hours of every day she was too busy to think about Johnny and about her own helpless predicament. And meanwhile—maybe he would come home, and everything would be miraculously all right again.

Janice spoke up: "The whole thing is revolting, Tess. Working among all those horrible Polish and Czech children from the Port Chester factory district. No knowing what you'll bring home to us before you're through!"

"A little democracy perhaps," Tessa said curtly, and rose. "Come, children. I'll take you to school now."

This was the neat, uneventful pattern of her days. Taking the children to school, kissing them good-by, turning to drive to Beth Sanders' lovely old house that was set back in acres of beautifully landscaped grounds. There were bright new leaves on the trees and the lawn was velvety, and Tessa could remember days when she had driven in here, dressed in chiffons and big floppy hats, to attend gay garden parties. Sometimes it was hard to remember that all of that was done with. You tipped back your head and looked up at the sky that was the same sky, and you thought it couldn't be true that Johnny had gone away and left you, that everything you had known was done with, and that you were alone. It couldn't be!

YET it *was* true, Tessa thought as she walked up the broad curved path to the house. A complete revolution had taken place in her life since the days when she walked up here to be received by a crisply uniformed maid, to hear the bright tinkling voices of women gossiping idly over tea in the drawing room. Now only Beth, who came over every morning early from the gardener's cottage to which she and her children had moved, was waiting for her. Back in the cloakroom, young Sally Anders, slowly coming alive again after months of living in empty despair, was chatting brightly with the children as she took their hats and coats. Two nurses, appointed by the federal agency that had taken over the project, inspected the children's hair and teeth and throats, making sure they were clean and had no communicable illnesses. All of this had grown out of Beth's quiet determination to do something useful with her life and with her money. When Tessa had said she would help, Beth had said, "You won't like it. It's hard, sometimes dirty, nerve-racking work, taking care of other women's children. But the trouble with us here at home is that we're anxious to do something to help, but we want to do something we'd like to do, instead of something that's got to be done."

Well, they were doing something that had to be done, and doing it well. Beth spoke to her from the opened door: "Good morning, Tess! We have two new pupils." And time for remembering was done with.

It was almost six o'clock when Tessa came out and found Edith Desney waiting for her. She thought at the time that it was odd that Edith, who lived at the other end of town, should be way out here. And then she remembered that Edith's husband, a colonel, was stationed in Algiers, and she thought perhaps Edith had come to bring her news of Johnny. Edith was wearing a pink hat that looked a little absurd above her strained face and white hair.

"Why, Edith! What in the world are you doing way out here?"

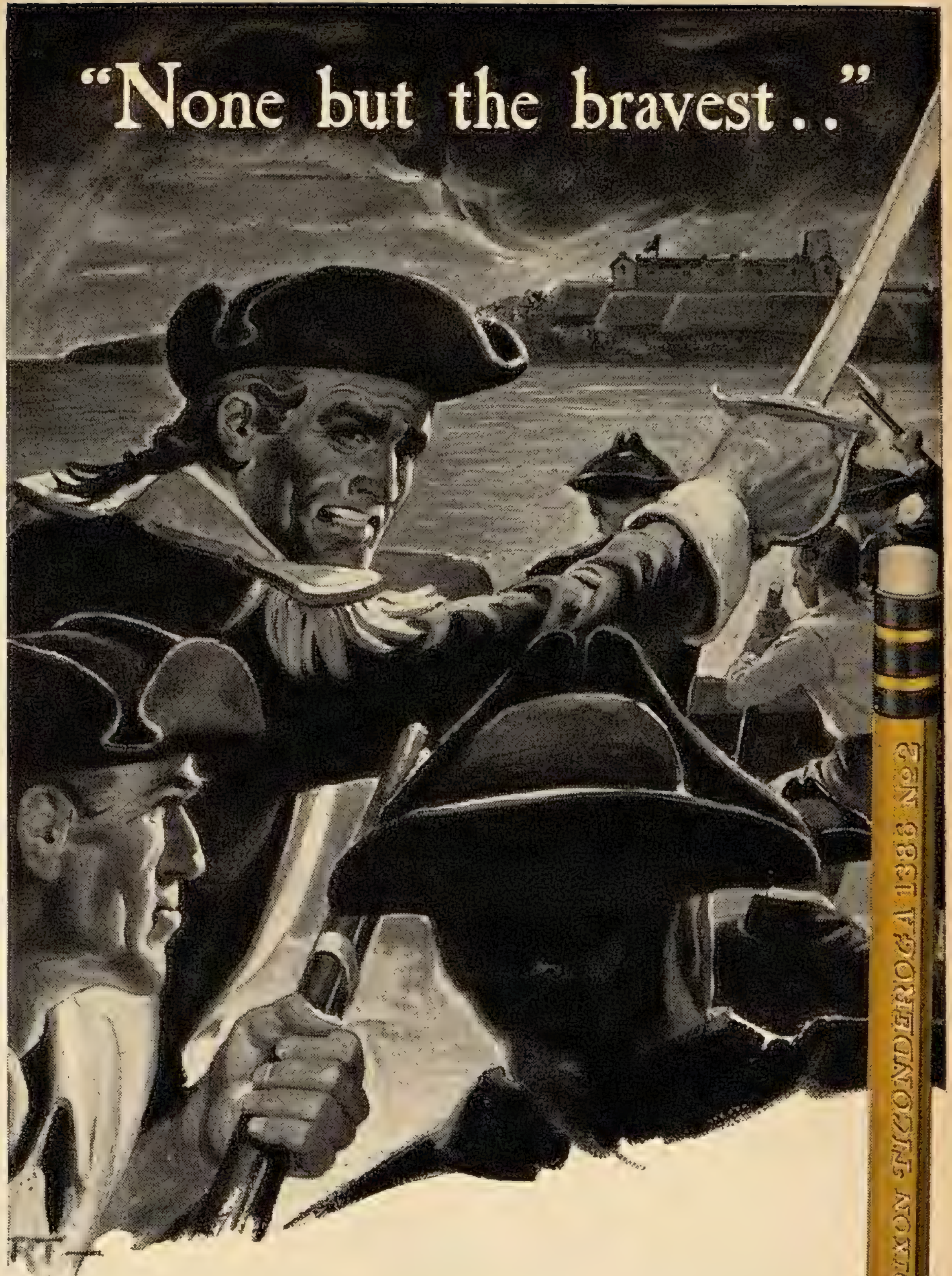
"I've had news of Arthur. Not very good news. I've been driving around all day. And then I passed here, and I remembered that you worked here, and I thought maybe you and I could have a cocktail together. Besides," she said finally, desperately, "there's something that you—that you really ought to know, Tessa. I've known for some time, and I haven't known whether to tell you or not. But now I think you should know."

Why? Why do I have to know? Why can't you keep it to yourself? The premonition of disaster that came to her was so sharp and clear that she knew it to be true. She had had that same tightening of nerves, that same slow painful hammering of her heart on a day long ago when Carlson Lockhart had come to her and asked, "Where is Johnny?" and then had said, "I thought so. I thought so. . . ."

OVER an untouched frosted Daiquiri at Margo's, where a dozen other women sat in groups or alone at the small red-topped tables, she heard it just as she had known she would hear it. Edith's bright pink hat nodded and bobbed as Edith spoke, and Tessa found herself wondering irrelevantly where in the world Edith had gotten such a monstrously ugly hat. Later, she thought that probably the mind takes hold of trivia like that to keep from splintering altogether.

"And when I learned that Arthur had been taken prisoner," Edith was saying, "it came to me all at once that you should know about Johnny and Catherine Lockhart. Wives have enough to endure, to go through, without putting up with anything like that. Catherine can't afford a nasty scandal. If you threatened her, she'd let Johnny alone and come home to her husband, where she belongs. A woman like that ought to

(*Continued on page 55*)



Dawn . . . May 10, 1775 . . . comes up swiftly. Ethan Allen can't get all the boats necessary . . . he takes only 83 men with him to surprise and capture the strongest fort in the Colonies. He calls for volunteers . . . "none but the bravest," he cautions.

Risks? Sure. They take them,—and the Fort, too.

And 168 years later their modern followers, the U. S. Marines, take Guadalcanal, the first offensive thrust of this war as Ethan Allen's was the first offensive thrust of our Revolutionary War.

So, here's hats off to Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys on the 168th Anniversary of their audacious action.

And when buying pencils remember the name then made so famous, now borne by a fine American pencil, the fine American name of

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TICONDEROGA

Pencil Sales Dept. 10-J5, Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lory, Louise Martin, and her brother are searched by the Nazis for copies of the Underground paper.

Louise, unaware of Lambert's co-operation with the Nazis, interrupts her lover's talk with von Keller.

As he waits for the Nazis to come for him, Lory gives his last lesson—he reads The Rights of Man.

BY HARRIET GOULD

THIS LAND IS MINE

(RKO)

Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, George Sanders.

THIS LAND IS MINE has something really important to say—for which it is to be commended highly. Unfortunately, though, it takes a long time getting around to speaking up.

A fearless and pointed denunciation of all collaborationists, delivered by Charles Laughton, is the high point of the film—and is as memorable as the Gettysburg Address sequence in Ruggles of Red Gap.

But Laughton's performance is less important than the things he has been given to say. They are things which have plenty of pertinence for Americans at war—a fact which the producers have recognized by having Laughton deliver his whole speech directly facing the audience.

On trial for his life in a civil court in occupied France, Albert Lory (Laughton), a timid schoolteacher, speaks out freely for the first time. In no uncertain terms he condemns the people who make Nazi victories possible. He singles out as examples the butcher who helps bring inflation by running a black market, the customers who buy from him, and the hotelkeeper and the mayor who are more greedy for money and power than for liberty. These are the people, he says, who soften up a country for invasion.

Lory, dominated by his whining mother (Una O'Connor), is in love with Louise Martin (Maureen O'Hara), another teacher. But she is engaged to George Lambert (Sanders), who has been secretly "co-operating." Her brother, a member of the Underground, is betrayed and Lambert is found shot. Lory is accused of the first crime by the villagers, and of the second by the police. Innocent, but enveloped in damning evidence, he risks his freedom by brushing aside his own case and taking the opportunity to address the jury on the real issues at stake in France.

Although the characters are so broadly drawn that at times they seem almost caricatures, the cast does a more than adequate job. Walter Slezak, whose portrayal of the brutal yet cultured Nazi is most believable, crowds Laughton for acting honors.

NEXT OF KIN

(Universal Release)

NEXT OF KIN, one of the most important films to come out of wartime England, was originally intended as a training film for the British Army—a warning to soldiers to cut out careless talk. But when it was completed, the British War Office saw that its message was equally applicable to the public, and wisely released it for general consumption. It's a grim story of how one misguided remark made about a planned raid against enemy territory resulted in disaster. The film packs an enormous wallop.

AT DAWN WE DIE

(Republic)

HERE'S an exciting little English-made picture about spies, rebellious French patriots, suspected traitors, and slimy occupation officials who aren't smart enough to know when they are being tricked. It's all about a Frenchman who must get to England to spill information about a submarine base. He is helped by the Underground—so underground that nobody knows the real leader, which makes for a nice twist in the plot.

There are some moments of real suspense—even though you've seen pretty much the same plot in other war films.

Inside Paramount

Published Here
Every Month

Did a woman start the rout of Rommel?

Paramount, always on the alert in turning today's most dramatic headlines into headline drama, has an astounding answer to this question with a picture featuring the first dramatic portrayal of Field Marshal General Erwin Rommel.

Startling in its timeliness, Paramount's **"FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO"** is the story of exciting adventure and intrigue that may have led to the downfall of this war's most sinister menace.

• • •

How a man's wits and a woman's lips may have out-foxed the "Desert Fox," to uncover Rommel's "Five Graves" (caches of ammunition hidden during years of peace), provides one of the most thrilling dramas yet to come out of the war.

• • •

"Five Graves To Cairo" stars Franchot Tone and Anne Baxter, with Akim Tamiroff, and Erich von Stroheim as Rommel. Billy Wilder's direction helps make it one of the outstanding films of the year.

• • •

AT LAST! WORLD PREMIERE!
"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"
New York July 14th

• • •

—*Advertisement*

Another timely Paramount screen-scoop is the sky-scorching story of our air aces—**"AERIAL GUNNER"** made with government co-operation at the Harlingen Aerial Gunnery School in Texas, which brings to the screen some of the greatest action scenes of modern aerial warfare ever caught by cameras.

• • •

Away down south they'll see **"DIXIE"** this month. Everybody will see it soon. It's the next big musical in Technicolor from

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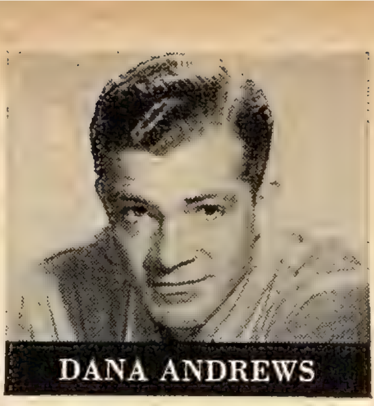
at LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY

NANCY COLEMAN


DANA ANDREWS

MARY MARTIN

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) John Garfield, Harry Carey	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY (M-G-M) Pierre Aumont, Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly	*Thriller* (a British spy doubles for a French traitor and unearths Nazi schemes).	Suspense-filled . . . exciting sequences . . . excellent cast. (4-17-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*Musical fantasy* (Petunia tries to keep Little Joe away from the clutches of the devil and Georgia Brown).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DESERT VICTORY British Army Film Unit. Released through 20th-Fox	*Documentary film* (a record of the Eighth Army's victorious drive against Rommel last summer).	Its photography and drama put most Hollywood productions to shame . . . packed with indelible moments. (5-1-43)
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson	*Drama* (a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).	Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall	*Aviation romance* (an aviatrix—reminiscent of Amelia Earhart—camouflages a naval mission as a flight around the world).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) All-star cast	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
HANGMEN ALSO DIE (United Artists) Anna Lee, Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan	*Drama* (the Czech Underground assassinates Heydrich the Hangman and the ball starts rolling).	Fiercely dramatic . . . cast of this relentless anti-Fascist film uniformly excellent . . . tense and exciting. (5-8-43)
HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO (20th-Fox) Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, June Havoc	*Musical* (the old-fashioned two-couple vaudeville team sing and dance along Frisco's Barbary Coast).	Fine technicolor . . . lots of old vaudeville ballads . . . perfect escapist movie for an off night. (4-24-43)
HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO) Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, Tim Holt	*Drama* (the revolt of an American-born girl in Germany against Nazi "education").	Vivid portrayal . . . story handled with restraint that enhances the horror. (2-13-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson.	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	*Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).	Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
THE DESPERADOS (Columbia) Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor	*Western* (familiar triangle of the sheriff, the friend wrongly accused of robbery, and the gal).	Slick production of an old formula . . . superb technicolor . . . not just another Western. (5-1-43)
THE HARD WAY (Warners) Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie	*Drama* (a ruthless girl discovers she can run her sister's life in the theater but not out of it).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter, uncompromising performances. (11-14-42)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MOON IS DOWN (20th-Fox) Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers	*Drama* (from Steinbeck's novel and play—another film about resistance to the Nazi occupation forces).	A not too strong story about Norway's patient fight . . . fine performances save it. (4-24-43)
THE OX BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy	*Drama* (mob hysteria culminates in the lynching of three innocent men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . the implications leave you limp . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters. (5-1-43)

THUMBNAILS

Horse Opera—1943

THE old-time Western is coming into its own again. The reasons: better scripts, better productions, popularity of Western stories among servicemen, and—probably most important—the shifts in population due to war industry. Figures show that Westerns are playing about four times as many first-run houses today as they did five years ago, when small towns were their mainstay.

But the Westerns you will see today are not the same yippee-ti-o bang-bang kind of the 1920s and '30s. The formula of the chase, of course, remains, but the better Western film has modernized its stories and stars. The introduction of the singing cowboys and the shrewd promotion behind such hard-riding heroes as Gene Autry and Roy Rogers are part of the streamlining. Moreover, until the war, producers were finding difficulty in getting the right villains. The Indian went out of style as a villain years ago, and the Mexicans disappeared when the Good Neighbor policy took effect. The war now provides all the villains the producers can handle, what with Axis agents, spies, and saboteurs.

With the publicity being given the black market, undoubtedly many forthcoming plots will have to do with cattle rustling. Incidentally, producers have also been asked to cut down the number of cattle used in scenes because of the bad effect it might have on the public's reaction to meat rationing. Present-day Westerns feature debutantes and conga lines. A Western could once be produced at a cost of from $7,000 to $10,000. Today, Westerns of the Autry and Rogers class sport budgets of from $100,000 to $250,000.

How popular Westerns have become may be judged from the case of Gene Autry, Republic Pictures star, who joined the air force last year. Republic is re-releasing eight of his best films and exhibitors are booking them at rentals which in many cases surpass the original price for the film.

Cowboy stars have long been identified with the growth and prosperity of most of the motion-picture companies. There was Tom Mix with Fox, William S. Hart with Paramount, Buck Jones with Universal, Ken Maynard with First National (now part of Warner Brothers), and Gene Autry with Republic. Tom Mix is supposed to have been the highest salaried star the movies have ever known—$20,000 a week on a fifty-two-week basis. William Hart is said to have made $40,000 a week.

And, pardner, that ain't cattle feed.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

ALL OF YOU are going to welcome and enjoy The Case of the Smoking Chimney, by Erle Stanley Gardner, in this issue. Now turned big rancher, he's an old friend of Liberty's, some of his best Perry Mason stories having run in our pages. Erle once fancied himself as a professional prizefighter, but indulging in an unlicensed bout brought him to the attention of the Law. From that experience, he decided to become an attorney. Legal practice turned up so many fine stories that he thought he'd try his hand at being an author. Wiser than most fiction aspirants, he gave himself five years of disappointment to make the grade. His mystery stories have been translated into eight foreign languages and transcribed into Braille.

WHEN YOU READ Captain Kournakoff's Depth and the Blitz, it will double your interest to know that he comes of fighting stock, his ancestors having fought in Russian wars for several centuries. He himself served in the First World War as a cavalry subaltern, and subsequently fought for three years in the White Army against the Red Army. No one knows the fighting qualities of the latter better than he.

ELIZABETH BRYAN IS from Kalamazoo, Michigan, and Katherine Bonnell traces her ancestry back to the first Dutch who landed on these shores. Elizabeth loves every stone in New York, and Katherine insists on seeing America first, second, and all the time.

THE EDITORS

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Fleet's Chap Stick makes cracked lips smooth again *fast*. Gently medicated, it soothes smarting—helps heal blistered, broken skin. Used by U. S. Forces everywhere to prevent dry, weather-sore lips. 25c at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during wartime. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WILL you give us some information as regards the wearing of military insignia by civilians? Is there any army regulation covering the matter? You know that the patches worn on our left shoulders can be bought in almost any army store or civilian store handling army goods. Can a wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart also wear them? I happen to have seen several adorning ladies' coats.

S/Sgt. M. T. C.,
Maxwell Field, Ala.

Not only have I seen gals wearing the shoulder-patch insignia but also issue buttons, chevrons, hash-marks, ribbons, officers' insignia, and what have you. It certainly isn't regulation, but how are you going to stop it? AR 600-90 C 2 of November, 1942, states: "The wearing of any decoration, medal, badge, or insignia prescribed or authorized by the War Department, by any person for whom such decoration, medal, badge, or insignia is not authorized or prescribed, or their use to misrepresent the identification or status of the person by whom worn, is prohibited. Any person who offends against this provision is subject to a punishment by a fine not exceeding $250 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both."

Insignia

* * *

I spent four years on the China half of the Burma Road. I know the set-up and the people from A to Z, and I speak fluent Chinese. I am a Canadian. As far as I know, Canada has no personnel in West China, but Uncle Sam has an air arm right on the spot. I am anxious to serve the common cause where I can be of the most use. Is it true that a Canadian citizen cannot voluntarily enlist in the armed forces of the U. S. A., but can be inducted? Can he gain a commission in the U. S. Army?

G. W. R., Toronto, Canada.

It is true that an alien can enter the Army only by induction and cannot volunteer. Citizens of co-belligerent or friendly countries may be commissioned as officers in the Army of the United States.

* * *

What is the difference between the United States Army and the Army of the United States?

Pfc. C. R. M., Jackson, Miss.

The Army, of the United States includes the United States Army (Regular Army) as well as the National Guard in federal service, the Organized Reserves, Officers Reserve Corps, Enlisted Reserve Corps, Regular Army Reserve, and Selective Service volunteers and inductees. The letters AUS after an officer's title indicate a temporary rank in the Army of the United States: the letters USA indicate a permanent appointment in the Regular or United States Army.

* * *

Does an aviation cadet get any allotment for a wife and child? If not, why not?

Mrs. T. G., Worcester, Mass.

Don't you mean an "allowance" from the government? An "allotment" is that part of his pay which a member of the armed forces authorizes to be sent to a dependent; an allowance is the government's contribution and is in addition to a man's allotment. No family allowance is made by the government to dependents of an aviation cadet. This is in line with the policy of excluding enlisted men above the fourth grade, as well as all commissioned and warrant officers, from the benefits of the Servicemen's Dependence Allowance Act. Only Congress could answer your "why not?"

* * *

I have heard rumors that there is an O. C. S. for the Judge Advocate General's Department. As I was an attorney in civil life I am quite interested, but can seem to get no specific data here about the school. Can you confirm?

Pvt. J. W. A.,
Fort Devens, Mass.

I can. On or about June 1 a new Judge Advocate General Officer Candidate School will open at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. It is anticipated that there will be about seventy-five men in the first class. Your personnel adjutant should have the details.

* * *

Would a soldier of our North African forces, reported as a prisoner of war, receive mail sent to his last known address before he was captured?

B. H., Watertown, S. D.

No. Mail so addressed and intended for persons reported missing in action or those known to be prisoners of war would be returned to the sender with an appropriate notation. See your local or the nearest chapter of the American Red Cross about special arrangements for letters and packages destined for a known prisoner of war.

* * *

I am an old-timer (retired for disability) and in my day a man had to be twenty-one before he could be commissioned in the Army. Now our papers carry stories about boys of nineteen and twenty being commissioned. Is that the exception or the rule? I also read of a man being appointed a warrant officer after eighteen months' service. I thought that was one grade reserved for qualified men with much service behind them. What are the present age and service requirements for W. O.s?

C. H. M., San Bernardino, Calif.

Same grade

Things have changed since your day, old-timer. An applicant for Officer Candidate School need only have passed his eighteenth birthday. The same lower age limit also applies to warrant officers. Before submitting his application for the grade a man must have completed three months' continuous service or six months' cumulative active duty within the preceding twelve.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

(Continued from page 30)

paper, regular typewriter size. Now, there ain't a single sheet of that kind of paper anywhere in the house."

"That lamp burning when you came in?" Duryea asked.

"Yes. We haven't touched it."

Duryea noticed that the men standing on the porch peering in through the window were shutting out a good part of the light. He moved toward the windows, then stopped as he realized that one of the men who was standing with his face all but pressed against the window was none other than Gramp Wiggins.

"How about identifying this body?" Duryea asked.

"I telephoned Pressman's office. It wasn't open, but long distance had a record of a night number to call in the event any important call should come in, and I got a connection with this number. It turned out to be that of a man named Stanwood, who is the auditor and treasurer of the Pressman businesses. I told him I didn't want to make any commotion," Gentry said, somewhat apologetically, "but that the Petrie Herald was carrying the story that Reedley was Pressman, and that if that was true he'd better send some one up here at once, because the man we knew as Reedley had been killed."

"What did he say?"

"He thanked me, but he didn't give *me* any information. Said he would get up here just as soon as he could."

"I think he's here," Gentry said, as they heard a car stop outside the house.

Quick steps sounded on the porch. One of the spectators outside said, "Yep; they're all in there. Go on in, if they sent for you."

Stanwood pushed open the door, stood looking about with an air of defiance.

"Well," he said, "what is it? Who wanted me?"

"You're Stanwood?" Gentry asked.

"Yes," Stanwood said. He looked at the body on the floor, then hastily turned his eyes back to Gentry. "Is this some sort of trap?" he asked. "Are you trying to get me to make some statement about Mr. Pressman's business? If so, you're wasting your time."

"Did Pressman own this cabin?" the sheriff asked.

"You can search me. I'm paid to keep the books. Exactly what did you want?"

Pete Lassen indicated the body. "You'd better take a look at the features. Gentry, turn back that tablecloth."

Stanwood tried to say something, but for the moment words wouldn't come. He made a peculiar inarticulate sound, cleared his throat, nodded, his face set.

"Yes, that's Pressman. Let me out of here! I'm going to be ill."

That evening Milred Duryea brought out her husband's slippers, his pipe, and the sporting section of the afternoon newspaper.

"How," she asked, "did my grandfather get along?"

"Your grandfather," Duryea admitted, "did very nicely. He confined his activities to peeping in windows and pumping witnesses. I never have seen his equal when it comes to getting information out of people. He breezes up, starts talking, and in a few minutes has them turned inside out. I'm willing to bet he knows as much or more about this killing than I do right now."

Quick steps sounded on the back porch. A door pushed open, slammed shut, then steps came across the kitchen and through the dining room.

"Prepare for the worst," Milred said. "He sounds as though he had a new idea."

"Hello—hello," Gramps called. "Where's Frank?"

Duryea grinned at his wife. "Here!" he called.

Gramps came bustling into the room. He walked quickly over toward the chair, reached in his hip pocket, and jerked out a gun.

Duryea, suddenly losing his complacency, pushed Milred to one side. "Hey!" he shouted. "Look out what you're doing with that gun!"

Gramp Wiggins might not have heard him. He pushed the butt end of the gun into Duryea's hand.

"Come on now, son," he said. "You're committing a murder. Point the gun at me and pull the trigger. There ain't any shells in it."

Duryea broke the gun open, made certain that the cylinder was empty. "What's the idea?" he asked. "Do you want to see what it feels like to be a corpse?"

"Do what I say, Frank Duryea. You point that gun at my head and pull the trigger. Go ahead, now. And then lean over me to stick the gun in my hand to make it look like I'd committed suicide."

Duryea obeyed impatiently. Gramps fell to the floor. Duryea bent over him. In a minute Gramps was up. "See?" he said.

"What?" Duryea asked.

"You stuck the gun *in my left hand,*" Gramps shrilled excitedly. "That's what happens. You go to push a gun in a man's hand when he's lying on the floor on his back, staring straight up, and nine times out of ten you'll stick it in his left hand."

DURYEA settled down in his chair, reached for his pipe, said, "You have something there, Gramps. Only, I noticed that, too."

"All right," Gramp Wiggins said. "I got something else. I can tell you the exact time the murder was committed —almost."

"That," Duryea conceded, "would be very, very interesting—if you can do it."

"There was a clock in that room that told the time of the murder," Gramps said.

"What?"

"That oil lamp. I did a little snoopin' around, son, lookin' through the windows there, and I'm going to tell you something. The man that lived in that house may have wanted to look like some old hermit in case the people he wanted to see came to talk with him, but he was neat as a pin, neat and orderly. Now, he wouldn't have filled *one* oil lamp without filling *both* oil lamps. There was an oil lamp in the kitchen and one in that room where the body was found. The one in the kitchen was chockfull of oil, and the chimney cleaned up so it was sparkling."

"I don't get it," Duryea said.

"You wouldn't," Gramps said, "because you're too young to know anything about oil lamps. You never had to use 'em. I've used 'em. I know all about 'em. Filling lamps and trimming the wicks and keeping the chimneys clean is a chore. When a man fills one lamp, he fills 'em all.

"Now then, I figure that lamp in the kitchen was filled yesterday, sometime during the day, because it hadn't been used any—and all the cookin' would have been done out there in the kitchen. That would mean the oil lamp in the other room was filled at the same time. So I went down and bought me a lamp of that exact make and model, filled her up with oil, put her in my trailer, started 'er burning, and watched her burn. A lamp uses up just about so much oil every hour, and I was pretty careful to mark right where the oil was in the bowl of that lamp at the house when you was lookin' at the body. Bet you and the sheriff never even thought of that—did you, now?"

"No," Duryea admitted. "What did you find out?"

"The murder," Gramps said, "was committed right around six hours before you got out there."

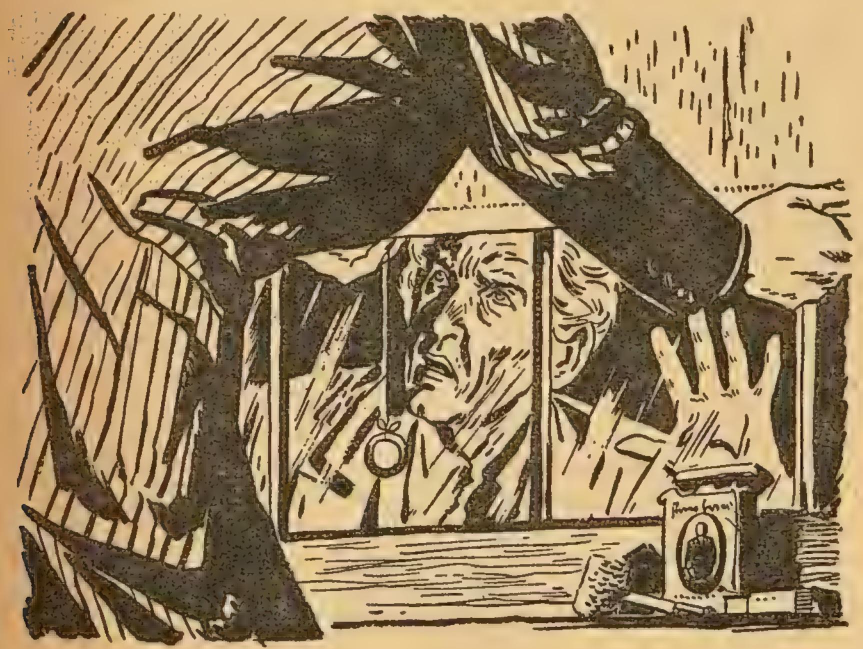
Suddenly Duryea smiled.

"What's the matter with that?" Gramps asked.

"You've overlooked one very simple factor in the case. The lamp in the living room would be used more frequently than the one in the kitchen."

"What do you mean?"

"Let's suppose," Duryea said, "that the lamps were filled *two* days ago, instead of yesterday. The one in the kitchen looks full because the man who was living there started cooking his dinner before it got dark. Probably used the lamp only for a few minutes in washing dishes and straightening the kitchen up. Then he went back and lit the lamp in the living room, sat around reading until ten or eleven, turned out the lamp, and went to bed. That would account for both lamps having been filled at the same time, but there being considerably less oil in the lamp in the living room than the one in the kitchen."



Gramps said positively, "That lamp in the kitchen hadn't been used. At least, I don't think it had. It looked nice and clean—"

"You're making the same mistake all amateurs make," Duryea told him. "The investigation of a murder is a cold, logical routine. One of the first things we do is fix the time of death by an examination of the body. In this case, the autopsy surgeon says death occurred after four o'clock in the afternoon and before eleven at night."

"Don't go thinking your autopsy surgeons are so darn infallible," Gramps sputtered. "I can remember lots of cases where they got things all balled up. What did they do when it came to fixing the time of death in the Thelma Todd case? Tell me that!"

"I will admit it's possible to make an error under certain exceptional circumstances," Duryea conceded. "But this particular autopsy surgeon is exceedingly careful. You can gamble on his accuracy. We know that the man was alive at five o'clock, because that's when True and Sonders called on him. They could hear him moving around in the house, and the fact that he wouldn't come to the door and wouldn't answer questions shows pretty conclusively that Pressman knew what they wanted and realized that his disguise had been penetrated. Now, it got dark around seven o'clock War Time. Perhaps not so dark a murderer couldn't see what he was doing, until seven thirty. The crime was committed after the lamp had been lit, which means after dark. We'll fix the time the lamp was lit as somewhere between seven thirty and ten o'clock. You'll find the murder was committed somewhere within that two-and-a-half-hour period."

Gramps suddenly started chuckling.

"What is it?" Duryea asked.

"You talkin' about those oil lamps," Gramps said. "You don't know anything about oil lamps. You're reasonin' right against yourself."

"How do you mean?"

Gramps started to explain, then suddenly changed his mind. "Nope. I ain't goin' to tell you any more right now. Only remember this. Autopsy surgeons don't know everything."

HARVEY STANWOOD looked up and down the bar. There were not more than half a dozen people in the entire place. He had never been in it before. He ordered, then sauntered to the telephone booth and dialed George Karper's number.

When he had Karper on the line, he said, "I guess you know who this is, Mr. Karper. I think it might be a good plan for you and me to have a little chat."

"I don't," Karper snapped promptly.

"At a place," Stanwood went on, "where there wouldn't be any chance of our being seen together. I'm at a little bar called the Elmwood, on Grand Avenue. You can get down here any time within the next ten minutes. I'll be in the back booth on the right-hand side."

Karper said positively, "That's out. As far as I'm concerned, you're poison. You—"

Stanwood interrupted, "I'm not taking this all by myself, Karper. I want to talk with some one. You'd better get here in ten minutes."

"Or what?" Karper demanded truculently.

"Or else," Stanwood said, and hung up.

Exactly eight minutes later Karper walked in the door, surveyed the bar, strolled leisurely over to the booth, and said in a loud voice to Stanwood, "Why hello! What are *you* doing here? Haven't seen you in ages."

Stanwood got up and shook hands. "It has been a long time. I just dropped in for a drink. Won't you join me? Understand you've gone in for ranching these days. Have a drink and tell me about it." Stanwood pressed the button which summoned the bartender. "What's yours?" he asked Karper.

"Old-fashioned," Karper said.

"Make mine Scotch and soda," Stanwood ordered.

When the bartender had withdrawn, Stanwood glanced furtively around him, then said, "When I told you where the boss was hiding out, I didn't expect you were going out and murder him. That's too strong a dose for my stomach."

"So that's your game!" Karper said indignantly. "Well, I'm not taking any part of it. You can't get by with that! I'm just on the verge of going to the police myself."

"With what?" Stanwood asked.

"In case you really want to know, I've had detectives keeping an eye on you for some time. You were short about seventeen thousand bucks. You tried to make a last plunge and failed to get anywhere. Pressman was on to you. He was going to get in touch with the district attorney. You wanted him out of the way."

Stanwood's smile was frosty. "I sold out to you at *your* suggestion. A few hours after I gave you the information that Reedley was Pressman, Pressman was dead. But this isn't getting us anywhere. Here's all *you* have to do. When the police question me about my shortage, I'll tell them you and Pressman were really associated in certain secret business matters; that Pressman advanced all the expense incurred, but he didn't want it to show on the books, so he had me take out the cash which represented your share, use it to defray your half of the partnership expenses; and then you would give this amount back to me in cash and I'd return it to the business as simply a deposit to cover previous withdrawals."

"You're crazy!"

"O. K. Remember two things; one is that that would give you a half interest in some profitable mining investments—and the other is if I go to jail for embezzlement, you go up for murder."

Karper regarded Stanwood with cold rage. "I'm going to check out of this right now. I'm going to tell the police—"

"—that you made a secret trip to Petrie right after I left you the day of the murder," Stanwood said.

Karper showed the statement gave him a jolt.

Stanwood said, "You thought I didn't know that, didn't you? Well, I—"

Karper interrupted him: "That trip was political. I want to beat that courthouse ring up there this election, particularly the district attorney and the sheriff."

Stanwood smiled triumphantly. “Santa Delbarra is the county seat. You went to Petrie. You went there because—”

Karper said suddenly, “Take it easy, Stanwood. Somebody coming over to the booth opposite.”

For a moment they were silent, both of them watching the old man in frayed, disreputable clothes who slid in at the table of the booth across the way and spread a sporting section of the newspaper out in front of him.

“I suppose,” Karper continued, “you figure your best defense is to beat me to the punch and try and pin the thing on me.”

Stanwood said, “You're not kidding me any. That's what *you're* trying to do, and I want you to know you can't get away with it. Here's something for you to think over. Frank Duryea, the district attorney at Santa Delbarra, telephoned me a half hour ago and asked me to come up there this evening for a conference. He wants to know certain things about Pressman's associates.”

Karper fished a cigar from his pocket, gave a quick glance over to where Gramp Wiggins was doping out the horses, said, “I think you understand my position, Stanwood. I don't know one damn thing about what happened to Pressman. And I'm beginning to think you don't, either. I'm sorry I said what I did—and I'd hate to have you make some crack to the district attorney up there that would drag me into it. Why can't we have an understanding?”

“How?”

“You keep me out of it, and I'll keep you out.”

“That's a deal.”

MILRED DURYEA said, “I have a feeling of impending disaster.”

“Gramps?” her husband asked, smiling.

“Yes. Whenever I don't know what he's doing I become uneasy. When I find out what he's done, my worst suspicions are invariably confirmed. What do *you* suppose he's doing?”

Duryea said, “Off solving the Pressman case, of course. You know he doesn't trust the appointed enforcement machinery of the county, including myself, to handle it.”

Milred said, “You're solving it yourself all right, or you wouldn't talk that way. Don't hold out on me. Remember, I'm not Gramps. I want *all.*”

“All right,” Duryea surrendered. “I'll tell you. We'll start with the gun. There's a methodical, regular way of tracing guns, although it would never do to tell one of the gifted amateurs like your grandfather a thing like that.”

“Why not?”

“He doesn't go in for the painstaking routine steps which point toward success. He wants some subtle clue to follow, or something like that.”

“I get you. The way the gun's clasped in the dead man's hand, for instance.”

“That's right.”

“Well, *what* about the gun?”

“The gun,” Duryea said, “is an old one. It was manufactured twenty-seven years ago. It was sold to a dealer in Butte, Montana. The dealer sold it to a cattleman who is now dead. We located this man's widow. She remembered that he had sold it to some dude from California. She couldn't remember the dude's name.

“We then started a methodical investigation to find if any of the men who might possibly be connected with the case had ever had any contact with this cattleman.”

“Well,” Milred asked, her eyes sparkling with excitement, “did you have any luck?”

“Yes. We found,” he said, “that a Pellman Baxter of Los Angeles had been on a neighboring dude ranch, and we found that a ‘Pelly’ Baxter was a close friend of Pressman. Naturally, we started investigating Baxter.”

“Then what?”

“Then we moved in on Baxter. He remembered the gun distinctly; said he'd bought it for a friend.”

“And the friend?” she asked.

“Pressman.”

“He'd given it to Pressman?”

“Yes. He said he knew Pressman was very much interested in a gun of that particular type, and he'd given it to him as soon as he got back from Montana, and had forgotten all about it until we called it to his attention.

“Then you think it was suicide?”

“What makes you ask that?”

“It being Pressman's gun.”

Duryea smiled. “We discounted the suicide theory almost at the start.”

“Well, if he was killed with his own gun—”

“That,” Duryea said, “opens an interesting possibility. We made a quiet investigation of Mrs. Pressman. She's in the thirties. Pressman was in the fifties. They'd been married five years. He devoted virtually all his attention to his business. You can appreciate how a younger wife would feel about that.”

“May I quote you on that?” she asked.

“You may figure out for yourself where that leads.”

“I can, but you tell me.”

“It's all cut and dried, the same old pattern. Mrs. Pressman and Baxter were pals. Close pals.”

“And then?”

Then we enlisted the aid of the butler, a man who apparently was very much attached to Mr. Pressman. We explained to him what we were looking for, and he made a careful search of the house.”

“What *were* you looking for?”

“A newspaper with certain phrases cut out of it—three phrases, to be exact—which were pasted together to form a message that was intended as a suicide note.”

“Did he find that paper?”

Duryea nodded wearily. “In the glove compartment of her car.”

“And what happens next?”

“Oh, it means another disagreeable legal chore. I've notified Mrs. Pressman to come up here tomorrow morning. The sheriff and I will interview her.”

“Will that be what they call a third degree?”

“It will follow the same old routine pattern,” Duryea said. “We'll be very courteous and sympathetic. We'll get her to tell her story over and over. We'll look for some little discrepancy in it. We'll ask her about her domestic life, let the questions get more and more personal, until she gets really angry. . . . The same old sparring match. She'll be frightened, desperate, and hopeful by turns. She'll mix in a few falsehoods with the truth, try to move us with tears, become indignant when we crowd her, make more and more slips, then get rattled, and finally probably break down and tell us the whole story.”

“You make it sound very disagreeable and unromantic,” Milred said.

“I hate to spar with people when their lives are at stake —although probably her life isn't at stake.”

“Why not?”

“Women with beautiful figures never get the death penalty.”

“IS that all?” Milred asked.

“Well, of course it's never quite that easy. There are always the wild-and-woolly clues.”

“Such as?”

“That woman's compact that was found on the porch of the house.”

“Whose is it?”

“A girl by the name of Eva Raymond. She's a lady of leisure.”

“Professional?”

“Well, what you might call a gifted amateur with commercial tendencies.”

“I see. And how did her compact get there?”

“I'm not exactly certain,” Duryea said. “She denies it's her compact. We're pretty certain she's lying, but we can account for her time up until midnight of the 24th. According to the autopsy surgeon, Pressman must have been dead by eleven o'clock. That should leave her out as having anything to do with the murder, but— What's the matter?” he broke off to ask as he saw Milred look up in alarm.

She was staring out of the window. She said, “I'm becoming psychic. Your path is about to be crossed by a little old man who's unusually active for his years, a man who will ask you if you wouldn't like a nice mild drink and—"

"Do you see that man now?" Duryea asked.

"I see a rattletrap car and a homemade trailer swinging around so that the trailer can be backed up into our driveway."

They heard steps on the porch, and Gramps came in with just a little too much enthusiasm.

Milred looked at him appraisingly. "You," she announced, "have been up to something."

Gramps' eyes were as innocent and guileless as clear pools of mountain water. "Up to somethin'? Why Milred, I just came in to see if I could fix you up a cocktail. Right time fer it."

He busied himself with the cocktail shaker, his face as lively and innocent as a boy's. It wasn't until he passed Frank's that he asked, "How'd you like to talk over that murder a little bit, son?"

"I wouldn't like it," Duryea said.

"Well," Gramps said, "I got a clue that I think you should know about. I've found the newspaper that that suicide message was cut from."

"You have what?"

"I got that newspaper," Gramps said.

"Where did you get it?"

GRAMPS said, "Well, now, that's a funny story. You promise me you ain't goin' to be sore at me, Frank."

"*Where* did you get it?" Duryea repeated.

"Well," Gramps said, "I dropped into Pressman's office to talk with Pressman's secretary. And then I kinda looked around Stanwood's office—and I noticed something—"

"*Where* did you find that newspaper?" Duryea interrupted.

"In Stanwood's automobile," Gramps said. "An' that was the natural place to find it, too. Right in the glove compartment of the automobile."

"Get me that newspaper!" Duryea said. "I should have had it as soon as you came in. That may be one of the most important clues in the entire case."

"That's what I was tryin' to tell you," Gramps said. "Now, the way I figure it—"

"*I—am—not—interested.* I want that newspaper—*now.*"

Gramps pushed back his chair, trotted out across the kitchen to his trailer.

They heard the door on Gramps' trailer slam, heard his quick steps on the porch. Then he was in the house, smiling disarmingly, handing a newspaper to Duryea.

"Here you are, son. See for yourself where these things are cut out."

Duryea snatched at the newspaper, opened it, studied carefully the places where sections had been cut out, then said to Gramps, "Now then, I'm going to show you something. We're going down to my office."

Duryea called the sheriff, asked him to come at once. The sheriff brought with him freshly developed photographic full-size copies of the message which had been found in the room with Pressman's body. Duryea opened the newspaper Gramps had given him, laid the cut spaces over the photographic copy, comparing the edges which had been cut, and looked at Gramp Wiggins accusingly.

"What's the matter?" Gramps asked innocently.

"This newspaper is a plant," Duryea charged. "It doesn't agree in the least with the edges of the words pasted on that message."

"Well now," Gramps said, "ain't *that* somethin'!"

"That very definitely *is* something," Duryea told him coldly. "It means that you've tried to bamboozle this office with a spurious clue."

Gramps' eyes were twinkling. "Well now, son," he said, "let's not go off half cocked on this thing."

"I'm not going off half cocked on it," Duryea said. "It happens that I have the original newspaper in my office safe, the one from which these phrases which make up the message had actually been cut."

"Well now," Gramps said, "what I was gettin' at is that before you go talkin' about me cuttin' up newspapers an' drawin' red herrings across the trail, you'd better be certain that it ain't some one else who's takin' you for a ride."

Duryea said, "One genuine clue and one spurious one. You have produced the spurious one. In view of your activities in the case, I think we'll place the burden of proof on you. Now, Gramps, I'm going to have to tell you something else, and you'll have to understand. I know you're trying to help—but that's not the point. We're solving this in the routine way. You're going bustling around, probably undoing our work by talking to people connected with the case. We can't have it. That's interference, and it's serious."

"But, son, I just found—"

"Never mind. You are not one of the duly appointed officers of this county. Now, I could ask you to stay out of this, but I know you won't. So I'm telling you. And I'm also telling you that if I catch you interfering again, I'll put you in a cell until the case is over—for obstructing justice."

Gramps was not in the least ruffled. "O. K., son, O. K. That's all right. But you keep talkin' about this other newspaper bein' the genuine one, the one from which the message was clipped. Don't you think you'd sorta oughta compare *that* one with the message?"

Duryea started to say something, then with cold dignity opened his safe, took out a newspaper, opened it, and spread the cut places over the message.

For a moment there was a puzzled scowl on his face as he kept moving the newspaper around, trying to adjust its position. Then the scowl gave way to an expression of incredulous surprise.

Gramp Wiggins, observing this expression, fished his pipe from his pocket. "There you are, son. *Both* of 'em are spurious."

Duryea glanced up at the sheriff, said wearily, "All right, Gramps. We won't need you any more."

"Then I ain't under arrest?" Gramps asked with some surprise.

"You are not under arrest," Duryea told him. "Not as yet. And the sheriff and I have something to discuss in private."

Gramps grinned. "I guess that means you're wishin' me good night."

"You think he planted that newspaper?" Sheriff Lassen asked, after Gramps had left.

The district attorney nodded. "Probably both of them."

"Somehow, he doesn't seem to me like a man who'd do that."

"You don't know him," Duryea said. "He wouldn't do it to protect a murderer. He wouldn't do it to hamper our investigations. He'd do it to aid them. But his idea of aid would be to have us concentrate on some particular person that *he* thought was guilty."

DURYEA walked over to the courthouse window, looked down at the parking space, said, "He's left his car and trailer out at my place. Get your deputy to rush out there and shadow him. If he's planting evidence, he'll go out to that shack before midnight. If he goes out there, I want to know about it. We'll catch him red-handed, and then I'll teach him a real lesson."

"We'd better handle this kinda quietly," the sheriff said. "You can't throw your own relative in jail."

"The hell I can't!" Duryea said with emphasis.

Pete Lassen gently shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Not with the fight against the courthouse ring that's going on in this county. You put one of your relatives in jail for tampering with evidence, and by the time the voters got done with us we'd both be laughed out of office."

Duryea's face held an expression of angry futility. "O. K.," he said. "Get your deputy on the job. At least, I can scare him to death."

Harry Borden, the deputy assigned by Sheriff Lassen to "keep an eye" on Gramp Wiggins, telephoned in his first report about forty minutes after Gramps had left the district attorney's office.

"This party I'm shadowing," he reported to the sheriff, "has a jane in the car with him. She was parked in his trailer, keepin' under cover."

"Describe her?" Lassen asked.

"You don't need a description," Borden said. "She's the one who was up here answering questions the other night, that snappy-looking number from Los Angeles, Eva Raymond."

"What's the old man doing?" Lassen asked.

"Right at present," Borden reported, "Richard Milton, the opposition candidate for district attorney, is making a speech, and the old man has found a parking place for his car and trailer, and is sitting there taking it all in."

"Don't lose sight of him," Lassen instructed, "and keep an eye open for any violation of the letter of the law. We can't pinch him, but we'll throw the book at him on everything from violation of the Mann Act to tampering with witnesses."

Lassen hung up and reported to the district attorney.

Duryea pushed his hands down deep in his trouser pockets, and then suddenly, as the humor of the situation struck him, he began to chuckle. *"Cherchez la femme,"* he said, "and at his age!"

"It isn't funny," Lassen reproached. "It's serious—damn serious."

"I know it is," Duryea said. "That's what makes it so damned funny."

DURYEA telephoned his house, and when Milred answered, said, "I'm afraid I'm going to disrupt your family. Perhaps you'd better be in on it."

"What's the matter, Frank?"

"Your esteemed grandfather."

"What about him? What's he doing now?"

"According to reports we have just received, he has attended a political rally and listened to the speech of an opposition candidate. Now he's headed toward Petrie, very probably intending to break into that cabin."

"What are you going to do?"

"In about five minutes," he said, "I'm going to pick you up. Then you and the sheriff and I are going out to Petrie. If Gramps is in that cabin, we're going to throw the book at him. It will be a star-chamber session, and we'll give him what's known as a floater. But I think you get the idea."

"You mean scare the pants off him?"

"Exactly."

"I'll be standing out in front ready to hop into the car," she promised. "But don't be *too* rough with him, Frank."

The big county car glided smoothly along the road.

"Of course," Milred pointed out, "Gramps *may* not be there."

"I think so," the sheriff said. "Borden reported from Petrie. He didn't dare follow the old man too closely—said he'd get out to the cabin, and if your grandfather *wasn't* there he'd leave a signal for us. I said—" The sheriff broke off abruptly as a hand flashlight blinked ahead in the darkness.

"What's that?" Milred asked.

"Probably Borden," the sheriff announced. He rolled down the glass on his left, said in a low voice, "That you, Borden?"

"O. K., sheriff," Borden's voice came from the darkness. "He's down the road here about half a mile."

"What's he doing?"

"He drove the trailer up to the cabin. The girl got out. The old man has a key to the cabin, or else he has a pass-key that works the lock."

"If he went in that cabin, we've got him right where we want him," Duryea said.

"He didn't go in. The girl did. That's the funny part of it. He left the trailer parked there. Then he walked up to the end of the driveway and took up a position right at the intersection of the driveway and the main road. He's waiting for somebody."

"An appointment he's made with some one?" Borden said. "I don't think so. He's got a gun."

"You're certain?" Duryea asked in surprise.

"Absolutely. I worked up close enough so I could see."

Lassen turned to Duryea. "What do you want to do, Frank?"

The district attorney turned things over in his mind, then said abruptly, "We've got enough on him now. We'll pick him up—and remember, so far as he knows, it's a bona fide arrest."

"All right, Harry," the sheriff said to the deputy. "You'd better make the arrest, then."

There was a sound of a commotion from the darkness beside the road. They heard Borden's voice in a gruff command; then Gramps shrilling with excited indignation. Then Borden was leading Gramps over to the car.

"All right, Gramps; I warned you," Duryea said. "We're taking you in."

Milred leaned over. "I'm sorry, Gramps. I tried to stop him, but he says he told you he'd have to do this."

Gramps looked at Duryea with piercing eyes. "You're kinda overdoin' it a little bit, son," he said. "Guess the idea is to throw such a scare into me you'll make a good dog out of me, huh?"

Duryea said, "Once and for all, I'm telling you that you're on the same footing as any other citizen."

"Yeah, I know. But you wouldn't come pouncin' down on any other citizen this way—not if you knew him an' knew what he was workin' for."

"Just what *are* you working for?" Lassen asked.

"Tryin' to get the murderer for you."

"And you expected that he'd come along here and stop, so that you could have a little chat with him?" Duryea asked.

"No, I didn't," Gramps said; "but I expected he'd come along an' try to go into that house, an' when he did, I wanted to be right behind him."

"Why should he go into the house?" Duryea asked. "What specific reason is there for him to show up at this time and go into the cabin?"

Gramps started to answer that question, then suddenly thought better of it and kept quiet.

"I'm afraid your little story won't hold water," Duryea observed.

That brought a torrent of speech from the old man. "Now you listen to me," he said. "You've certainly overlooked all the important clues in this case. The first one is the time element."

"Go ahead," Duryea said. "Get it out of your system."

"First," Gramps said, "you've got a regular clock, an' you don't pay any attention to it. That oil lamp uses up just so much oil every hour. I know somethin' about oil lamps. Pressman knew somethin' about oil lamps, because he'd lived out in a little cabin when he was a poor prospector. Now then," Gramps said, suddenly turning to Pete Lassen, "what makes a lamp smoke?"

"I don't know," Lassen admitted.

"It smokes because it's turned up too high," Gramps said. "If the wick is trimmed even, about the only thing that'll make a lamp smoke is bein' turned up too high."

"I suppose so," the sheriff agreed.

"Now then," Gramps went on. "You light an oil lamp, an' there's some oil in the wick. The minute the match touches the wick, the lamp starts burnin'; but as it gets hotter an' starts drawin' more oil up through the wick, the lamp will begin to burn more brightly. A person that knows anythin' about oil lamps turns the wick way down when he lights 'em. Then, after four or five minutes, he'll adjust the flame. You get me?

"Let's suppose that it *was* dark when the murder was committed. Pressman was there in the house. When it got dark, *he'd* have lit a lamp. He would have known *how* to light a lamp, an' he'd have had the wick down low, an' it would have gradually come up to just about the right height. He knew oil lamps.

"Therefore, we have to figure that it was the murderer who lit the lamp. Now, if it had been dark when the murder was committed, the lamp would already have been lit. Figure that one out."

"Then the murderer must have lit the lamp in broad daylight," Duryea said, smiling. "Your own reasoning is getting you all mixed up, Gramps."

Gramps shook his head. "Nope. Not unless the lamp had been filled durin' the night. When the body was discovered, the level of the kerosene in the lamp indicated it had been burnin' just about so long. The amount of kerosene used up by a lamp is a pretty good clock. I figure that lamp was lit about six hours before I first saw it. I saw it about the time the sheriff got there—around nine o'clock."

"Then the murder *couldn't* have been committed then—that would have been at three in the morning," Duryea objected.

"Yep," Gramps said, "that's right. The autopsy surgeon says that murder was committed between four o'clock an' eleven o'clock on the 24th. Just because a light was burnin', every one thinks the murder was committed after dark. I'm tellin' you that burnin' lamp didn't have anythin' to do with the murder. The murderer made *two* trips to the cabin."

"Then when was the murder committed?" Duryea asked, interested now in spite of himself.

"The murder was committed a little before five o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th," Gramps said, his voice fairly crackling with positive assurance.

"But the evidence shows that Pressman was alive at that—"

"What evidence?" Gramps shrilled. "How does any one know it was Pressman in that house? Sonders says he saw somebody pullin' the curtains down. Both Sonders an' True say they heard some one walkin' around inside the house. Both of them admit the man in there wouldn't say a word. All right. They jump at the conclusion that it was Pressman they heard movin' around. I'll tell you somethin' about the man that was movin' around inside that cabin. That person was the murderer, an' Ralph G. Pressman was lyin' dead on the floor at that very moment."

DURYEA nodded. "You *may* have something there!"

"You're damned right I have," Gramps said. "The lamp shows that it was lit right around three o'clock. That lamp ain't doin' any lyin'. I tell you, the murderer made *two trips* to that cabin. Now, take a look at that suicide note. The printin' on it was cut from a newspaper that didn't get to Petrie until after nine o'clock in the evenin'. That suicide note took a little thought to work out—"

"What are you getting at?" Lassen asked.

"That there suicide note was planted when the murderer made the *second* trip to the cabin. An' somethin' happened to frighten the murderer so that he never stayed long enough to make the lamp burn right an' keep the chimney from smokin'. That was right about three o'clock in the mornin'. Now I'll tell you what that somethin' was. It was that girl, Eva Raymond, came out to try an' use a little soft soap on Pressman an' put in a good word for her boy friend—with maybe a couple of good words for herself. She came up on the porch, saw the body, screamed, and ran pell-mell. That's when she dropped her compact. It had to be that way. An' the murderer had to be in there right at that time."

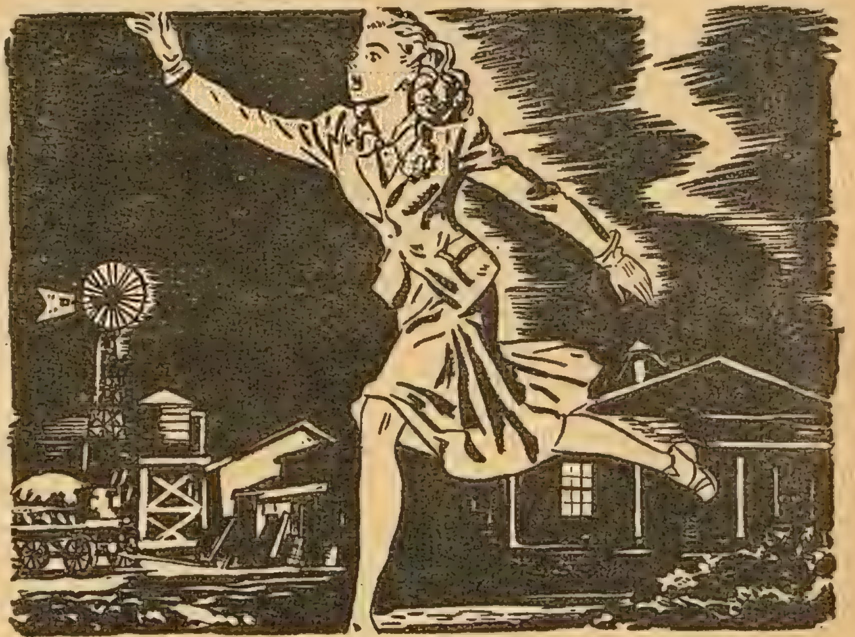
"And how," Duryea asked, "do *you* know *that?*"

"Well, I talked with Miss Raymond after I found out she knew Stanwood, and she said she'd help. She's a real nice girl—"

Duryea said in a crisp businesslike tone, "All right, Gramps. Let's quit stalling. Where's Eva Raymond?"

"She's in that cabin," Gramps said sheepishly. "I was sorta makin' a little test."

Thirty minutes later, when Gramps had produced Eva Raymond and made additional explanations, when the feeling that he had been restored to the good graces of the officers had given him additional self-confidence, he said, "Now then, the murder was committed with Pressman's gun. That means either one of two things: that it was a premeditated job and some one got hold of Pressman's gun so as to make it look like suicide, or that the person that killed him didn't intend to kill him. But something came up, and there was an argument, and Pressman's gun was lying where it could be reached. Now, the way I figure it, if it had been premeditated right from the start, the murderer would have had that suicide note all worked out and wouldn't have had to get it from a newspaper that didn't arrive in Petrie until four hours after the murder. If Pressman had wanted to leave a suicide note, he wouldn't have gone to all that trouble. The minute you see a suicide note made from pieces cut from a paper, you realize it's just a red herring."



"That's right," Duryea said, flashing a glance at Milred. "Even in *our* humble and amateurish way, Gramps, *we* recognized that as soon as we saw the suicide note."

"All right," Gramps went on. "Then what *was* the object of leavin' it?"

"I'll bite." Duryea smiled. "What was it?"

"It was because the murderer was tryin' to make people think he was so dumb he'd think the authorities would take the thing as a suicide; but mostly he was tryin' to make the authorities think he *didn't know who Pressman was.*"

"How do you get that?" Lassen asked.

"Because he intimated in the note that Pressman was committin' suicide because he had a lot of financial worries. Now, right away the authorities could be expected to say to themselves, 'This murderer ain't very bright. He wanted us to think this was a suicide. He wanted us to think the man had killed himself over financial worries. Therefore, he certainly didn't know the man was anything other than an obscure chicken rancher.' You get me?"

Milred said, "Go ahead, Gramps. *I* think you're doing swell."

"You're doggoned right I'm doin' swell. Now then, you folks just come up here on the porch, an' I'll show you something. You might sort of s'pose that we're Everett True an' Hugh Sonders comin' to call on Pressman. Now then, I'll take the front door an' be Sonders an' you folks go around to the back door just the way Everett True did, an' when you hear me start knockin' and poundin' on the door, why, *you* start knockin' and poundin' on the door, an' I'll show you something about the way the murderer gave himself away. Eva, you go with the officers."

The little group filed around toward the back of the house. They filed up on the back porch.

"Go ahead and start knockin'," Gramps called.

Lassen grinned and said, "Sounds a little foolish, but here we go."

He knocked on the door and called, "Open up."

From the front of the house they heard a banging on the door, then Gramps' shrill voice: "Hey, open up in there! Come on, open up."

"Sounds like he's trying to kick the door down," Duryea said. "One thing you have to admit is that when Gramps does anything, he—"

Milred's hand grasped his arm. "Frank," she said, "listen."

For a moment there was silence, and from the inside of the house could be plainly heard the sound of a surreptitious step, the creaking of a board.

"Hey," the sheriff shouted abruptly, "open up that door! Who's in there?"

There was no further sound from the person in the house.

From the front of the house Gramps' voice cried, "That's right, sheriff. You're doin' fine. Keep poundin'. You'll—Holy Christmas, sheriff, somebody *is* in there! He's comin' toward the front door. *Look out!*"

THE sheriff flashed one look at Duryea, said, "You women get back. Keep under cover." His hand streaked to the holster at his hip.

"O. K.," Frank said, "let's go."

Their shoulders hit against the door.

The door bent, creaked, then suddenly exploded inward.

The sheriff's flashlight showed the kitchen utterly devoid of human occupancy. Then it sought out the door of the room in which Pressman's body had been found.

Duryea crowded forward. "This is the law," he called. "Whoever's in here get your hands up and keep 'em up."

Gramps, pounding away at the front of the door, yelled, "Are you in there, sheriff? Get this door open. Some one's in there!"

Lassen and Duryea entered the room in which Pressman's body had been found. It was empty.

The sheriff looked at the district attorney in startled surprise.

Gramps, pounding at the door in a frenzy of impatience, shrilled, "I'm the one that gave you the idea in the first place. You open that door!"

"It's locked," Duryea said, trying the knob. "You'll have to go around to—"

But Gramps was running around the house before Duryea had finished the sentence.

The sheriff raised his flashlight to the tongue-and-groove ceiling, said, "There's a trap door up there in the ceiling. . . . Look out, Frank—I'm going up."

The sheriff dragged a chair out into the middle of the floor. Gramps, who had circled the house, came running excitedly in the back door. "What happened?" he asked. "Who was it? Somebody came and stood by the front door. Heard him just as plain as day—"

"You get back out of the way," the sheriff ordered.

"Gramps!" Milred shouted.

The sheriff pushed the trap door out of its seat, said, "You up there, come on out, or I'll shoot."

Milred said, "You can rest at ease, Frank. It was Gramps."

"What the devil are you talking about?" Duryea asked impatiently.

"The man you heard in the house was Gramp Wiggins," Milred asserted. "Don't you remember? He has a key to that front door. All he had to do was to open it, pound on the front door, then tiptoe through the house, stand quietly by the back door, tiptoe back, and start pounding."

Borden, who had been prowling around the grounds, suddenly appeared at the back door.

The sheriff started to say something—then, at the expression on Borden's face, stopped.

Borden said, "A car stopped down the road about fifty yards, switched off the lights, and a lone man got out. Thought you'd ought to know."

Gramps said dryly, "All right, boys, that's it. The murderer has one chink in his armor. He can't tell whether Eva Raymond did or didn't see him through that window when she screamed and ran. She didn't, but the murderer doesn't know that. I thought by takin' her out here I could sort of get him to tip his hand."

Abruptly Sheriff Lassen thumbed the flashlight into darkness.

"He'll be most apt to make for my trailer," Gramps muttered, "an' when he finds nobody's in there, he's goin' to come to the house. I wouldn't show any light. He just might be kinda dangerous."

"Who is it?" Lassen asked.

"Good heavens!" Gramps said with exasperation. "Don't you know who it was *yet?"*

"Remember the demonstration Gramps made of the man walking in the house," Milred said.

There was a moment's silence. Duryea said, "O. K., I get you. Now everybody keep together—and keep quiet."

They waited for what seemed an endless succession of slowly ticking seconds. Then there was a faint scraping noise on the porch. A moment later a very faint beam of light appeared around the edge of the keyhole; then the light was extinguished. Apparently the man outside was listening.

Just when the nerves of the little party of watchers seemed strained to the point of being raw, a key rasped in the lock. A well oiled bolt clicked back.

It was another five seconds before the door slowly opened.

The beam of the sheriff's flashlight stabbed Hugh Sonders full in the face.

As the man instinctively drew back, throwing up his left hand to shield his eyes, the sheriff said dryly, "Drop that gun, Sonders, or I'll blow you apart."

Gramp Wiggins, despite his protests, was herded outside along with Eva Raymond and Milred Duryea, as the sheriff, the district attorney, and the deputy sheriff took down the man's confession.

Gramps, taking Milred's arm, drifted across the darkened yard over toward his trailer.

"Well," he said, "time for me to be ramblin'."

"But, Gramps, aren't you going to wait? You've solved the case. Good heavens, you—"

"Nope," Gramps said modestly, "I didn't do a thing. Looks better that way," he explained. "Election's comin' along. An' anyway I just figured out what *might* have happened. I reckon Sonders came out here to call on Pressman for a private sort of a showdown. That worked into a fight. Pressman was scared of Sonders, an' he pulled a gun. Sonders grabbed him by the arm an' doubled his arm back, goin' to make him drop the gun. Pressman hung on to the gun, an' in doing that squeezed the trigger, sending a bullet up through his head at just such an angle you wouldn't have thought it possible for him to have had the gun in his hand when it was fired. But he must have had. If Sonders had got the gun away from him he wouldn't have needed to use it, because he was so big an' strong. If he hadn't had hold of Pressman, Sonders would have been the one that got shot. Then Sonders started in tryin' to cover up, because he knew he could never make it appear it had been anythin' except cold-blooded murder.

"HE went in to get True an' bring him out here. That was where he pulled the alibi stunt that seemed so clever at the time. Evidently he found two keys to that front door. He stuck one of 'em in Pressman's hand and kept the other. Then, while True was poundin' on the back door, Sonders opened the front door and walked in. Afterwards, all he had to do was to lie about hearin' some one inside the house to make his statement coincide with True's. An' of course, it was Sonders who said he saw some one pullin' down the curtains as they drove up. True didn't see that."

"But why on earth did he come back at three o'clock in the morning?" Milred asked.

Gramps said, "Because while he was runnin' around in here, that folded sheet of editorial proof dropped out of his pocket. When True asked him for it, he realized he'd lost it. He stuck right close to True until around three o'clock in the morning, so he'd be sure to have an alibi, but he knew that if, when the body was discovered, that marked editorial was found inside the cabin, it would be just the same as though he'd left the signed confession. He had to come back an' get it, but he didn't want to come back an' get it until he knew enough time had elapsed so he'd have a good alibi—knowin' the autopsy surgeon could tell just about the time of death.

"An' there was one other reason. He had to have the shades down when True came out with him, but he had to have 'em up afterwards."

"I don't get that," Milred said.

"Because he had to have the body discovered soon enough so the autopsy surgeon could tell the time of death," Gramps explained. "Otherwise, his alibi wouldn't have been no good. Even if it hadn't been for losin' that editorial, he'd have had to come back to pull the shades up an' leave the lamp burnin'. If they hadn't discovered the body for two-three days his slick alibi wouldn't have been worth a darn.

"While he was foolin' around with Everett True, killin' time, he got the idea of makin' a suicide note—not to make the authorities believe it had been suicide, but to make 'em believe *the murderer didn't know that Reedley was Pressman*. That would give him just a little more chance of divertin' suspicion in case anybody ever became suspicious about that story of the man who was movin' around in the house.

"Probably he hadn't been here over a minute or two when Eva Raymond came walkin' in. He'd lit the lamp, raised the shades, an' picked up the proof sheet of the editorial when he heard the scream an' the sound of feet runnin' *off* the porch. It's a darn good thing Eva Raymond ran. Sonders made his choice when he decided to cover up. After that he couldn't back up. When he heard Eva Raymond scream, he knew it was her life or his. He *might* not have killed her, but—well, he came back here tonight when he knew that I'd gone out to the cabin with Eva Raymond."

"But how did he know that it was Eva Raymond who was on the porch?" Milred asked.

Gramps said, "A compact marked 'E. R.'—an' then, he seen me gallivantin' around with a girl named Eva Raymond. I saw to that," Gramps said, grinning. "I knew that Sonders an' True were at that political rally tonight. I went there, remember, and I made it a point to ask 'em whether the person they heard in the cabin might not have been a woman—intimating I thought that person was the one who did the killing. That was gettin' pretty close to home for Sonders.

"I figured," Gramps announced with obvious pride, "that that bait would fetch him out here, at least to see what was goin' on. It did. Well, I'll be shovin' off. You tell Frank good-by for me, an' tell him that I don't enter into this case at all. An' tell him to give that Eva Raymond girl a break. She's a darn nice kid! Told me I wasn't old at all; said I looked to be just in the prime of life. What do you know about that?"

Milred laughed. "I know *all* about that," she said.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

WENDELL WILLKIE, you will remember, returned from his round-the-world trip not so long ago with some ideas discomfiting both to isolationism and complacency. Some of these he expressed forcibly and immediately.

To these he has added others, some serious thinking about what he saw on that trip, and a general running account of it. This is published now under the title **One World** (Simon & Schuster, New York, paper-bound, $1, cloth-bound, $2) and is a book which deserves wide reading.

Mr. Willkie's primary concern is the fact that we are today—and will be more so tomorrow—near neighbors to the other occupants of this globe, no matter how far removed they may seem to be in distance or in the economic scale. Their well-being is important to us, and their thinking will increasingly shape our own.

WENDELL WILLKIE

If we wish to establish a productive economy which will provide a good life for us all, we must recognize the fact that we cannot maintain mansions next door to our neighbors' slums. We must co-operate with them so that they can live well, too.

This is his major thesis, but it is not all his book, for Mr. Willkie is also a surprisingly good reporter. As one, he rates high for his description of the battle zone outside Cairo, for his appraisal of the British generals who directed the rolling back of Rommel from this crest of his advance, for anecdote and profiles of interesting and important people.

Here are the Willkie conversations with Near East potentates and politicos, with Mr. Stalin, with Soviet factory officials and workers.

As American himself as an Iowa cornfield, Wendell Willkie is no provincial. His observations of other countries, other methods, other ways of life are informative and shrewd. His accounts of what he saw are often humorous, but they are also pertinent and pointed.

In this air age that is right over the threshold, many of us will have an opportunity to make such visits with our neighbors as Mr. Willkie did. Until then, to know them better for our own good, all of us who can should read One World.

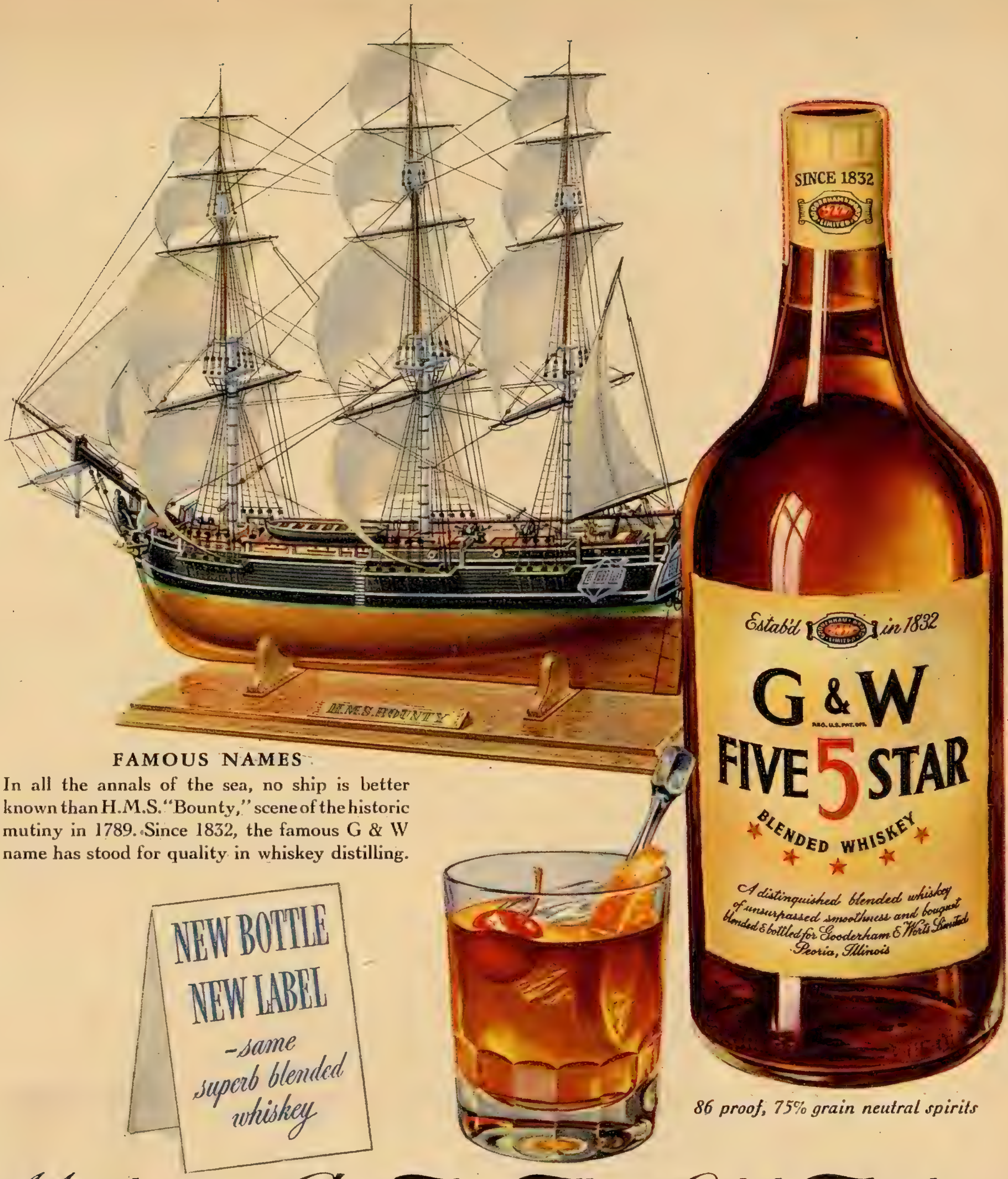
Hervey Allen knows how to tell a tale. He knows how to make his story move, how and when to embroider it with incident, how and when to season it with love, and how to give it movement and color. He is good fun to read.

In **The Forest and the Fort** (Farrar & Rinehart, New York, $2.50) he has done all that for a historical novel of early America—the first in a saga which will in time cover the whole history of America, and which as a group will be entitled The Disinherited.

This first book lays the groundwork well. The story of Salathiel Albine—born on the edge of the great forests on the outermost rim of civilization, captured by Indians as a child and reared as an Indian boy, who later returned to his heritage—seems to parallel American growth and vitality.

HERVEY ALLEN

Salathiel, like Anthony Adverse, is a man of prodigious energy, strength, and resourcefulness, who covers considerable territory. And Mr. Allen employs him to demonstrate how the American frontier was first pushed forward and then held, how the idea of an America separate from England and her ways began to germinate, and how, when the idea took hold, it was bound to be irresistible.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(*Continued from page 32*)

the state capital. We were almost there when a twin-tailed army P-38 came out of a cloud and headed directly for us.

"We've been reported as an unidentified aircraft," I guessed, "and he's come up to intercept us."

"Ignore him," Kurt ordered.

"Can't we even wave hello?" Ed asked. "After all, there's a comraderie about airmen—".

"Ignore him, I say!" Kurt cried.

So we sailed along in the Model T, nonchalant, while the P-38 roared near. The plane banked, circled us, made a loop around us, and then drew alongside, a wing tip only a few yards from our right front fender. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the pilot looking at us in a curiously intent manner. He removed his goggles and regarded us with his bare eyes. He rubbed a fist in his eyes and blinked them rapidly, and looked some more. Then with his thumb he gestured for us to get down out of the air.

"Pay no attention," Kurt advised.

So we ignored the army plane and the pilot's imperative gestures.

And then above the throb of the engines came two sharp reports. I saw, too late, that Kurt was shooting at the pilot with his pistol.

The big plane winged over, and I thought it was done for. But it was just a battle maneuver, and before we knew what was happening the P-38 was on our tail and tracer bullets were cracking by.

"Now look what you went and did, Kurt!" Ed cried.

"Hang on!" the professor warned, and he turned the nose of the Model T upward, pulled both spark and gas levers to the bottom. Say, Mr. President, we sure did climb! That P-38, however, came right up after us. It gave another burst from its guns. The tracers curved off just short of us.

WE were keeping ahead, but it sure did turn off cold, the more we climbed. Frost got on the windshield, and the cloth top cracked open with cold and vibration.

"Ain't you got a heater on this car?" Ed asked plaintively.

The professor shook his head slowly. "Can't do it," he decided. "With oxygen, and adequate clothes, yes; a rocket increases in efficiency as the air rarefies, while the plane's engine becomes weaker. But we're not equipped for altitude. And I can't outmaneuver him. He's a trained pilot, and I've hardly had any practice at all, to speak of."

"Outrun him!" Kurt ordered. His beautiful plates were clicking together with the cold.

"You're asking too much, Kurt," the professor complained. "After all, an automobile is hardly designed for flying. We're wasting energy at a frightful rate."

The P-38 gained on us as we leveled out. There was another burst from the guns, and tracers came by. And then suddenly the Model T began dropping like a shot duck.

"Are we hit?" I yelled.

Hunched over the wheel, the professor shrugged. We were falling like a rock. The wind screamed past the fenders. The top came off with a loud report and circled above as we dropped like a bullet. The Model T tilted on its side, and then upside down. Ed waved his hands to show he wasn't holding, and grinned.

"Craziest thing I ever saw," he said. "Upside down and don't fall out."

"Both falling free at the same speed," the professor said. He fiddled with the wheel. The car finally turned slowly upright, still falling.

"Must be a loose connection," the little scientist mused. "Raise your feet, please."

Under the floor boards was a little black box, about a foot each way, with some wires leading from it. The professor took off the box cover and probed around among the coils and tubes, jiggling wires and feeling connections. He got a small tool kit from a pocket and fiddled with various parts of the apparatus.

"SAY, that's neat, ain't it?" Ed said admiringly. He was referring not to the mechanism but to the way the professor used his tools. Falling free, everything was going down at the same speed, so that the professor simply laid his tools out in the air in a row before himself. He would take one from its place, use it, set it back, and take up another. Finally he gathered them up and replaced the floor boards.

"Just as I thought," he said with satisfaction. "There's nothing wrong with the apparatus. It's the power line."

"You mean—the power's off?" I cried.

He nodded, beaming. "For a minute I wondered if my apparatus had gone haywire. A man hates to think there's some flaw in his design."

"I appreciate your attitude as a craftsman," I admitted. We really were falling fast, Mr. President, by this time. "But for heaven's sake, professor, can't you *do* something?"

The professor shrugged. He fiddled with the gas lever, and the Model T seemed to drop even faster. Ed floated up past me, and I grabbed his shoe just in time and pulled him back into the seat.

"What happened?" I yelled. "Professor, do something!"

"Oh, the current's never off long these days," Ed said. He had his hands over the edge, rubbing them briskly together in the air screaming past the windshield. "Say, the air's getting swell and warm the farther we fall."

"I guess you don't care if you get killed!" I screamed.

"I ain't yelling before I'm hurt, anyhow," he declared. "The power'll come on any minute. Anyhow, I'd sooner get killed warm than cold. I didn't like it way up there."

THE pattern of the fields was stretching bigger and bigger the closer we came to the earth. As near as I could judge, we'd smack in the middle of a pasture. I could see cars converging on the spot. The professor sat reflective at the wheel, rubbing his chin and thinking. Then he turned around and looked at Kurt. Kurt didn't seem to be doing so well. He was on the floor between the seats. His face was purple and both hands were at his throat. His pistol was on the rear seat. I leaned over and got it.

"He's crazy," Ed observed. "He's choking himself black in the face."

"He's crazy for not using my plate-holding invention," the professor said. "Happens every time. That's why men with plates can't be flyers. They always choke on their teeth in a power dive. Now, my invention—"

"Power dive?" I yelled. "Do you mean that all this while—"

"Well, the current *did* go off for a little while," the professor admitted. "That gave me the idea. You see—"

I screamed. The ground was right underfoot. But the little professor sure could handle that Model T. At the last moment he eased to a cushioned stop and alighted gently in the pasture. He drove to the fence, hopped over it, and drove to the state capital, where we delivered Kurt to the police station, where the police surgeon fished his plates out of his windpipe.

And now, Mr. President, now that you know the situation, I will explain the difficulties we've run into. First of all, I had to convince the professor that his gadget is of some use to the world. I have pointed out to him that it would be of great value in the transportation crisis. With his dingus, motor transportation would be enabled to go without gasoline, and, more, to run a couple of inches above the highway and save tires. While time might be saved by simply routing trucks through the air as the crow flies, our experience has demonstrated that this might be dangerous in case the power went off. If automobiles were powered with the professor's dingus, their engines, of course, could be contributed as scrap. The railroad locomotive is also obsolete. Enormous train loads, made practically without weight by the gadget, can now be hauled like so many feathers. I would like to mention also the possibilities in aircraft development, but I will merely drop this matter as a hint, knowing you will be able to see the possibilities yourself, Mr. President. I don't want to say too much in a letter. Wartime, you understand.

Sufficient to say the transportation problem is solved.

There are, however, two remaining obstacles, as I mentioned at the beginning of this letter. And so I am writing you personally, Mr. President.

FIRST, we have no demonstrator model any more. After turning Kurt over to the police (and, incidentally, narrowly escaping arrest for reckless driving and/or piloting an aircraft without a license), we set out to form a company to manufacture the dingus. But nobody, Mr. President, can be convinced that a Model T can fly. They quote an old law that we've proved is out of date, and they simply won't listen. They say it's impossible.

"Impossible?" Ed screamed, when one gathering of scientists ignored our product. "Impossible, is it? I tell you, all you've got to do is pull down the spark lever, like this—" And running to the car he suited action to words, with the result that the Model T *whished* into the air, grew rapidly smaller, and disappeared. The scientists still didn't believe it, because of this old obsolete law. They muttered silly things about trickery and optical illusions. One scientist is writing a paper on what he calls a curious example of mass hallucination.

And so I am writing you, Mr. President, to see if you could personally see to it that the professor is allowed priority on $9.81 worth of material to make another model. I do not feel that this sum is too great to pay for a solution of the transportation crisis, especially in wartime when results count more than costs.

And with the new model made, our path will be smoothed immeasurably if you can meanwhile have Congress repeal this old law that is the cause of so much skepticism. I refer, of course, to the law of gravitation.

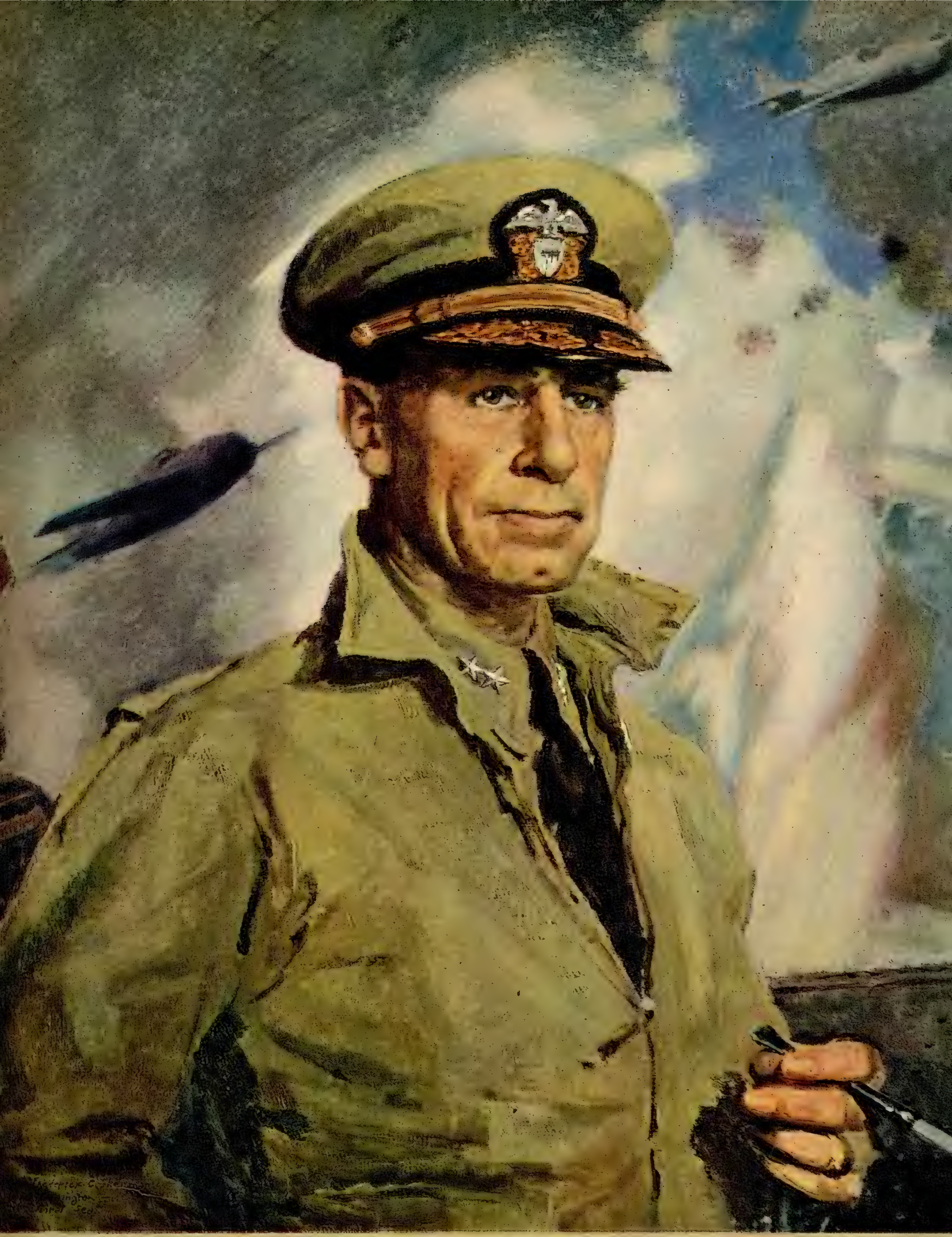
Resptly, yr humble & obt svt,
WILLIAM CRAWFORD

THE END

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS . . . have a heritage established by world speed records on land, water and in the air, gained over many years past, which makes them right at home in our fastest fighter planes. Because of their unfailing dependability in life or death situations, Champions are daily gaining new prestige with the men of our air forces.

Our fighter pilots are writing fabulous history. Legendary feats are being reported daily from all combat areas. Their planes are without equal in performance, maneuverability and speed, and they know how to use these qualities to the limit. Champion Spark Plugs play their vital part in many of these planes. True to their tradition, Champions combine the utmost in performance and dependability in aircraft spark plugs as in those for your car. Now that your car has been "slowed down to a walk" by gas rationing and the thirty-five miles per hour speed limit, all spark plugs need frequent cleaning. At these speeds the heat of combustion will not burn off carbon and oily deposits as readily as at former higher speeds. Fouled spark plugs waste gas, and cause rough, unsatisfactory engine performance. For maximum economy and dependability, have your Champion dealer check and clean your spark plugs at regular intervals.

KEEP 'EM FLYING—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



REAR ADMIRAL FREDERICK C. SHERMAN, U. S. N.

Painted by McClelland Barclay

REAR ADMIRAL FREDERICK CARL SHERMAN

Fifth in a Series of Paintings of Leaders of Our Fighting Forces by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

REAR ADMIRAL Frederick Carl Sherman does not fit the popular conception of an admiral. A rugged outdoor man who affects a long cigarette holder, he is equally at home aboard submarines, battleships, and aircraft carriers. The lads who have served under him will tell you that he likes to take a hand in the shooting.

As commander of the Lexington, he had his ship shot from under him last May. But he had exacted a heavy price from the enemy four months earlier, when the Lexington was attacked by eighteen heavy Japanese bombers. As a result of the brilliant performance of the fighter squadrons under his command, sixteen of the enemy bombers were destroyed, with no damage to the carrier.

Because of this achievement, Rear Admiral Sherman, then a captain, was awarded the Navy Gold Star—in lieu of the Navy Cross, which he already held.

He won that Navy Cross back in the other war "for distinguished and heroic action" as commanding officer of the submarine O-7.

Keeping up the sea-dog tradition in Rear Admiral Sherman's family is his son John—an apprentice seaman in the Coast Guard. John wasn't one to mention his family connection, and the only way Coast Guard officials found out about it was through a regulation form bearing the Admiral's permission for his son's enlistment.

Even Rear Admiral Sherman's dog was at sea. Wags, a cocker spaniel, was aboard the Lexington with his master and left ship in good order when it sank.

Rear Admiral Sherman is fifty-five, a native of Port Huron, Michigan, and a graduate of the Naval Academy, class of 1910. Back at Annapolis he is remembered for his lacrosse and as being handy with a pair of boxing gloves.

Next Week:
Maj. Gen. Alexander A. Vandergrift

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY

Continued from Page 37

be crucified, a woman who would come between a husband and wife at a time like this. When Arthur first wrote me, a month ago, I thought no, I didn't want to hurt you. . . ."

On and on the woman's voice went. Why does she tell me? Tessa asked herself. I never wanted to know.

"Living together. Living together at the same hotel. . . ."

TWILIGHT pressed against the big plate-glass window of Margo's. Tessa's shaking fingers had pleated her cocktail napkin into a little fan and now she flattened and smoothed it out again. At the bar, ice rattled cheerfully against a silvered shaker and a woman's voice, high and shrill and disagreeable, said, "Just the same, he's a louse. Any man who'll talk about a woman is a louse, and you can tell him that for me." After a while it came to Tessa that the woman was Jill and that she was drunk. Publicly drunk. Well, why shouldn't she be? What of it? What of anything? And then she thought, Get out of here. That's the thing to do. Get out of here.

"Tessa, don't! Don't look like that. Don't you see, now that you know where you stand, you can do something about it before it's too late?"

Too late. It had been too late in Washington. It had been too late when Johnny had first gone away. Maybe it had been too late for years, but she had been too blind or too stupid or too something to know it. And now it was forever too late. How could Johnny do such a thing to her? He had not only betrayed her; he had left her defenseless against the pity and speculation in the eyes of other women. Because Edith would not confine herself to telling Tessa of this. Bit by bit she would confide in other women. She wouldn't be able to help herself.

And Tessa began to perceive that all escape, all roads leading back to her marriage were blocked off now. When she alone had known, she might have forgiven Johnny. But now the whole town would know, and no woman with any pride could take her husband back after a thing like that. Every one would know her shame and humiliation, and she would imagine people gossiping, speculating. "How do you suppose she feels? How does she manage to go on with him? Of course he had to go back to her. She was pregnant, you know."

Oh, Johnny, why? Why, darling? What was so unbearable about me, about our marriage, that you had to do this to me? And I love you. Even now I love you.

And even if they went away to another town, her weary mind stumbled on, they would meet people who knew. Even Africa had not been big enough, or far enough away, to keep people like little Edith Desney, here in Linton Heights, from finding out.

All right, all right. But don't go to pieces here, before all these people. Hang onto something. There are the children. You've got the children. And for her battered pride, if she wanted him, there was even another man. She felt a rush of gladness and gratitude that George was there.

"And if I weren't your very best friend, Tessa—" Edith said.

Tessa smiled thinly. "Yes, Edith. I understand. Thank you for coming to me. I wish you wouldn't say anything to any one else, though, until we're a little more certain." That was probably futile, but it was worth trying. "And now, it's getting late. I think we'd better be going."

She drove home slowly, struggling to compose herself, to be ready to greet the children, to sit quietly through dinner. Now the letter to Johnny which she had put off writing could be written. Now Mrs. Barnes must be told. But not the children. Not the children, her heart protested. Not until the very end, when there was no help for it.

YOUNG Captain Johnny Barnes, too, thought of his children. He hadn't thought of them in a long while, but he thought of them now because he was going home. He was taking battle films that were good, that might be great, back to Washington. His work here was done, and as the huge plane headed out to sea, his thoughts went on ahead of it, to think of home, of Tessa and of his mother and of the children, and now he wondered whether, when he got there, there would be a scene. He hoped not. Fever and dysentery and sleepless nights had left him weak and exhausted and uncaring about everything except to find himself free to live and to work as he now knew he wanted to.

The sun was setting and last rays of golden light cast what seemed to be almost a halo around the rapidly receding continent of Africa. Johnny leaned back and closed his eyes, but sleep wouldn't come to him. Thoughts—confused and jumbled—elbowed one another through his consciousness, demanding to be remembered. Things about Africa. Slit trenches, where you lived half your life, ducking in and out every time the air-raid siren went off, until finally you didn't bother any more. Finally you said, what the hell? You were so cold with fury by that time, so cold and still with all your hatred, that you wanted to stand out there with a tommy gun in your hand—futile though the thing might be—and let their planes have it, kidding yourself that maybe you'd hit one.

There was the Hotel St. George in Algiers, and everything white, blindingly white—Arabs, buildings, streets, moonlight—and Catherine in a white dress. Catherine dressing for dinner in soft white with some sort of snood effect over her head, and Algerian champagne that tasted like pink circus lemonade flavored with vinegar. And Catherine not complaining about the heat or the filth or the bugs but laughing softly, telling him how she'd found him, telling him how much she loved him.

"Fine friend you are," he had told her roughly. "Tessa's best friend, coming to hell and gone down here to tell me that."

"There's no such thing as friendship between women when they both want the same man," Catherine had said. "People who are weak and afraid to take what they want are fools. Nobody respects them."

"Well, nobody can say you don't take what you want."

"That's one of the things you like about me. I'm not weak and sniveling and clinging."

"Oh, yeah?" Johnny had said.

"Yeah," she had said, and one dark eyebrow had gone up and she had grinned across the dirty table at him, and he'd probably fallen in love with her then, right at that minute. He had come to know her well in the six weeks they had spent together in Africa, and she had earned his respect, and he had found excitement with her such as he had never found with Tessa. Again and again he had found himself making the comparison. Tessa sullen and complaining in Washington. Tessa's letters reached him here, cool and distant, giving the idea she was hiding her sullen rebellion against the war, against him behind an air of martyrdom.

AND in comparison Catherine with a portable typewriter saying, "The hell of it is, I won't be able to make them know what it's really like out here, no matter how I write it. You just can't do it with words, Johnny." Catherine slipping a cigarette into the blood and pulp of what had once been a mouth on the face of that young kid from Jersey who'd got a hole as big as a fist in his head. Catherine beside his camera that time when he and his men had suddenly realized that the tanks passing in front of their cameras had red stripes along them, meaning they were Nazi tanks, and that Johnny and all of them were behind the Nazi lines unless the American troops won that particular engagement.

"Swell," Catherine had said humorously. "I'll get famous writing My Day in a Nazi Prison Camp." And Johnny had said suddenly, "You're swell, Catherine. Just swell."

Sometimes he wouldn't see her for days at a time while she traveled around from place to place, and then they'd meet again in some bombed and ruined hotel, or along a road, and his heart would leap to see her grinning sunburned face, her close-cropped hair, and he began to realize how much she meant to him. Then he had written that letter to Tessa, but he had carefully not mentioned Catherine. It was up to Catherine to do the talking when she was ready. She had a husband, and she had a career to worry about, and Johnny wasn't going to put her in any spot like that. It had been a piece of bad luck, meeting Colonel Desney.

"Oh, well," Catherine had said, "Carlson knows I'm here, and we can deny all the rest of it."

He didn't particularly want to deny the rest of it. They never spoke of Carlson or of Tessa again.

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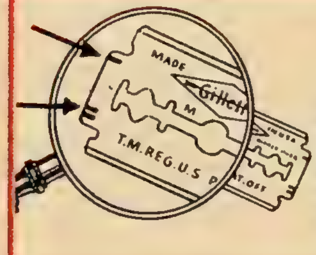
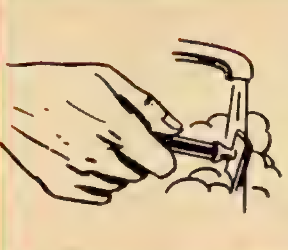


3 TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves



4 CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

The noise of the giant motors had a hypnotic effect, and he found himself dozing finally. His last thought, as he fell off to sleep, was of his son, and all the things he wanted Jackie to understand. Things about marrying a girl and then outgrowing her, though you never meant to. Things about the trolley-on-a-track existence that men sometimes found themselves trapped into. Things about how a war like this changed a man's entire outlook. Those would be difficult things to explain to a son seven years old, but somehow, Jackie must understand.

JOHNNY sighed heavily, and his eyes closed and didn't lift again. Across from him a small rabbit-toothed man, wearing the uniform of a major in the Signal Corps, studied Johnny's sleeping face. David Zeiter, recently of Hollywood and a million-dollar-a-year income, had been somewhat of a joke when a Flying Fortress had set him down at the Maison Blanche airport a month ago. But since then, even David Zeiter knew that he, like the exhausted young man sleeping across from him, had earned the overseas bars they wore now on their tunics.

A little army of their own—officers and enlisted men armed with tommy guns and sixteen-millimeter cameras and film and magazine clips—they had gone where the infantry and the tanks had gone, and some of them had been shot. Young Captain Barnes had earned the respect of his men, and David Zeiter had not had to be ashamed of himself—had, in fact, been a little proud of himself—and now he had plans for young Captain Barnes.

Captain Barnes was very young, David Zeiter thought to himself, and there were many things he didn't know: that wars ended eventually, and that, after them, life went on. That it was ridiculous and even stupid for a young man who showed such promise to get himself involved in an emotional entanglement that might prove messy. That Lockhart woman could be dangerous. And in the army small scandals did great damage, and David Zeiter, whose thoughts were immaculate and fastidious, like his clothes, simply didn't want to be bothered with a young man who couldn't keep his personal life under control.

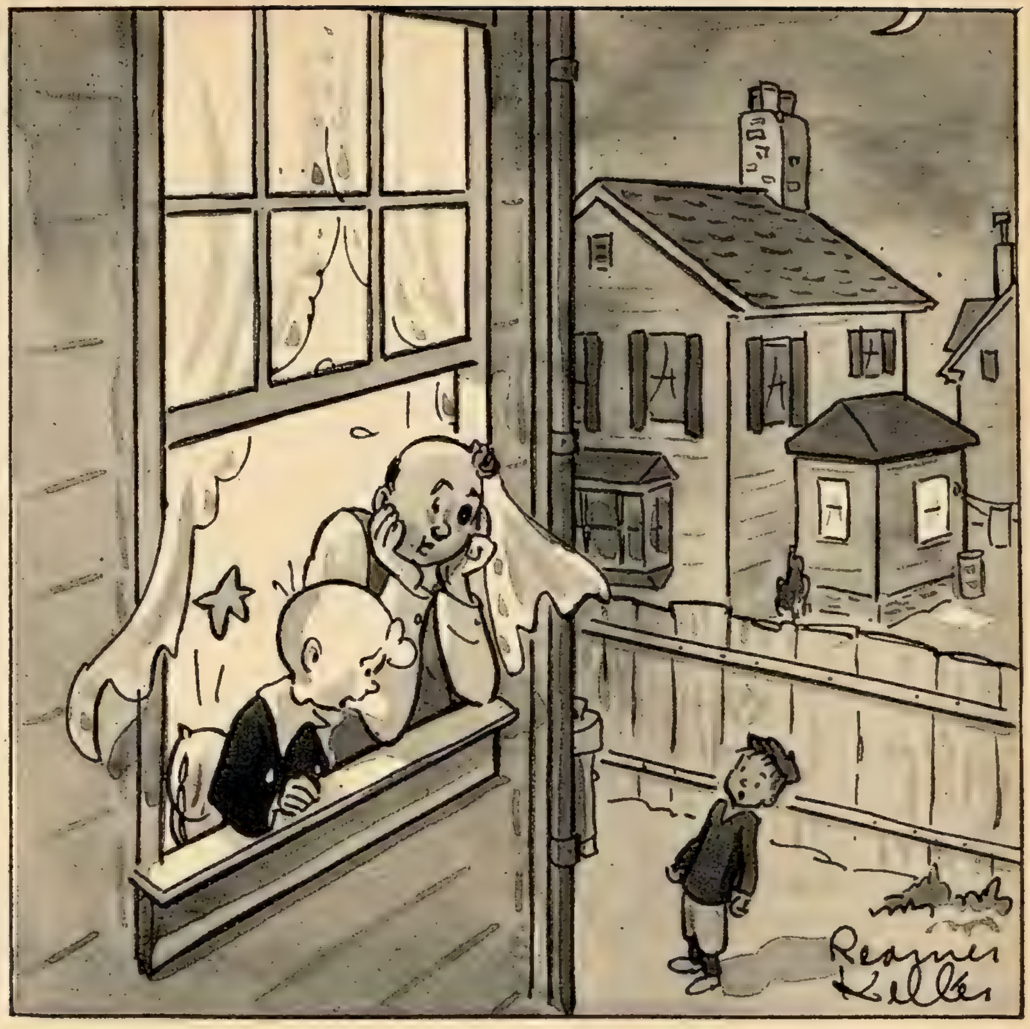
"Well," he spoke aloud, "we'll see."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" a sergeant directly in front of him asked.

"Nothing, sergeant. I was just thinking how good it was going to be to be home again."

"Me, too, sir. I'm never going to get out of hollering sound of my wife's voice again."

HARDTACK



"I got caught at the jam and dad got caught at the coffee."

Mr. Zeiter, dozing, thought it too bad that Captain Barnes didn't feel that way about *his* wife. But there were children, and children, in the end, usually held a man.

JACKIE BARNES was seven years old, and in the beginning he had been proud and boastful that his father was a soldier. His whole class had been very impressed when they learned that Captain Barnes had gone to Africa. But now the novelty had worn off and nobody listened to Jackie any more when he talked about his father. Now other boys were getting out baseball bats and mitts and masks, and their fathers were coming out into back yards on mild Saturday mornings and tossing the ball to them so that they could get into practice again for their teams.

Jackie, idling along, hands in pockets, would pass them, and they would call out to him, but they didn't have much time for him. Saturday morning was the time you spent with your pop, before he went off to play golf or remembered to mow the lawn or to have a haircut. Nobody intruded on that sacred time.

Because it was Friday night and he wanted to make some plans of his own for Saturday morning, Jackie thought of that as he lay in bed. He certainly wished that his father would stop being a soldier and come home, so that everything could be the way it used to be. It didn't matter so much with Patty, he considered, because she was just a baby of five, and besides, she was a girl. His Aunt Nicky was a girl, but he liked her. She was almost as good as a boy. Sometimes she'd come out on a Saturday morning and pick up the ball and say, "Hey, want to hit a few?" just as though she didn't know that his heart had been hungering to hit a few. Once she had said to him, "It's tough, isn't it?" And he had nodded, and there had been no need for words. They had understood each other, and she had grinned and poked him in the ribs and said, "Race you!" so that he'd have time, running, to get rid of the hated tears that sprang into his eyes as though he were an old sissy.

He rolled over and propped himself up on his elbows, his chin in his cupped palms. From this position he could see out the window. A long, low car, its top down, swung into the driveway and pulled up before the front door. Then he heard Mr. Worth's voice:

"Hello, Tess."

A special hello. A kind of a warm hello that made Jackie's heart shrivel and turn over, though why, he could not have said.

Then his mother's voice: "Hello, George." And the front door closed, and now he couldn't hear them.

Jackie frowned to himself there in the darkness. It was funny, the way he felt about Mr. Worth. He used to like him a lot. When he and Pat and mommy had lived in the other house, Mr. Worth used to stop by and build fires for them and tell Jackie magnificent stories about the Japs he had shot down. But he didn't like Mr. Worth any more. Hadn't, he remembered, since mommy had asked him to call Mr. Worth "Uncle George," and he had, and Scrub Hiller, visiting Jackie one day, had heard him.

"Is your mother going to marry that man?" Scrub had wanted to know. Scrub was very interested in things like love and marriage, because Scrub had had three fathers and knew a great deal about it.

"Of course not!" Jackie had jeered. "How can my mother marry him when she's married to my father?"

"Well," Scrub had said, setting up the electric trains, "that's how it starts, just the same. They ask you to call some man uncle, and the next you know he's your stepfather."

After that, Jackie had begun to notice how often Mr. Worth visited mommy and how he sometimes acted to her the way daddy used to act. Doing little things for her and leaving his hands on her shoulders a minute whenever he helped her on with her coat. But it couldn't mean anything, because there was his father, and his teacher had smilingly assured him that you definitely could not be married to more than one person at a time.

HE lay there another minute, and then he got up and went over and opened the door. He could hear them talking downstairs. He couldn't distinguish what they were saying, but he could hear the hum of their voices, and once in a while mommy laughing softly against the big sound of Mr. Worth's laugh.

And all at once, they sounded so happy down there that he thought he would go down and be with them for a minute. There would undoubtedly be a box of candy down there, and if mommy was in a good humor she might let him stay up a while, sitting with her before the fire, since tomorrow was Saturday.

He got up and put on his robe and slippers and went noiselessly down the carpeted stairs. But when he got to the door of the living room he stopped and stood perfectly still, and he began to cry and sob in a terrible, noisy way, the way he hadn't cried since he'd been a baby of six. Because there was his mother, standing before the fireplace, and Mr. Worth was with her, and Mr. Worth's arms were around her, tight, and Mr. Worth was kissing her on her mouth, a long, long kiss that only broke off against the noise of Jackie's sobs

SILENCE
LIBRARIAN

"Could you direct me to the books on child psychology? I'm having trouble with my girl."

"Darling!" Tessa cried softly. "Oh, darling!"

Mr. Worth just stood still and looked at him in a funny way as though *he* didn't like Jackie, either. His mother picked him up swiftly and carried him upstairs to bed. She sat beside him then and her hand touched his forehead and brushed his thick dark hair back out of his eyes and she talked to him.

"Darling, don't. Please don't. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I had no idea of—of anything. Oh, darling!"

"Scrub Hiller says you and Mr. Worth are going to be married. Are you going to marry Mr. Worth?"

"Of course I'm not. Today is Mr. Worth's birthday, and I just kissed him for his birthday. Of course I'm not going to marry Mr. Worth," she said, and sat on there beside him in the darkness until he believed her, until his sobs quieted and his tears ceased and she promised him that Mr. Worth wouldn't even come to the house any more, since it seemed to upset him. After a while he fell asleep, his hand hot in hers, and she covered him and went out.

"Well," George remarked.

"Well indeed."

"I hope you're not going to let him stand in the way of our happiness, Tess. After all, he won't sit around and keep you company ten years from now. Besides, he'd get to like me. This was just a—a shock. Bursting in on us like that, without any preparation."

Tessa took a cigarette from the long flat holder of them which George offered to her, but after he had lit it she set it down without smoking it. She and George had let themselves drift along into a swiftly deepening intimacy, and now it was time—high time!—to do something about it. He had been good for her bruised pride and for her loneliness, but she had not, she decided now, watching the glowing coals in the fireplace that had been lighted to take the chill off the spring evening, played very fair with him. She had put off telling him what she must eventually tell him. Now she wondered how to go about it.

It would have been easy to tell him a few months ago. She could have told him that night at the tavern, when he had said he loved her. But she hadn't believed in the finality of Johnny's decision then. She had been sure—pathetically sure—that, somehow, Johnny would come back to her. Now she didn't want him. Now she didn't care. You can take so much, and after that, no matter how deeply you love some one, you've got to have a little pride, self-respect.

When the time came, she had found that it wasn't necessary to tell George a great deal about Johnny. He had said, "I know." He had said, "It's a small world. People hear things. Gossip gets about. Then there was Washington. Any one but a blind man could have seen how things were going."

Tessa had been blind. And again she thought, The pattern never changes. The wife is always the last to know.

GEORGE spoke to her, and with an effort she pulled her thoughts together and came back to him.

"Look," he said. "About Jackie. You're taking it much too seriously. You and Johnny are washed up. But you're young. You've got a life of your own to live. You and I could have fun together," he said. "I could probably arrange to be stationed in Washington a good part of the time. They've been trying to get me to stay out of active combat duty ever since that Jap machine-gun bullet ripped my leg open. You wouldn't be alone any more," he said. "You wouldn't ever have to be afraid."

He didn't come near her now or touch her, and she thought—astonished, as always, at the realization—how sensitive and understanding George was about people. Beneath all the arrogance and the toughness and the bitterness, beneath all his casual success with women, he maintained certain ideals and standards which he had inherited, along with his fortune, from ancestors whom it was now fashionable to deride and to be ashamed of. And it seemed to Tessa that probably George Worth had been born into the wrong generation. He was bitter and cynical and disillusioned because he found himself equipped with all the wrong things—money and *noblesse oblige* and exquisite taste in horses and wines in a world that was twenty years done with those things. So he took out his bewilderment in cynicism, and he became a hero because he no longer cared whether he lived or died and he enjoyed the gesture of recklessness and contempt for his own life.

He stood across from her now, his thin good-looking face warmed by the glow from the fire. After a while he said:

"You know, I love you for all the things and reasons that Johnny has suddenly found boring. I love your goodness and your decency and your kindness, and the fact that you can go all to pieces like this because Jackie barged in on us and got upset. I wish he were my son. I wish I hadn't let Johnny have you in the first place, all those years ago. But it's not too late," he said, "or is it?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, George, I'm afraid it is."

His hand that held a cigarette flicked the ashes of it into the fireplace. "So? I gathered you were reasonably fond of me these past weeks." The old harshness was back in his voice. He was so afraid of being rebuffed, hurt!

"It isn't that. It hasn't anything to do with that. It's the children, for one thing. The way Jackie feels about you. His world is so topsy-turvy and so frightening to him, I can't upset it any more. He's lost his father. I can't let him feel he's losing his mother, too."

"I'd take care of that. I know I can make him like me and understand things, if you give me a little time with him."

She looked at him then, and he was smiling down at her with a smile that was so hopeful and suddenly boyish that her heart ached for him. Yes, he was really in love with her!

"Darling," she said, "it's—it's more than that. It's—that week-end. I"—she stammered and dreaded meeting his eyes—"I'm going to have another baby," she whispered.

HE was perfectly still. He tossed his cigarette into the fire and put both hands into his pockets and walked over and looked out the window, onto the moonlight-flooded lawn. And it was from there that he spoke to her finally.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "This is 1943 and there's a war on, and you've got your hands full trying to raise the two children you have. Come to your senses and do something about it." He turned around and said harshly, "Unless you're still so much in love with that heel who walked out on you, who betrayed you, that you can't bear not to have another child for him!"

"George!"

"I'm sorry. No, I'm not sorry. Damn it all, I love you! I have a right to say something about how the rest of your life's to be lived. And you love me, don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I guess so."

"Faint praise," he murmured. He put his hands on her shoulders and his grip was hard and tight and hurting. "Tomorrow," he said—"tomorrow you're coming with me and do something about this thing you've let yourself get into. Do you hear?"

"I don't know," she said. It was true, what George had said. Johnny had left her, betrayed her. Johnny had gone off and had himself a gay fling. Johnny didn't care about his children or his responsibilities. And now, when she had this chance at some happiness, didn't she have a right to grab it, as George was suggesting? Didn't she?

She put a hand to her aching head. And when she spoke again, she spoke out of a vast aching weariness and bewilderment.

"I want to give you an answer," she said, "but I just don't know. Let me think about it."

"All right," he said. "But remember, Tessa, it's generally later than you think."

Will Tessa do as George suggests? Is this the only way out for her? Or will Johnny, coming home, change his mind about leaving her for Catherine? Read next week's chapter.

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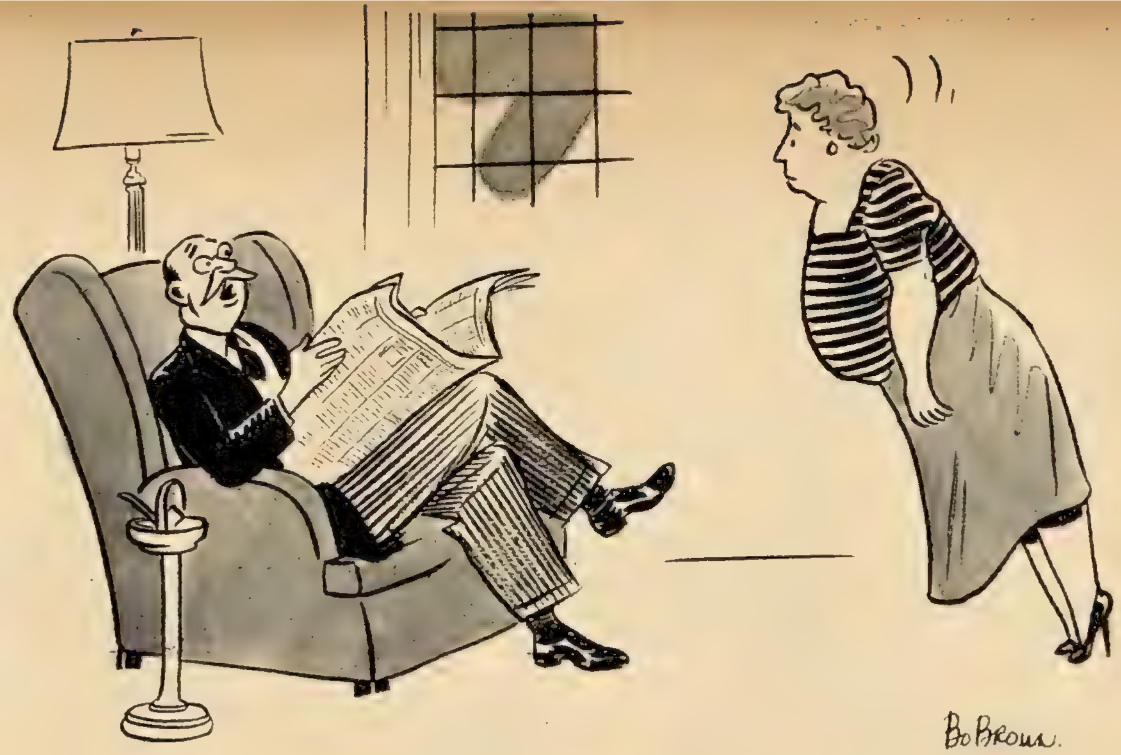
DEPTH AND THE BLITZ

Continued from Page 11



"Aren't those heels a little high for you, dear?"

no small degree responsible for the Germans being so often behind their timetable. They were late before Moscow in 1941. They were late before Stalingrad and Grozny in 1942. *Almost* on time, but *not quite.* And that "not quite" made the difference between victory and defeat.

This combination consisting of the Red Army fighting at the front, the people in arms protecting the Soviet rear, and the guerrilla army plaguing the German rear represents the Soviet concept of defense in depth.

The German military organization was not prepared to cope with this kind of defense. The German organization is rigid, cut-and-dried, standardized. The intermediate and junior commanders have little imagination and it is not easy for them to fight against an enemy who fights a people's war. Such a war is simply "not in the book."

THE mechanized armies of Germany made deep penetrations into Soviet territory, but they never could get "into the clear." Wherever they thrust, the Soviet defense in depth enveloped them. In August, 1942, the German military publication Militärwochenblatt described the obstacles which the Soviet defensive strategy presented:

"Destruction lurks in a thousand places, first of all with the Russian civil population, which under no circumstances must be trusted no matter how innocent they may appear to be. . . . In the usual sense of the words, *there are no front lines and rear areas in Russia.* Any one who lays his gun aside east of the old Reich frontier may greatly regret it the next moment."

Here is how Russia's own defense in depth was actually applied, step by step, in the days leading to Hitler's defeat at Stalingrad.

The initial German blow, unexpected, swift, and intended to be overwhelming, was delivered by about 170 divisions. The Red Army had about 75 divisions of covering troops for the protection of the U. S. S. R.'s long frontier.

By a skillful combination of defensive maneuvers the Soviet High Command forced the Germans to deliver their first, staggering blow practically into a void. The bulk of the regular (peacetime) Red Army divisions was not trapped and annihilated. It retreated, face to the enemy, always fighting, delaying the enemy's advance while inflicting terrific casualties on him.

Red Army groups, encircled near the frontier, continued to fight for days. These troops did not give up when their situation, according to the military manuals, became hopeless. Every man and officer understood that it was better to die than to live under Nazism. They fought as long as they could, and then the survivors "evaporated" into the wilderness of marshes and woods, joining the guerrillas. A number of Soviet divisions broke out as a unit and rejoined the main body weeks later, after marching as much as 300 miles across the enemy's rear.

Thus battles in depth were transformed into a total struggle in depth.

When the Germans reached Smolensk, large-scale fighting was still going on around Belostok and Minsk, more than 300 miles to the rear. At the same time, German parachutists were being fought and exterminated by the people in arms hundreds of miles east of Smolensk, in the region of Moscow and even east of it.

The Soviet High Command, as Timoshenko so aptly put it, was "unspooling the Wehrmacht" like a thread, waiting for the moment to snap back.

In the path of the German armies the earth was scorched, and everything was removed that could be. The farmers burned their houses and destroyed their crops. The workers moved far to the rear with their machines, set them up again, and began operating, often under most pioneer conditions.

The strategy of such a fighting retreat was visualized as early as Napoleonic days by von Clausewitz, the Prussian general and military writer. When faced with a numerically superior enemy, the defending army withdraws its defense into the interior of the country, and continues to do so until the enemy is at a disadvantage because of the extension of his lines. Meanwhile, time is gained for mobilization of man power, industry, and all other factors of defense. When the balance of forces is sufficiently altered, the defenders go over to the counteroffensive, the success of which depends largely upon their timing of it.

But Clausewitz, in working out his scheme, never dreamed of total depth—geographic, economic, strategic, and moral—as practiced by the Soviet Union.

Following the Clausewitz method of strategic defense, the Soviet High Command stopped the blitz for the first time near Smolensk in July, 1941. After that it was never the same again. It pushed forward on a broad front. It carried out a blitz operation in the Ukraine in August. It crept up to Leningrad, Moscow, and Rostov.

HERE it is interesting to note that Soviet cities are never declared "open." They resist to the last. The Red Army has developed excellent methods of street fighting. Moreover, the entire population of a great Soviet city, being trained to fight, takes up its arms and bolsters the ranks of the defenders. For instance, the armorers of Tula continued to produce arms, keeping their own rifles right at hand near their machine tools, when the city of Tula was almost completely surrounded in the fall of 1941. After work, they went to the trenches outside the city, often by streetcar, and fought the Germans. Throughout the siege of Stalingrad, as long as a factory had a roof and two walls left, tanks were produced in it and driven out of it to the battle front a few miles away. Often workers and engineers did the driving.

Stopped before Leningrad, Moscow, Tula, and other cities, the blitzkrieg received its first truly crippling jolt on December 6, 1941, when General Guderian's tank army was thrown back in complete disarray south of Moscow.

The Soviet counteroffensive had begun. Slowly the blitz forces went into reverse.

Toward spring they gathered strength and made another offensive stab. This time it was restricted in scope, less deep and less protracted.

Meanwhile the people of the Soviet Union actually increased production, agricultural and industrial, in spite of their terrific loss of territory and resources.

Winston Churchill said of the Soviet resistance:

"No nation, no state, no government could have lost so much and lived."

It not only "lived" but on November 19, 1942, it started a new and much bigger counteroffensive, turning the tables on the Germans in many respects. A great battle of encirclement and annihilation, dream of the German blitz makers, was won over them at Stalingrad. Its scope overshadowed not only the original Cannae, where in 216 B. C. the Carthaginians under Hannibal encircled and destroyed a large Roman army, but the enlarged modern imitations of Cannae—Sedan (1870) and Tannenberg (1914). Once more the fateful line on which a reversal was possible had been unerringly found by the Soviet High Command.

Unquestionably, Soviet resistance is like a steel spring: the more you compress it, the stronger it snaps back. Soviet strategy licked the Wehrmacht by never permitting it to paralyze a vital nerve center before a corresponding center had been set up farther in the rear.

IN the matter of Soviet tactics as compared to German tactics, several characteristics stand out. The Russian is naturally inventive, resourceful. He prides himself on doing things "better than the others" in fair competition. In military tactics these qualities are extremely valuable, especially in a struggle with the able but rather rigid and ponderous German mind. To illustrate the point, let us see what the above-quoted issue of Militärwochenblatt has to say:

"The Russian is a master of improvisation. He drops artillery shells from gliders [when no bombers are available]; he immediately puts captured weapons to use; he hurriedly gathers collective farmers into troop units, equips them with horse carts, and tells them to find their arms in the woods. . . ."

We read of Soviet engineers building a bridge at night, under the noses of the Germans; the bridge was invisible. How come? Because the bridge was built eighteen inches below the surface of the water. When Soviet tanks crossed it, the dumfounded Germans thought the tanks were rolling *on water*.

Then there was the time when the Soviet Command decided to make the Germans think they were dealing with forces much greater than those actually engaged. Soviet battalions made up of men from several different divisions were formed. Soon the maps found on captured German officers showed the distribution of Soviet forces precisely as the Soviet High Command had wanted the Germans to believe it.

Soviet resistance stems also from the *depth* of history. The Russians have been a fighting nation for almost a thousand years. Again and again they have been beset by powerful enemies coming from all directions. They have a great military tradition which is based on the fact that most of the great European (and quite a few Asiatic) conquerors have been defeated by the Russian army.

The Tartars, the Swedes, the Teutonic Knights, the Poles and Lith-

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uanians (when they were really great powers) were defeated in the Middle Ages. Charles XII of Sweden, Frederick the Great, and the greatest conqueror of all—Napoleon—found their masters in the Russians.

In speaking of the Soviet war effort, we have been using the word "defense." The reason for that is that the military acts of a power which is inherently nonaggressive, whatever form they may assume, are fundamentally defensive.

"My husband works for the Kaiser organization."

The use of the word "defense" does not in the least imply that the Soviet High Command adhered to a "defensive war doctrine," such, for instance, as was the doctrine of the French General Staff which gave birth to the Maginot Line. The opening paragraphs of all field regulations usually give a cue to the war doctrine of a country. This is what the first two paragraphs of the Red Army Field Service Regulations (1936) say, in part:

"Any attack upon the socialist state of the workers and peasants will be repelled with the entire might of the armed forces of the Soviet Union, and military operations will be carried into the territory of the aggressor.

"The military operations of the Red Army will be conducted with destruction (of the enemy) in view. The achievement of a decisive victory and the complete crushing of the enemy are the basic objectives of any war which might be forced upon the Soviet Union. . . .

"The purpose of all combat, whether offensive or defensive, is to inflict defeat upon the enemy. *But only a resolute offensive in the main direction, culminating in a relentless pursuit, will result in the complete destruction of the enemy forces and means.*"

The basic campaigns of the Soviet-German war have clearly shown that the Soviet High Command, personally headed by Marshal Stalin, strictly adheres to the above doctrine. All defensive operations have been carried through, "face to the enemy." The moment circumstances permitted, the Red Army went into a powerful counteroffensive, culminating, whenever possible, in a hot pursuit (as in the North Caucasus). The very structure of the Red Army, even in peacetime, did not suggest a defensive doctrine. A high percentage of heavy and long-range bombers in the Soviet Air Force, the large number of heavy tanks in the armored brigades, the retention of enormous cavalry masses (the Red Army had more than forty divisions of horsed cavalry before the war and probably has more now), and, finally, the creation of the parachute arm by the Soviet High Command—all this plainly shows that the Red Army, when attacked, becomes, to put it in the words of the famous Soviet strategist Mikhail Frunze, "*the attackingest* force in the world."

The Field Service Regulations also say:

"Modern technical means of reducing the defense (above all, tanks, artillery, airplanes, and mechanized units, when used on a mass scale) make it possible to organize a simultaneous attack on the enemy through the whole depth of his position, to isolate him, to encircle him completely, and finally to destroy him."

Thus Soviet military thought anticipated in 1936 the methods used by the Germans in 1939, 1940, and (partly) in 1941. The Soviet High Command put all this into practice *on an unprecedented scale* in the Battle of Stalingrad.

THE results of the Soviet winter offensive of 1942-43 also show that the Red Army is capable of powerful offensive action. In one hundred and forty days Soviet troops have liberated 180,000 square miles of territory—or an area equal to the area of the States of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. In these twenty weeks a German army has been destroyed which is (or was) the equivalent of the entire German army which conquered western Europe in six weeks in the summer of 1940.

Thus those who fear that the Red Army will stop at its borders may find their anxiety unfounded, while those who fear it will cross those borders in pursuit of the enemy may find their fears turned to reality.

But to those who wish the Red Army to cross its border and remain on its own side *at the same time,* we can offer neither solace nor warning.

THE END

DIRECT HITS

The Nazis are sending more troops into Italy. Any gangster knows that when the heat is on, it's smart to give your pals plenty of protection and no chance to run out on you.

The OPA has now put a ceiling on rags. Rags, as all husbands know, are any clothes a woman has to wear more than once.

1942 was a record-breaking year for national income. It will probably go down in history as the year we all made enough money to afford the things nobody could sell us.

Thumbnail sketch of what makes war financing hell: The 1942 income-tax yield was the greatest in history, almost ten billion dollars. That was just about enough to pay for five weeks of war at the March, 1943, rate of expenditure, which was $286,000,000 a day, or about $31,000 in the time it took you to read this. It'll take a lot of bonds!

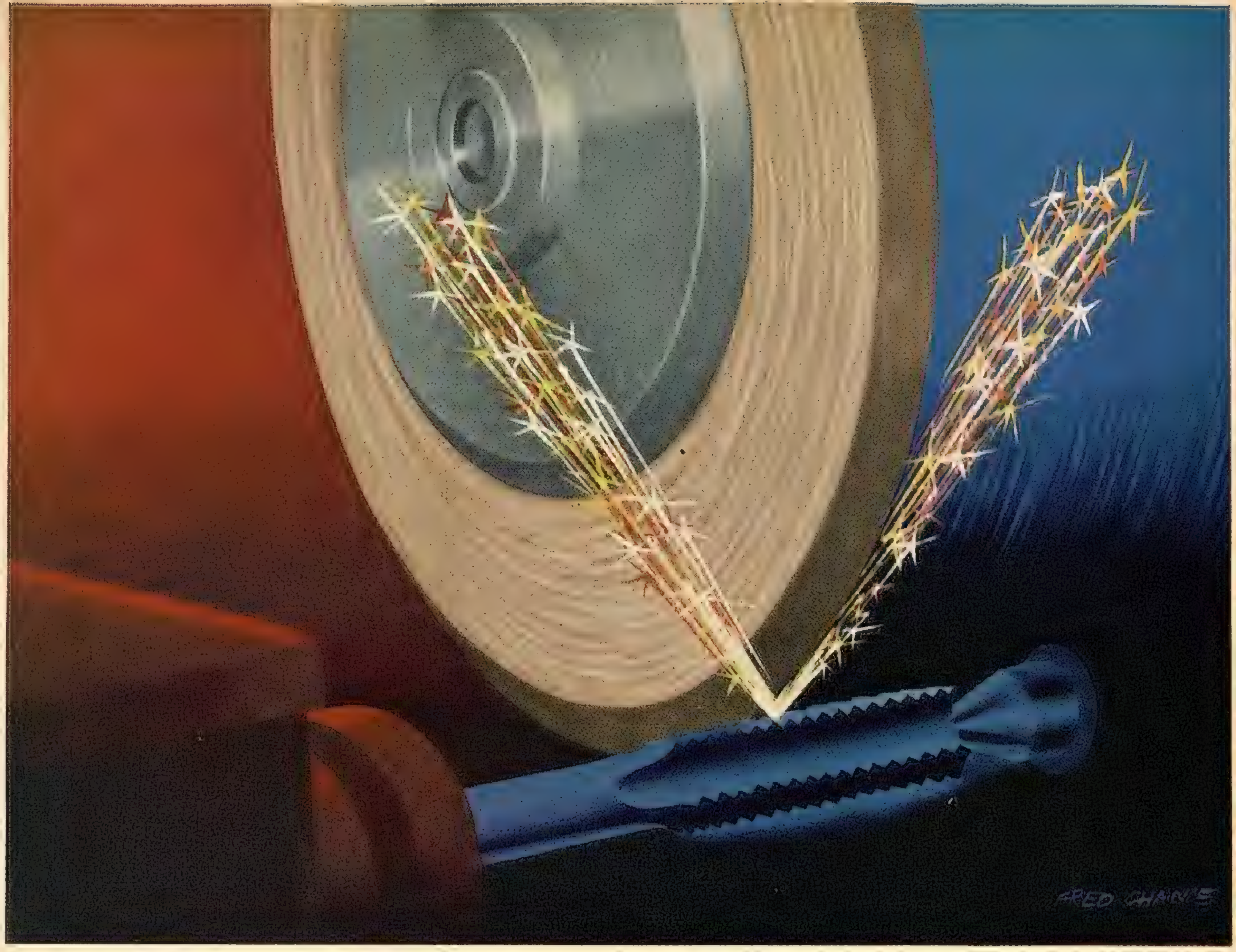
Brooklyn is cultivating 200,000 Victory gardens. One outfit that won't have to worry about a vegetable shortage this summer is National League umpires.

Uncle Sam is cracking down harder on black-market operators. Ex-gangsters are hereby warned that the government does not regret extending its hospitality to Capone and is always ready to welcome his friends.

A plastic that is being used now for noses of bombers will be used after the war to make light-weight, skid-proof, sound-proof false teeth. That's beating the old swords into grinders!

Note to those who would like to get back to the pre-war status quo: John Stuart Mill said, "When society requires to be rebuilt, there is no use in attempting to rebuild it on the old plan."

E. A. P.



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PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

PANTYWAIST NAVY

BY FRANK DAUGHERTY

IT is no secret now that civilian volunteers in small boats were strategically placed to give the Pacific Coast a two-hour alert if the Japs had passed Pearl Harbor in the first week of June, 1942. This was the "suicide patrol" or "picket fence" which has since become famous in the annals of civilian defense.

"The Japs," according to rumors heard along the whole western slope for two weeks before the Battle of Midway, "are sending two fleets to invade us!"

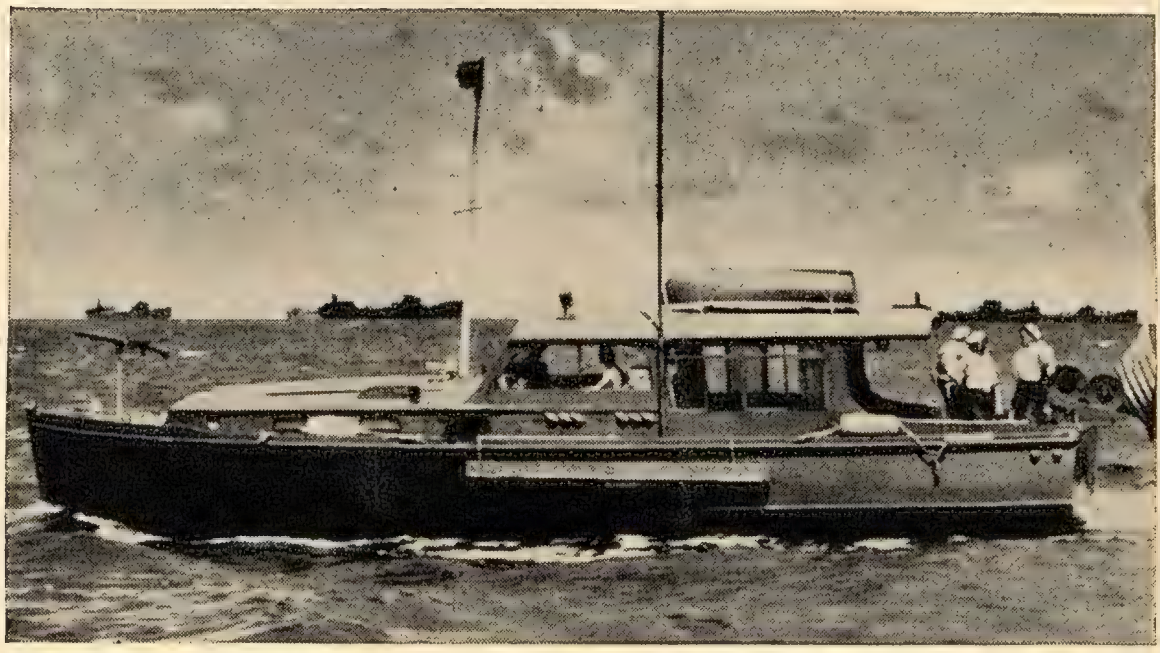
Only the navy knows how many small boats put to sea and where they went; but any motorist along coast highways or observer on a hilltop could have seen some of them: little cruisers, fishing craft, playboats of the summer races to Honolulu. Although they were equipped with radios to warn of submarines or planes, their chief armament was a handful of belaying pins.

The civilians manning these small craft—mostly yachtsmen or fishermen—were called then, as now, the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary, established as a "nonmilitary organization" by act of Congress in 1940. They wear uniforms but remain separate from the military. Total membership of the Auxiliary is a navy secret too; a fairly accurate estimate might put it at 10,000. Members must be owners or part owners of a seaworthy boat sixteen feet or over.

In all kinds of weather, men of the Auxiliary have been standing their watches on both coasts. They board and identify freighters as they arrive, transporting radio technicians to seal transmitters on ships' radios lest arriving ships divulge information of value to the enemy; they patrol harbors, keep on the alert for suspicious craft, and do various other services.

When, for example, a task force of the fleet put in at a West Coast harbor recently, Auxiliary boats took the men from their ships to the shore and back again. The navy didn't know quite what to make of them.

"For a while," says movie bad man Humphrey Bogart, who took part in the task, "they thought we were flunkies and tried to pay us. But when they got the hang of what we were doing, they took us to the wardrooms and gave us the time of our lives."



Pleasure boats like this former cabin cruiser are now in the Coast Guard Auxiliary.

Working day and night, this unit hauled 42,000 men of the fleet to and from their ships.

Bad man Bogart, it can be recorded now, noticed that a battle wagon's big guns were trained on him wherever he went. Pale, he asked what it meant.

"The gob on the gun," an officer told him, "has never seen a movie star in the flesh. He's watching you through the gun telescope."

One East Coast Auxiliary unit landed an army division at maneuvers; others have chased subs from our shores; quite a few have done their share of pulling men out of waters around torpedoed vessels. One large tanker, torpedoed off a West Coast harbor, was pulled into the harbor and beached by Auxiliary men before it could sink. Sometimes Auxiliary men took their lives in their hands. For a while overtense army harbor guards fired on them whenever they didn't hear a spoken challenge above the roar of their motors.

The Auxiliary's earliest beginning was in Hollywood. Commodore Malcolm Stuart Boylan, present head of the Eleventh Naval District branch and a film writer of some note, began agitation for a reserve for the Coast Guard as long ago as 1934. He visited Coast Guard headquarters in Washington. Rear Admiral (now Vice-Admiral) Russell R. Waesche said he realized the value a reserve would have to the Guard, but indicated that there was no machinery available for putting it into effect. "Machinery," Boylan rightly guessed, meant funds. There, for the time, he had to let the matter drop.

Five years later Senator Clark of Missouri introduced a bill, sponsored by Waesche, which created not only a reserve but an auxiliary. It is under the provisions of this bill that the Auxiliary now functions.

In Auxiliary study groups ashore, everything from marlinspike seamanship to celestial navigation and navy regulations is studied. Both the army and the navy, with thousands of the new PT and crash-landing boats to be manned, have been flirting with the auxiliary membership, offering commissions to any men qualified. The competition from the services may increase. Scores of Auxiliary men are already wearing Coast Guard gold braid, and hundreds are expected to qualify in the near future.

It was probably inevitable that the name "Pantywaist Navy" should attach itself to anything as immature and undefined as the Auxiliary was in its earliest stages. Water-front reporters, sourly eying the natty uniforms and pretty pennants of those days, supplied the name. But Auxiliary men aren't giving much thought to names.

They're on the job to see that nothing aproaches our shores without warning.

THE END

SECOND CHANCE

Continued from Page 33

he would be there. He speeded up. The worst is over, he told himself as he reached the highway. He looked ahead for the bridge and straightened in astonishment. The bridge was no longer a bridge, no longer a testimony to the administration of Mayor Hippinstall. It was a forlorn island in the center of the swirling river. The approaches on both sides, from their concrete anchors at the banks of the river to the first large piers, were gone as completely as if bitten off by a pair of giant jaws.

He eased the car to a stop, swearing feelingly to himself. He got out, not noticing that the rain had stopped. There must be some way to cross the river; there had to be. Then he remembered another bridge, far downstream. To reach it he would have to backtrack past the Bertellis', a distance of thirty-odd miles over poor roads. At best, the trip would consume an hour of precious time—and by then it might be too late.

SUDDENLY he felt old, inadequate, and very tired. He had had a plan of action, but it had vanished with the bridge, and now he couldn't think of anything else. Perhaps Mrs. Higbee was right.

Angrily he rejected the thought. He was still a good man, a useful man. The washout wasn't his fault; it was an act of God that might balk any one.

He carefully picked his way to the edge of the broken road. A foot or so under the high water he could make out the foundations of the ruined pier. His glance shifted from the ruin to the first intact pier. The river was above the rock base and was gnawing at the upper concrete piering.

Act of God! A great and thorough rage came over him. You couldn't blame this on God; good concrete wasn't supposed to disintegrate like that. Honest concrete would stand against the river. But this wasn't honest concrete; this was concrete furnished by Mayor Hippinstall's pet contracting firm.

He swung around and went downstream until he was close to the dam. He looked at it searchingly, examining the entire length of it. Water was spilling in cascades over the top, but the dam was sound and solid—and made of concrete. The jury of his mind pronounced Hippinstall guilty—maybe guilty of the death of a little girl.

Desperately he stared across the river. If he were on the other side the little girl wouldn't die, at least not without some one putting up a fight for her. He looked at the dam again, and suddenly, in the concentration of his look it took on new significance; it became an instrument of hope. A few feet above the top was a thin cable, a workman's handrail, which stretched the length of the dam.

For the first time since he had left Bertelli he smiled. He returned to the car and got his black satchel. With the belt of his overcoat he tied it close to his chest where it would have a chance of remaining dry. Then, gripping the cable tightly with both hands, he advanced a couple of steps to test the force of the water.

The river struck against his legs like a live antagonist; it roared and filled the air with moisture as it swept past him and dropped over the dam. Cautiously he moved ahead; the big knuckles of his hands whitened with the effort of holding tight to the cable. As he inched closer to the middle of the span, despite his caution, he very nearly lost his footing; only the cable saved him. For a moment he was still, fighting against the fatigue that started in his hands, worked up his arms, down his body to his legs. Then he hauled himself along, marveling that he could lift legs which had grown so heavy. His breath came in long, painful gasps. The ever strong water pounded angrily at him; his arms were turning numb with exhaustion.

TIME OF PEACE

A Story of the Decade that Ended with Pearl Harbor

By Ben Ames Williams

A brilliant novel of a father and son, the women they loved and the life they lived while the world swept on toward war. An abridgement to one evening's reading time of this moving and dramatic story will appear in Liberty

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He spared some of his fast-dwindling energy to look shoreward. It was closer than he had thought. The sight of it lightened somewhat the incredible weight of the body he was dragging. Doggedly he pulled himself the remaining distance, wrenched his legs free of the water. He staggered up the bank and groggily sat down on the muddy ground. He stayed there until a measure of strength returned to his body, then pushed to his feet and plodded on.

When he walked into the house, filled as it was with the nerve-rending suspense of contending hope and despair, his encounter with the river was half forgotten. He went directly to the kitchen, followed by Jeff Withers.

Jeff, a big strong man about the age of young Walt, was dangerously near hysteria. Dr. Kennedy slipped out of his wet overcoat. "Where's the patient?" he asked with deliberate sharpness.

Jeff pointed to a door. "In there—Mrs. Hallet came in to be with her."

Mrs. Hallet moved away from the bed as he came in. "Here's the doctor, honey," she said to the little girl.

The child was lying with one leg jackknifed to her middle. She looked up at him with eyes that were big with suffering. She managed the ghost of a smile.

Gently, hiding his mounting concern, he examined the child. There was fever, and his infinitely tender expert fingers told him that the appendix was very angry, almost to the rupturing stage.

He smiled at the little girl. "What's your name?"

"Phyllis."

"Well, Phyllis, we're going to have to take out your appendix, and you mustn't be frightened."

"I won't be," she said in a small voice.

"That's the stuff. If you do everything I tell you, I'll bring you a surprise."

She brightened. "A surprise? I like surprises. What is it?"

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise. You try to guess what it is while I go in the kitchen with Mrs. Hallet."

NOW that an operation was indicated beyond the possibility of doubt, Dr. Kennedy studied the two people who would either help or hinder him. It was as if the calendar had been turned back fifty years to the days of his beginning practice; it was old-time kitchen surgery, without the many aids and conveniences of the modern hospital.

The father, taking three matches to light a crumpled cigarette, was of little use. Clearly he must be prevented from becoming a hindrance; he needed the discipline of activity. "Jeff," Dr. Kennedy said sternly, "I'll have to have your help."

"Is it an operation?" Jeff asked fearfully.

"Yes. I want you to boil two large pans of water."

"Should I send for my wife—shouldn't she be here?"

"Are you or aren't you going to do as I say?"

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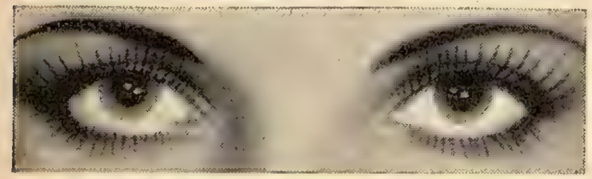

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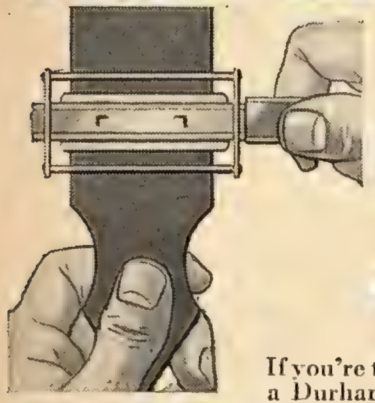

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"Sorry, doctor." Jeff went to the cupboard for the pans.

Dr. Kennedy concluded his estimate of Mrs. Hallet. She was nervous, but she would be able to control herself. She would be a good assistant. He motioned for her to follow him.

Together they cleared the dining-room table, draped it with clean sheets, moved a chair beside it to hold the pans of sterile instruments and dressings.

They carried the little girl into this improvised operating room and placed her on the table. Dr. Kennedy locked the door against the father, who was instructed to keep on boiling water, water in quantities that would never be needed.

"Phyllis," said Dr. Kennedy, holding up a piece of toweling, "I'm going to put ether on this and you're to breathe it until you go to sleep."

She nodded soberly. "And when I wake up I'll get my surprise?"

"Tomorrow, when I come to see you."

WITH complete faith she breathed the ether; as he cleaned the site of the operation he rejoiced to see that there wasn't the added muscular contraction which comes from improper anesthesia. He took a scalpel in rubber-covered fingers. His big hands moved with sure speed as he made the incision.

Not once did he falter. He worked with a dexterity that precluded the slightest unnecessary motion. When he dropped his instruments into the sterilizing pan for the final time he knew that he had done a clean, good job, and had won.

He grinned at Mrs. Hallet as he peeled off his gloves. "She'll be all right."

"Doctor," she said, "if I live to be a hundred I'll never see the like of the way you can work those hands—"

"Just for that," he said, "I hope you live forever. Let's get Phyllis back to her bed. She'll feel better if she wakes up there."

Jeff anxiously followed them into Phyllis' bedroom. "Is she—will she be all right?"

"She'll be on her feet before you know it. A fine girl you have there."

Jeff looked at the bed. "You don't have to tell me—"

"We men are awkward when it comes to some things. She needs a woman's care. Maybe Mrs. Hallet will stay tonight—maybe till I come tomorrow."

"I will," Mrs. Hallet agreed. "My old man can rustle himself some grub tonight."

"Then," Dr. Kennedy said, "you won't mind driving me to my car, will you, Jeff?"

"Not a bit. Where is it?"

"The new bridge is washed out. I had to walk across the top of the dam."

Jeff glanced at him sharply but said nothing.

THE trip over the back road was a quiet one. Dr. Kennedy relaxed in the seat, his eyes half closed. An ache made him conscious of his arms, but the sensation wasn't entirely unpleasant. It denoted not the weariness of old age but an earned sort of tiredness, the tiredness every workingman brought home at the end of the day.

The ruined bridge loomed up in front of them, and Jeff stirred behind his wall of thought. "The whole thing'll be in the river before morning," he said. He looked out a side window for a better view of the dam; his glance lingered on the water boiling over the top. "You went over that to get to my house?" he demanded.

"Had to get there some way."

They stopped beside Dr. Kennedy's car. He picked up his satchel and opened the door. "Thanks for the lift, Jeff."

"Wait. There's something I'd like to say. I'm ashamed of how I acted—I went to pieces. In fact, I haven't been right since war restrictions made me close my service station. I let my wife work because I was too stiff-necked to start over as an employee instead of a boss. Not any more. If it means anything to you, doctor, tomorrow I'm getting a job—my wife's, if necessary."

"Glad to hear you say that, Jeff," said Dr. Kennedy. "I figured you had the right stuff in you. Now get back to that little girl of yours."

WHEN Dr. Kennedy arrived at the hospital, Mayor Hippinstall's oversized street lights, big enough to do duty along Broadway or Michigan Avenue, were combating the early darkness. He climbed the brick steps and, out of habit, hesitated at the glass-enclosed Admittance Office.

"Dr. Kennedy," said the girl at the desk, "there's a call for you."

"Mrs. Cavendish?"

She laughed. "Yes. She's highly incensed over your neglect."

"Neglect is the best treatment in the world for her."

"You can't send her a bill for that," the girl said realistically.

Dr. Kennedy chuckled and walked down the corridor to Mayor Hippinstall's room.

"Hello, doc," Hippinstall said in hearty political tones. "Took you long enough to get around to me."

Even in bed, Dr. Kennedy thought, he looks like an executive. "Hello, Joe," he replied, and turned to the nurse. "Get me the mayor's history."

In a moment she was back with it. Dr. Kennedy waved her outside and studied the reports. The hospital pathologist had verified young Walt's diagnosis, and his own concurrence made it unanimous.

"Well, what's the verdict, doc?"

"Joe," Dr. Kennedy said slowly, "you're a consistent man—you're almost as rotten inside as out."

The mayor pushed up on his elbows, his face red with indignation. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean you have an abdominal tumor, and I hope for your sake that it's as operable as your bridge was."

"Why, you old pill peddler, you quack—"

"Shut up, Joe. You can't bluster your way out of this. Everybody knows by now that your bridge washed out—"

"So what?" roared the mayor. "An act of God—"

"Act of Hippinstall, you mean. The river showed you up, Joe. I saw it, dissolving that substandard concrete. You figured the water would never go above the rock foundations, so you thought you might as well put cheap construction above, and the cash difference in your pocket. The river crossed you up."

Fear flickered across Hippinstall's face, but vocally he maintained the proper note of indignation. "What you're saying is libelous—I'll make this town too hot for you."

Dr. Kennedy ignored the threat. "Today your bridge almost cost the life of a child. If the dam had been made of the same stuff, she would have died before any one could get to her. You're lucky that I'm telling you this instead of telling it to the people of this town."

The mayor remained silent for a few moments, then spoke more softly: "Accidents will happen, doc. People make mistakes. I'm sure you're not the kind of man to take advantage—"

"Meaning you want your job, Joe."

The mayor struggled with anger, conquered it, and said in a strained voice, "You don't give an inch, do you? All right, I do want my job. What are you going to do?"

"First, I'll excise that tumor tomorrow morning. My fee will be a new bridge—an honest bridge."

"I could go to Mayo's," Hippinstall said speculatively, "but I guess I better not. It's a deal, doc."

"Every man ought to have a second chance, Joe. See that you make the best of yours."

MRS. HIGBEE bustled about him with determined solicitousness, taking his hat, coat, and boots as he removed them. "You're bone-tired," she accused. "Take off your shoes and put your feet close to the stove."

"I'm tired," he admitted, "but who isn't after a day's work? What I want is some hot rum."

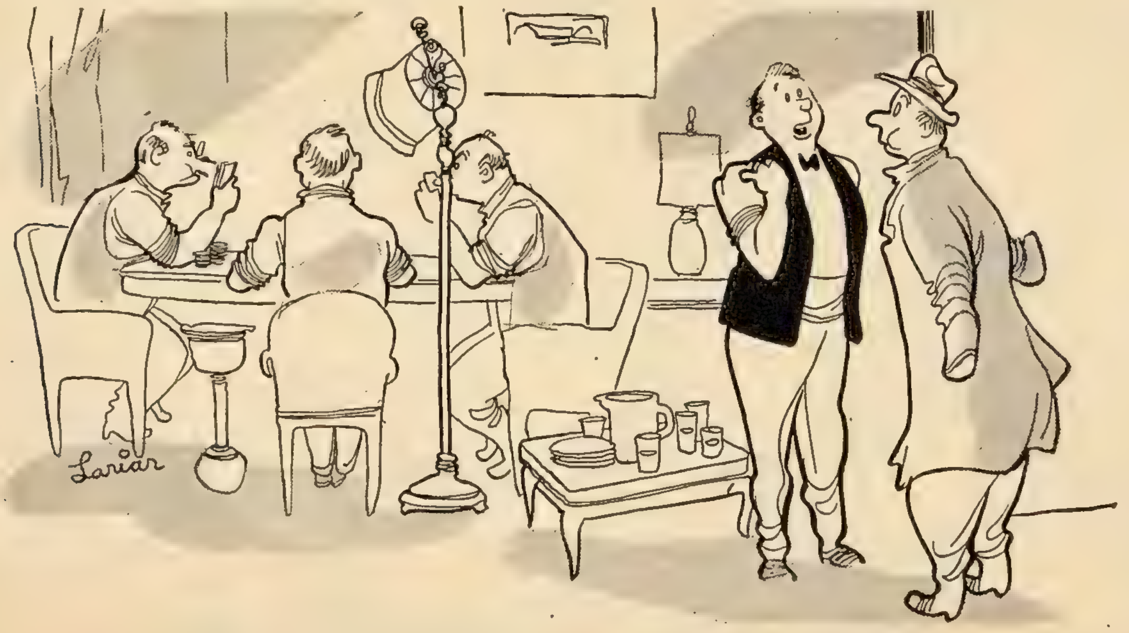
The phone rang and she rushed to it. "Mrs. Cavendish? No, I'm sorry. The doctor's all worn out. He can't possibly talk—"

He jumped up and snatched the phone away from Mrs. Higbee. "Yes, Mrs. Cavendish, I know you called several times. . . . Your pink pills are all gone? That's too bad. . . . No, no more of them; we can use sugar in more vital ways. Now you listen to me. Your granddaughter very nearly died today. It's high time you quit being spiteful. Make peace with Jeff and see what you can do to help." He cut off a gasp of amazement by hanging up.

"That, Mrs. Higbee, should prove I can still talk."

He returned to his chair as she mixed the rum. She brought him the drink meekly, appropriately. His face softened. "Mrs. Higbee, think back. If you were an eight-year-old girl, what would you like to have as a surprise?"

THE END



"This game's for blood—we play for coffee coupons!"

WE *STILL* TAKE TO THE WOODS

Continued from Page 15

footnote. He added, "Congratulations," and I don't know to this day whether they were from him or from J. B. Lippincott & Co.

I sat down and looked at the stove, which needed polishing. I thought, Well, for crying out loud! Because, you see, although I had written the book, I hadn't known anything about writing a book. I'd just bulled ahead and written it the best I could, hoping rather desperately that honest and accurate reporting of our rather odd way of life would interest people. Apparently it had. I got my feet under me and went and hammered on the old three-foot circular saw blade that serves as dinner gong and crisis announcer. Since it was only half past nine in the morning, I knew Ralph and Gerrish would correctly interpret the din as announcing a crisis and not a meal.

They came running, apprehension on their faces.

"LISTEN," I said in a voice that sounded queer even to me. "Listen. Joe just called up. The Book of the Month Club has chosen our book." (Because it was their book just as much as it was mine. I'd done the actual writing, but we'd all done the living of it.) *"Our ship has come in!"*

Our lovely long-overdue ship, with a hold full of bathrooms and electric lights and refrigerators and fly rods and washing machines! With new windows for the Guide's House, where Gerrish lived, and a new roof for the woodshed piled on her decks! With three-and-a-half-horsepower outboards and station wagons and new porch furniture bulging the hatches, and a hired girl waiting to step off and take over the housework that I did so haphazardly! With the whirl around the lakes written into her charter and the flag of freedom from financial worry flying from her masthead! We liked living in the wilderness enough to put up with downright hardship, if that was the price we had to pay to live there. But oh, wouldn't it be marvelous to live in luxury in the wilderness!

Well, we have the kerosene refrigerator. The Mail Order didn't have any, because, of course, the army buys them all now to send to Australia and Guadalcanal and North Africa. But the game warden's mother-in-law had a secondhand one that she sold us, and it is simply too wonderful for words to tell!

I had Catherine for a while, too. She's Gerrish's daughter, and the sort of hired help of whom you say apologetically, "Of course, she's worth ten times what I can pay her, and I'd never have got her, only her husband is in the marines and she wants to work somewhere where she can keep her little boy with her." But Catherine works at the Alameda Air Base now, so she can be near her husband until he is sent Across, and housekeeping in the Rich menage has sunk to its former low level.

And we did take the famous whirl around the lakes, since that cost human energy and not gas. It was just as much fun as we had dreamed it would be. We—Ralph and Gerrish and I, and our best friends, the Wings, and a quarter-breed Indian guide named John—slept on the ground and cooked over open fires and got sunburned and battled head winds all the way, and when I said, "The wind should be behind us after we get around this corner," Gerrish corrected me kindly in the manner of one slightly embarrassed by a not-over-bright child: "After we round this point into the lee."

THERE have been other changes in our life since the ship came in. We have a new baby named Dinah, for example, and she is *not* named after Dinah Shore; although if it hadn't been for Miss Shore she probably wouldn't be named Dinah, since that young lady served as a reminder, when Ralph and I were torn between Anne and Elizabeth, that Dinah was a name we both liked but had forgotten all about. And Gerrish died suddenly a month after the whirl around the lakes. (Nobody knows how *glad* we are now that we took that trip, which he had talked of for so many summers!) We have a new cat named Carter-Glass-With-Reservations, since I admire that grand old gentleman extravagantly, and Ralph, being inbred Republican, admires him with reservations. Rufus is boarding on the Outside so he can attend school, along with Sally, now, and the yard looks a little tidier since Ralph decided that probably the government needed all the old tires and scrap metal that used to clutter it more than he needed them.

But many of these changes would have taken place anyhow, and had nothing to do with the arrival or foundering of our ship. We haven't rebuilt the house, as we had planned, or bought the stove that would hold a fire all night in the kitchen. I still get breakfast on cold mornings with mittens on. We haven't a mahogany speed boat, or a station wagon, or a new fly rod to our names, and we still carry water in pails from the spring and patronize what is delicately known as an Outhouse. Thirty-x glasses? Don't be silly. If we had them, we'd have lent them to the navy long ago.

In the main, we are living almost exactly as we have lived ever since, nine years ago, we took to the woods. Then we were willing to give up comfort for the luxury of living as we chose. Now we're giving up those same comforts for things that everywhere in the world except America, practically, are luxuries—the luxury, for instance, of saying and doing what we please and going where we please; the luxury of planning a future which doesn't have to take into account the possibility that we may be sent to concentration camps, or our daughters drafted into a national birth-rate program; the luxury of going to bed nights without wondering if we'll still be alive in the morning or, if alive, praying in torment to die. Spend twenty dollars for a fly rod? What good would that do us after we got it if the Führer said we couldn't go out and fish?

SIROCCO

Where the ceaseless winds blow
dry and hot
There waits a woman by God
forgot.
Her eyes are glazed, her lips are
sere;
Mark how a single, patient tear
Comes all unbidden to her eyes,
Falls slowly—and as slowly dries!
Ah, why must the woman pay the
price,
And where is the end of her
sacrifice?
Certainly not in this trial by fire
Under the beauty-parlor drier!

—*MARY WARD.*

We'll have all the things we planned to have when our ship comes in. Oh, yes, we're still waiting for a ship. This time it's a bigger ship, a ship that we own in partnership with millions of other Americans. When it comes in—when children all over the world can again play as happily as our own children play, when men can call their souls their own and women can sing as they get supper—then we'll start making our list again. We can't afford to now. You see, we're buying a ship called Freedom and that takes all our spare cash.

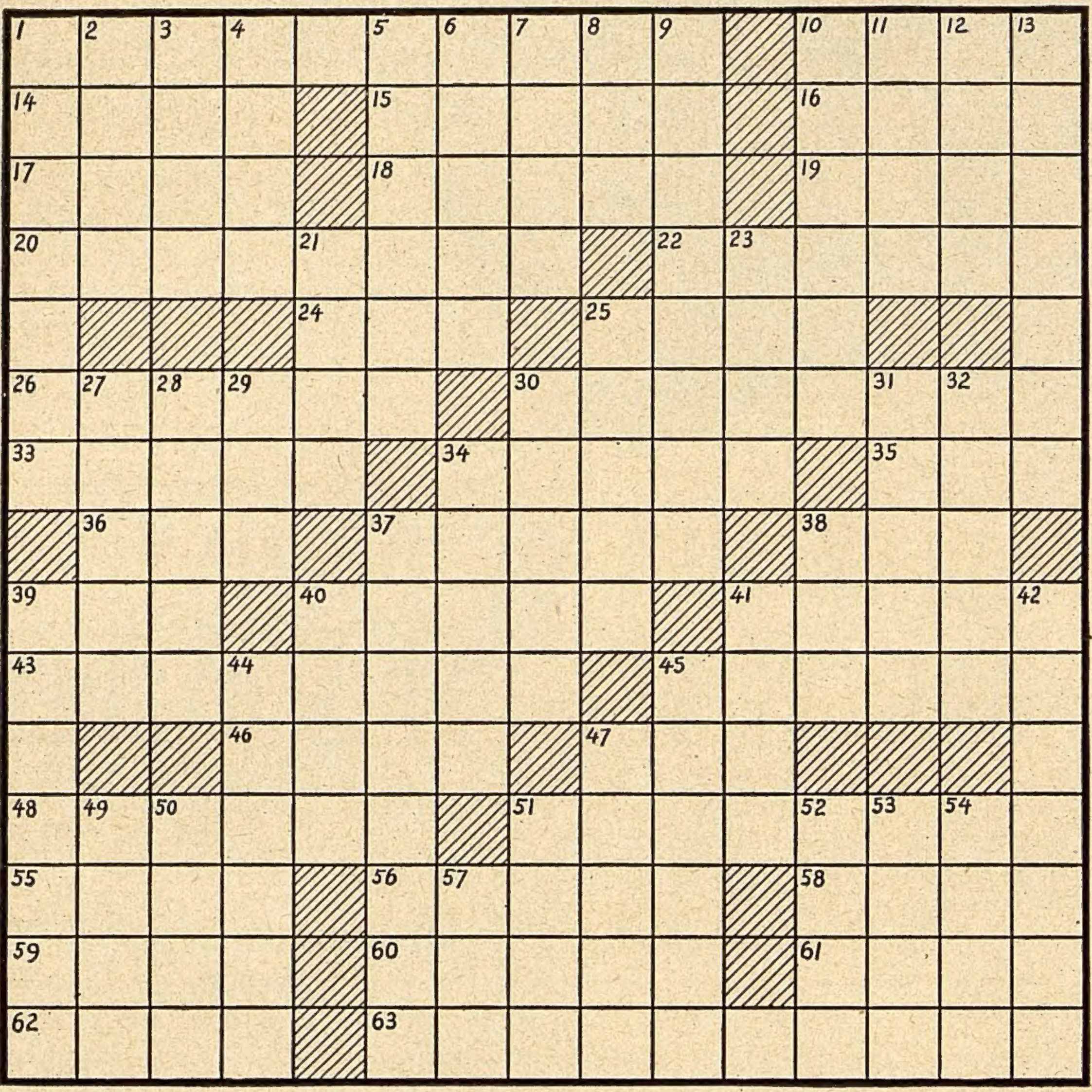
THE END

ENJOY
Pepsi-Cola
5¢
...IN THE
BIG BIG BOTTLE
Frank
BEAVEN

"They say he works for peanuts!"

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Low-down torture chambers for tired dogs (two words)
10 Nood-noodled
14 New Yorkers think he's a sketch
15 Four walls covered by a mortgage
16 Nom de plum
17 Have the wandering foot
18 First name of Hollywood's current Whataman
19 The light of New Broadway
20 Financial fungus, collects around banks
22 Mercenary merry-go-rounds, where the Pari-Mutuel Aid Society takes you for a $2 ride
24 Before
25 A flash in the pan
26 Tweet-tweets
30 Great grandpas-o'-war
33 A most irritating thing about the eyes
34 Most prominent things about bum restaurants
35 Insolent Xylophone Thumpers (abbr.)
36 Gruel druel snagger
37 The wet smacks o' yesteryear are the whats of today?
38 What people do with their dogs when nervous
39 Poor Hoyt, beheaded by a cockney, and how he felt
40 Memories of dentists and sergeants and such drillers
41 It gets dozens of hats, dresses, and new things for Easter
43 It's pink and soft outside and has the sweetest little filler inside
45 The winning, and losing, spirit
46 National hook-ups that connect with grammarians
47 Scotch name
48 It likes to lie in a bed and say nothing
51 Walks baby all night, is what in the morning?
55 A Hot Mama from Zola
56 The set-up that wouldn't set up
58 Lump in the throat from seeing your doctor
59 Valley, but not Rudy
60 He's hot, this kind of guy
61 It's in a church right now
62 Gets a gander at
63 Large American birds, lay eggs around Axis countries, considered pests by inhabitants

VERTICAL

1 Bricks for the high walls of isolationism
2 Kind of heel found around Germany
3 Flying flyspeck
4 According to the cynic: a place you go when every place else shuts down.
5 They form attachments to horses, care for their soles, get quite a kick out of it
6 It runs on a hay card
7 Apply boot to rear end and propel outward
8 Exterminate Senate Oratory (abbr.)
9 Two-ons-and-four-offs
10 Now that it's rare, this skinny thing has caused a fall in the accident rate—where it once caused falls
11 That painfully wise humorist
12 Passing cuties are offended if you do, offended if you don't
13 Thickest in the end
21 Ruff females
23 Hosses 'n' buggies
25 Fraternity men eventually come to these with each other
27 Dreamland Mussolini now can dream about
28 Hunks of armies
29 A seal's place in the home
30 Kind of colonial lock and matchbook
31 A million-dollar hat
32 Apply boot to intellectual rear and propel outward
34 Fishiest things about Green Pastures
37 False substance, sold by the pound, used as wig sprinkle
38 Highway mending plaster
39 Mathematicians say they're not on the square, yet they're certainly not crooked
40 Joosh tree, raises Cones
41 A new razor-blade factory
42 Inserts the proboscis in the other person's mess
44 Biggest heels in the underworld
45 You've got to kill him in order to make him
47 One way to lie without prevaricating
49 New England noodle-stuffing factory
50 It came at the end of a snicker and was pretty cutting
51 He removes the newness by employment
52 Vitamineral springs
53 Reasons why waiters wait
54 Last word in an underworld warning
57 Piddler's Industrial Organvisers (abbr.)

J	O	S	E	P	H	I	N	E	■	L	O	W
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C	O	S	T	E	L	L	O	■	S	E	A	M
E	R	A	■	G	L	E	N	G	A	R	R	Y

Last week's answer

The answer to this week's puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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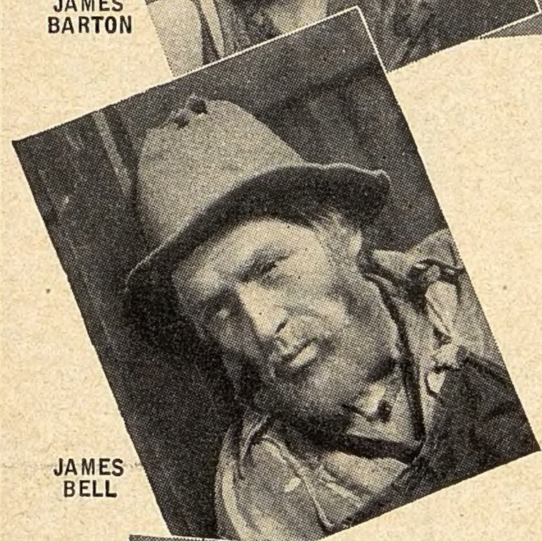

JAMES BELL

HENRY HULL

MANY MEN OF DESTINY ARE AS YET UNDISCOVERED

ON December 4, 1933, a play called Tobacco Road opened in New York. Although no one realized it at the time, it was destined to have the longest run of any production ever presented on Broadway--a total of 3,180 performances stretching over eight years.

The chief part in the play was a character called Jeeter Lester, a personification of a poor-white-trash tenant farmer of the Georgia cotton lands. Mr. Henry Hull, the distinguished actor, inaugurated this character. So perfect was he in it and so well did he carry off the characterization that those who saw the play did not see how any other actor could possibly portray the part so successfully. When, after 233 performances, it was announced that Mr. Hull was leaving the cast, it was universally supposed that this meant the death knell of Tobacco Road.

But, lo and behold, another actor, Mr. James Barton, stepped into the part and brought Jeeter Lester to life even more effectively than had Mr. Hull. When, after 318 performances, Mr. Barton was called elsewhere, the same doubt arose as to whether another could be found to carry on as successfully. However, James Bell followed with 305 performances. Barton came in again, then Eddie Garr. After Garr, Barton came back for the third time, and the play finally wound up with Will Geer giving 523 performances in the leading role. Each of these gentlemen in turn seemed to do better than his predecessor, and the difficult characterization which seemed so impossible to portray always found some man rising to the occasion and doing better than those who had gone before.

All of which leads to a moral of sorts. In many of the important jobs in this world it always seems no one can equal the performance of the present incumbent. However, men always rise to the occasion and make the most of opportunity, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. This does not mean horses should be swapped just for the sake of swapping, or that changes should be made unless they promise improvement. But, on the other hand, leaders of large caliber should not remain undiscovered merely through unwillingness to seek them out with an open mind. The jobs that need doing will be done, and we need not fear too greatly that the one who comes after will not do equally well or even better than he who went before.

Paul Hunter

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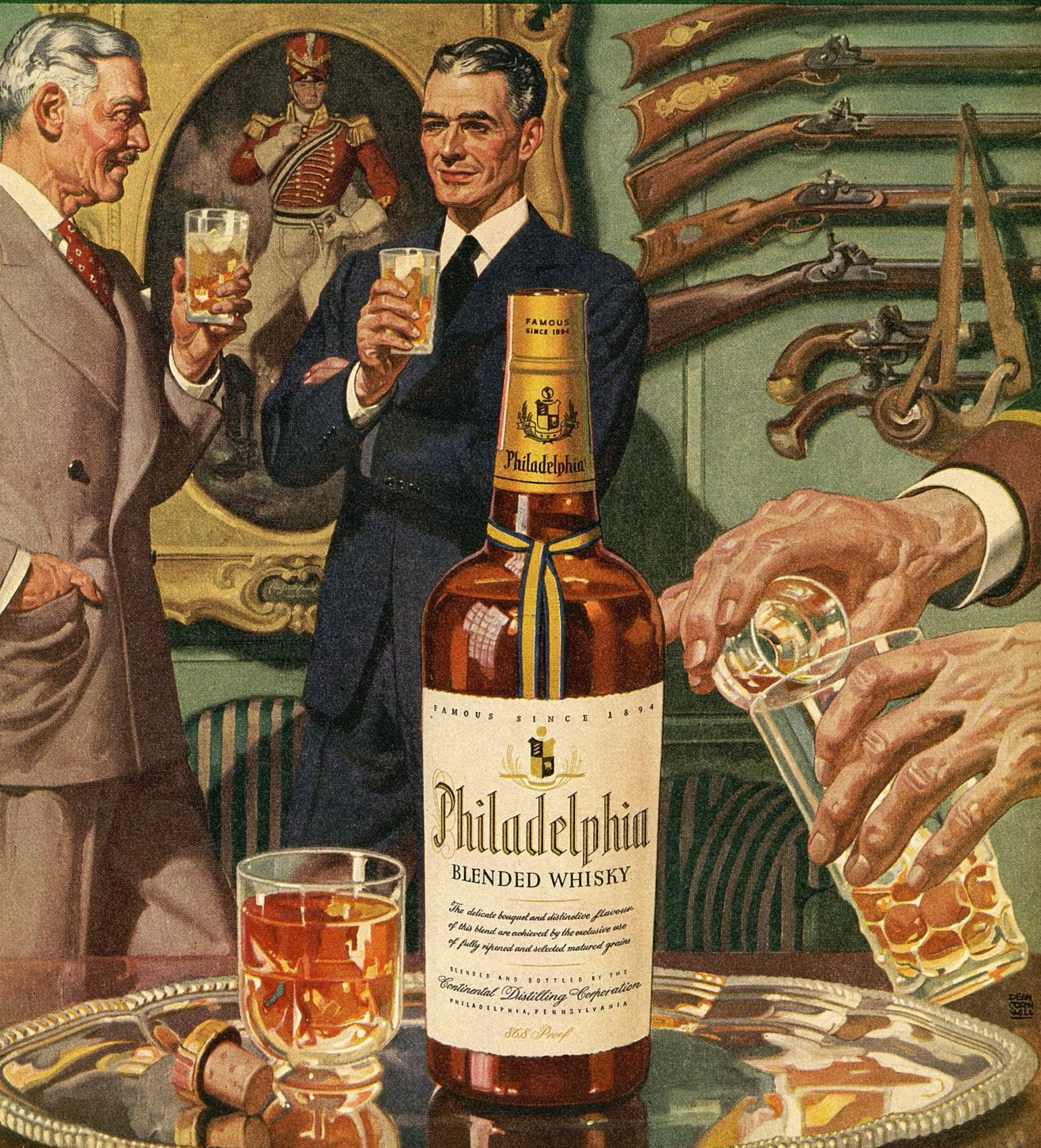
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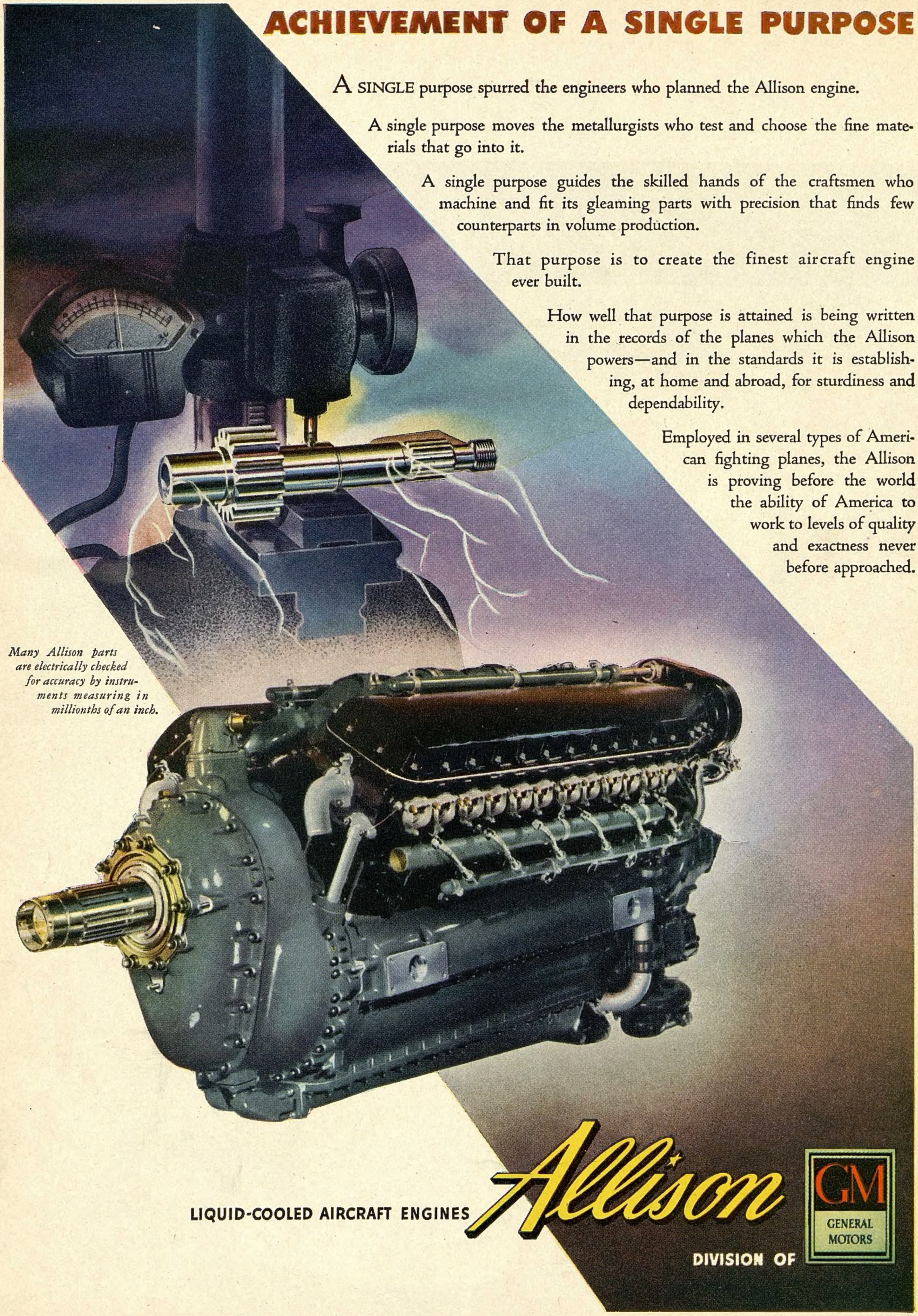

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